Childhood Remembered:
The War Years and Beyond

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Arthur G Broadhurst

Published by Arthur G Broadhurst

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Introduction

In the comprehensive history of the Broadhurst family that I wrote and published several years ago [*Broadhurst of Ashby de la Zouch*] I tried to provide as much context as possible because a family history is, or at least should be, social history that humanizes our ancestors with pictures, anecdotes and social context so that we see them as more than just names, places and dates. Regrettably too often that is all that is reported in many genealogies and supposed family histories.

Broadhurst of Ashby de la Zouch places previous generations of our ancestors in historical and social context in the Midlands of England. We included as much personal information and background as we were able to find with the expectation that we would be better able to understand our ancestors as individual persons in the period of time in which they lived. Our ancestors are real people, not just impersonal disembodied names. In that previous book we recounted the story of many generations of Broadhursts in our direct ancestral line from the 1600s down through the current generations.

Unlike that earlier book this latest volume is a collection of anecdotes, stories and personal recollections from the author's childhood through young adulthood. Some of the material in this volume appears in abbreviated form in the final chapter of the family history mentioned above.

As I reached the end of the family history project I was faced with the need to say something about myself for a personal retrospective as a conclusion to that larger family history. I struggled with what and how much to say about my early years. I grew up at the tail end of that generation often described as “the greatest generation”—a designation of awe, admiration and respect for a generation that lived through the Great Depression, won the Second World War, rescued democracy in Europe from fascism and destruction, rebuilt Europe into a modern technological colossus through the Marshall Plan, and transformed Japan into a serious commercial competitor in the post-War period. It was an interesting and exciting time to have lived through.

However the immediate impetus for this memoir was a series of “grandpa stories” as they were called by my grandson Nico. When my two youngest grandsons, Nico and Zach, were little boys I had the wonderful privilege of reading them bedtime stories, their usual routine that had been established by their parents. When I was visiting at their house, or they were visiting at mine, that happy privilege often was

given to me. Both boys were capable and voracious readers and when they were old enough to do so, one parent would take each boy and read to them while snuggling with them in bed, and then after a chapter or two the boys would read themselves to sleep.

One time while he was visiting at my summer cottage in Massachusetts we discovered that Nico had forgotten his bedtime story book, so he just lay in bed with me and I told him a story from my childhood. He and I discovered that he liked hearing stories from my childhood, so recounting those old events in my life became our regular nighttime routine. I would tell a “grandpa story” after reading him a chapter in his book or sometimes in place of his book. He is now much too old for bedtime stories, but I am grateful for those times because they established a bond and a close relationship that has continued.

Before long I found myself struggling to remember incidents and events from those early years so that I would have another story to tell the next evening, but in the process of trying to recall long forgotten events I began to remember things that I had not thought about in many years. One story told aloud brought back other memories. I found myself making notes of memories, and those notes led to remembering other incidents and before very long I had the beginning of a collection of stories.

The stories told here captured events very different than the experiences of children today. Nico was curious and interested, and his insatiable demand for another story challenged me to remember and to write down these stories. While there is nothing particularly unique or special about my childhood during the war years or the post-war years, the fact that Nico was interested in the events and experiences of a boy 60-70 years ago led me to conclude that a picture of ordinary life in the 1940s and 1950s might be equally interesting to others as a bit of social history.

I dare to hope that for some readers the stories of a quite ordinary boy’s experiences of quite ordinary events long ago may bring back memories and cues from their own youthful experiences and adventures and may even inspire some readers to tell their children or grandchildren a bit about their own life in an earlier time. It would give me pleasure if readers see something of their parents' and grandparents' lives reflected in what is written here, or if at least they may learn some of the questions to ask their parents and grandparents about their lives and times long ago.

To be clear, this is not an autobiography—that's much too formal a genre to describe what is essentially a collection of memories from a childhood long ago. That gives me the freedom to tell these stories in the first person just as I recall them through the haze of time.

After several months of thought on how to proceed, and now with the time to spend writing and researching, I resolved to revise and extend that short memoir in the final chapter of Broadhurst of Ashby de la Zouch and use it as the skeletal structure for a book of stories about growing up during the War years and the subsequent post-War period. It will be obvious to the reader that the stories as they appear in this book are not in the form in which they were originally told to Nico. They have been edited and revised to fit into the flow of a continuous story of my childhood and gaps in the narrative have been filled in from memory and research to supplement the individual stories with which I started.

The writer is 79 years old. When I first sat down some years ago to make some notes on memories of my childhood years to try to fill in the many gaps in what should be a continuous story I was surprised at how little I could remember. There were periods of time about which I could not recall very much at all. Time dims the memory and conflates and confuses events. When I began writing I could not recall many names or faces of classmates or teachers in elementary school and could recall only a few incidents and playmates from those early years.

Old photographs and class pictures, report cards and programs from ceremonial events buttressed by several phone conversations and letter exchanges with my brother Joe and others from my old neighborhood helped jog my memory. Once I started writing down what I could remember I discovered that one memory led to another. I was able to recall ever more incidents as memories began to flow and tumble out of the hidden spaces of the brain and build on one another.

My brother Joe remembers much more about our early years than I do and in greater detail, so I have tended to give his recollections greater weight than my own when writing about some of these childhood events that we remembered differently. Joe told me that he believes that I repressed some early memories because they were unpleasant. He confided to me that he had endured years of psychiatric therapy to help him deal with his early years and he thought our childhood had gone worse with me than it did with him so it was understandable that I could not recall some events until he brought them to mind.

Joe Broadhurst c1960

I agree with Joe that obvious favoritism of him by my stepfather (about whom I will have a lot to say in subsequent pages), some particularly damaging letters he wrote about me to school principals and camp directors, and some troubling psychological games he played with me resulted in my life being worse than my brother's life during our formative years. Still I am not convinced that repressing bad memories is the reason I have so few recollections, but of course that is possible.

What I remember from those early years does not seem on balance to be extraordinarily unpleasant, although looking back with the perspective of more than seventy-five years and having gradually learned some things about those years that I had not been aware of until recently, I had to agree with him that there may have been good reason for me to have blocked out some memories.

Still, I think I had a pretty good childhood and I do not feel damaged by whatever events transpired during those early years. I was not physically mistreated or abused in any way, so far as I remember anyway, although it is obvious to me when I look back to those years that I was psychologically mistreated and abused. Some people are damaged by things that happened to them as a child, but I seem to be one of those people who came through that abusive treatment relatively unscathed— although one effect that I am aware of is that I have created some psychological distance between myself and others that is most likely explained as a defense mechanism with which I protected myself during those years. Even today I have a difficult time forming close relationships except with my immediate family.

My relationship with my brother was never close even though we were only two years apart. We had our fights and arguments, as do all brothers when they are growing up, but there was something in our relationship that was quite different, an emotional distance and barrier between us that we were never able to overcome. There were times when we played with each other, but more often we went our own way, in our own circle of friends, doing things that did not include each other.

I did not particularly like my brother and clearly in retrospect some of that dislike resulted from our different treatment as children by my stepfather that produced a deep resentment toward my brother that I could not get beyond. I was not conscious of it at the time but it is clear to me now that resentment on my part and

guilt on his part were important factors in our emotional distance from each other. We went our own ways and it did not occur to us to include the other in our activities and circle of friends. We did not physically fight each other but we argued often and sometimes yelled and sometimes tattled on the other, but in actuality we most often ignored each other rather than have physical or verbal conflict.

After the family broke apart, a story told in later chapters about our high school years, we lived with different families and even though we lived only about two blocks from each other, we rarely saw each other after that. We were pretty much on our own from that time onward and I did not much think about Joe and what was happening in his life. I went my way and he went his throughout the rest of our school years and into our college years and beyond. I came home regularly from college to the friend's house where I lived after the family breakup, but it did not occur to me to see Joe when I was in town or even think about him much.

Looking back on those years it seems to me to be odd that I did not much think about him or let him know I was in town, but it certainly reflects the distance of our relationship. I rarely see Joe any more. Through the years I have tried to engage him but he politely refused any contact other than an occasional letter.

A year ago, as I was beginning the initial writing for this book my daughter Kim surprised me with the announcement that her school (she is a teacher at the Meadowbrook School in Weston, Massachusetts) had given her a grant to pursue family history and that she was taking me along with her family, including sons Nico and Zach who inspired this volume, on a trip to England to explore our family origins in Ashby de la Zouch, a medieval market town in the Midlands of England made famous in the novel *Ivanhoe*. While this is not the place to discuss that trip, I mention it because it is an important aspect of helping my grandchildren connect with their family history.

I encourage parents and grandparents who read this book to tell their children and grandchildren the stories of their own childhood and to take them to the places of their origins. It is important to help children connect to the past, to the history of their ancestors, to the origins of their family, so that they can better understand their own history, which in turn will help give meaning to their lives.

Castle Ruins at Ashby de la Zouch

The Author with Grandsons Zach and Nico

In The Beginning: Norwich

This is a book about childhood memories so it should begin with my first memories. Quite honestly, I cannot remember back as far as my birth although as one of scientific and literary inclination, and quite without regard to what I can remember, I conclude based on the available records and documents, including a yellowed news clipping, that the otherwise little-noticed event of my birth occurred in the summer of 1936 at W. W. Backus Hospital in the city of Norwich, Connecticut.

My father Joseph J. C. Broadhurst, whom I also do not remember because he died in February 1939 when I was two and a half years old, was city editor of the *Norwich Bulletin*, where he had worked from the time he graduated from the Norwich Free Academy in 1912 until his death from pneumonia in 1938, except for a few years in the U.S. Army during the First World War, from which he was discharged in 1918 with the rank of 2nd Lieutenant, after which he came back to his job with the *Bulletin*.

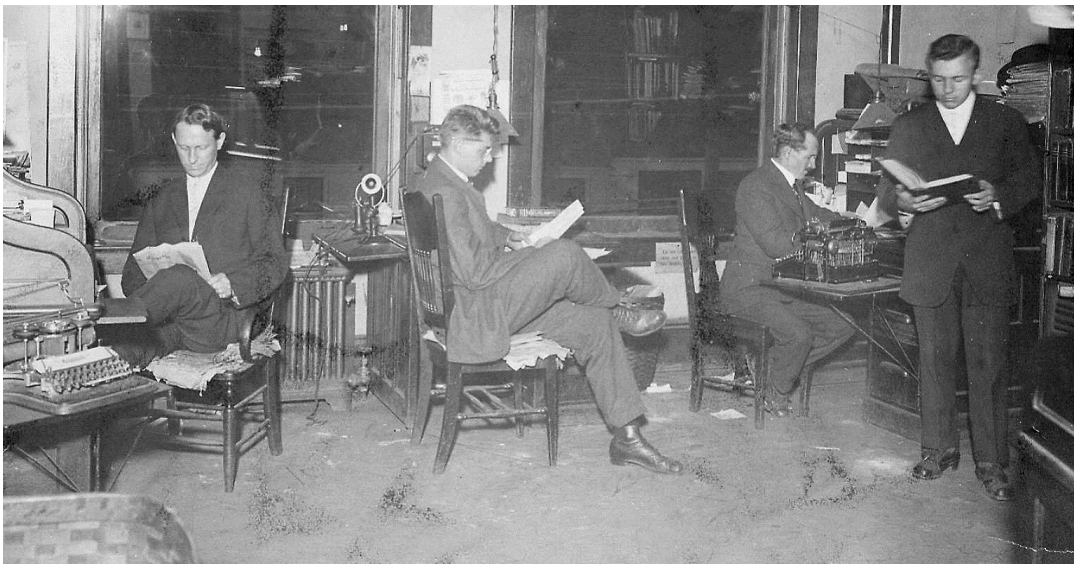
Lt. Joseph Broadhurst 1919

My mother, Dorothy Mae Pierce, was a native Vermonter about whom more can be read in *The Pierce Family of Vermont*. She was much younger than my father, who married late, having been hurt and discouraged by an unfortunate engagement that had ended badly some years earlier.

My father had several girlfriends starting in high school at the Norwich Free Academy, according to my elderly Aunt Evon Broadhurst Griswold. One of those relationships resulted in an engagement to be married but the young woman dumped him for someone else just prior to the planned marriage and pawned the $300 engagement ring he had given her. He was badly hurt by the betrayal of that experience. He dated several young ladies over the following years but he did not get seriously involved with any of them until he met my mother.

In August 1934 he married Dorothy Mae Pierce in Manchester, Connecticut. Dorothy was 19 years younger than Joe. I was born two years later and my brother Joe Jr. was born two years after me. We lived in a small house at 28 Rock Street in Norwich.

Joe's job as editor of a morning paper meant that he routinely worked nights. One day at the end of January 1939 he came home from a long night at work, sat down at the breakfast table, and collapsed. He had not been well for several days. He was taken to the hospital but never regained consciousness. At the hospital he was placed in an oxygen tent and given a blood transfusion but all efforts to save him were unsuccessful and he died on the afternoon of Thursday, February 2, 1939, of lobar pneumonia. There were no antibiotics at that time and a serious case of pneumonia often ended in death.



The *Bulletin* newsroom 1930 Joe Broadhurst standing

My father's sudden death left my mother with few resources and two infant children. To support herself mother went back to work, most often employed selling lingerie and ladies apparel, although at least at one time she was employed demonstrating and selling stenotype machines, the precursor of the machines used by court reporters today but in the 1930s and 1940s used for recording dictation from a boss for later transcribing. She also kept up an active social life including, according to my Broadhurst aunts, dating numerous men and accompanying some of them on weekend trips to New York or New Jersey.

One weekend trip to New York City with a male friend named Clare became something of a scandal to the Broadhurst family and to the Park Congregational Church in Norwich where the family had been long time members. My grandmother found out about this incident and confronted my mother about it. In a small community this sort of behavior embarrassed the Broadhurst family. My mother wrote a letter of apology to my grandmother Broadhurst for tarnishing the family reputation and pledged not to do anything of that sort again.

That letter, containing her confession and apology, became an additional source of controversy when mother later demanded that Grandmother Lizzie Manning Broadhurst return the letter to her. My grandmother declined to return the letter, even though my mother threatened that she would not let any of the Broadhurst family have any contact with my brother and me if they did not give back the letter to her. Eventually the controversial letter was passed from my grandmother to my Aunt Evon, who gave it to me shortly before she died.

Written on stationery of the *Fresh Silks Company* and dated October 11, 1939, the text of the letter is as follows:

> *Mother Broadhurst --*
>
> *I'm so ashamed over what I did I can't even face you. May God forgive me. I hope in time you can find it in <u>your</u> heart to forgive me. I have been very indiscreet and foolish in many ways. I have not, however, acted immorally with anyone as you seem to think. I swear to that. That sin I cannot commit. (I should hate myself.) I have spent more time with Clare than anyone else and although he is, I think, mad at me at present for not marrying him, he can give you a statement as to his opinion of me.*
>
> *I am so lost without Joe that I scarcely know what I'm doing at times. I try to find someone to take his place but it's hopeless. No one can ever take his place. I miss him so desperately! Am bringing baby Joe home tomorrow afternoon. If I have them here again and work hard, it will be better for me. No more going out, or hurting the name I have been so proud of.*
>
> *I sincerely believed when you said something about Clayton's[1] parole that you disproved (sic) my seeing him. Try to forgive me for the sake of Joe and the children if not for myself. I <u>promise</u> you will never have to question my actions again.*
>
> *If I should fail to get the job tomorrow I shall sell car and work mornings only. I will have girl only Monday thro Friday and spend my time on bringing up children the way Joe would want.*
>
> *Humbly, regretfully, Dorothy*

[1] James Clayton Gallup, born 1921 Norwich CT

The reference to “bringing baby Joe home tomorrow” raises the intriguing question of where he was (and where I was!), since the date of the letter is prior to the time that Joe and I were put into the children’s home at Rock Nook.

My mother had acquired a well-deserved reputation for casual affairs both before her marriage to my father and again after his death, and in that sense I guess she and Chick deserved each other. Below is a handwritten letter I found in my mother's records after her death, marked "copy," written between the date of my father’s untimely death and her relationship with Chick Fowler. I do not know to whom the letter is addressed. The letter is not dated. At the top it is marked, "Your mother wins!"

Apparently the copy was intended for someone in the Broadhurst family, probably my grandmother. Oddly the copy is not in my mother’s handwriting. Something about the letter does not have the ring of authenticity. Evon told me that she believed that it was not actually sent to the presumptive boyfriend it was allegedly written to (addressed only as “dearest”) and was intended only for the Broadhurst family rather than for her male traveling companion, whoever he was.[2]

The text of that letter follows:

Tuesday Morning

Dearest:

It looks very discouraging for our future. Because so many people heard our affairs broadcast Sunday morning, it was taken to Mother Broadhurst. She was told all about you. Quite naturally she and the family refuse to let me see you any more outside church for the sake of the children and what people will say.

If I refuse to give in to their request I am in danger of losing the children. They are a proud family who cannot bear to go against public opinion. She also feels that all our friends who are my important customers would not like it if they hear anything against me. This is only too true.

It looks as though I'll have to travel alone and watch my step from now on, so I won't get talked about.

[2] While I have nothing substantial to support my view other than a certain logic, my guess is that this letter was supposed to have been written to James Clayton Gallup. It appears to reference the same event that is the subject of the apology to Grandmother Broadhurst. Her closing comment also fits the situation of James Clayton Gallup, who lived with his mother who was a widow.

No more men here, even on business. No more seeing you. Someday, however, if our love can stand waiting we will overcome any obstacles.

We will wait and pray.

Funny they approved my going with Clare. In fact threw us together. God bless you and keep you and your mother.

Dot

Caring for her two young children became a burden to her. Unable or unwilling to cope with her two young children and unwilling to accept the constraints of a single mother, she placed Joe and me in Rock Nook Children's Home in Norwich on Saturday evening, 27 January 1940, almost a year from the date of my father's death. She paid a small weekly fee to Rock Nook to house my brother and me.

My grandmother Elizabeth Manning Broadhurst, and my two aunts, Evon Broadhurst Griswold and Irene Broadhurst, begged mother to let them have temporary custody of the children and not put us into an institution, but mother rejected their pleadings and despite repeated attempts by the Broadhursts to get custody of the children, they were unable to do so.

There was an uncomfortable and tense relationship between the Broadhurst family and my mother, apparently based on the belief of my grandmother Broadhurst and my father's sisters Evon and Irene (that seems to be supported by what facts I have discovered) that my mother's interests were more centered in her active social life (which I think means she ran around a lot) than she was in raising two children as a single mother.

After she moved to Florida in the 1970s I got to know my aunt Evon pretty well and from her I learned a lot more about my mother. What I learned was troubling and I became distressed that relationships between my mother and the Broadhurst family had become so dysfunctional. Aunt Evon recounted a number of times that Dorothy went away with male friends for the weekend. Her behavior was unacceptable to the straight-laced Broadhursts. I was surprised to learn what my mother was like in those early days because her behavior then seemed inconsistent with the moral and sexual views and the strong conservative Christian faith that she expressed vehemently but occasionally while I was growing up.

At the same time the facts of her conduct at that time helps explain the estrangement between mother and the Broadhurst family that kept us from having much contact with our Broadhurst relatives during our younger years. The bad feeling between my mother and the Broadhurst relatives was never resolved, and unfortunately got worse after she moved into the household of Henry Fowler in New Britain, Connecticut, while we were still in Rock Nook Children's Home.

It is unfortunate that my brother and I had no connection with my father's side of the family while we were growing up except through cards and gifts for birthdays and Christmas sent through the mail and a short visit to Norwich and New London about 1949-1950 when my mother dropped us off in Connecticut, went off to visit her family, then returned a few weeks later to pick us up and then to take us to visit our relatives on her side of the family in Montpelier, Vermont. On that short visit with Broadhurst relatives I met a number of people whose relationship I did not understand, and it was many years later when I undertook a serious study of family history that I learned how they fitted into the extended Broadhurst family.

Rock Nook Children's Home

My earliest somewhat sketchy memories begin with my time at Rock Nook Children's Home. Two memories from Rock Nook in particular are firmly printed in my brain as vividly as any memory I have retained. First, I recall lying in bed with warm sticky poop-filled diapers, feeling terribly uncomfortable and alone, and crying in the hope that someone would come and relieve the discomfort.

The second thing I remember, also quite clearly, is standing in my crib looking out a second floor window. On the street below was a delivery truck. A man got into the passenger side. A bear got into the driver's side. Then the truck drove off. This did not seem strange to me at the time or for years afterward no matter how implausible the event. I recall it not as one recalls a dream but rather as an event that actually happened, and that memory of what I perceived as a real event has stayed with me through the years. Typically I don't remember dreams, but this seems to me much more like an actual vivid memory and each time the odd memory returns it seems just as real. I know it can't be real, it must be something that I imagined. but whenever I think of Rock Nook those two vivid images come back to haunt me.

Rock Nook Children's Home c2005, exterior unchanged from 1940

The Broadhurst family believed that my mother wanted to be rid of the responsibility for her young children because they inhibited her social activities and freedom. My grandmother Broadhurst tried to convince my mother to let the Broadhurst aunts (Irene and Evon) and the extended family of uncles and great-aunts take care of Joe and me instead of placing us in the children's home but my mother refused to listen to their pleading. Apparently my mother with absurd pretentiousness believed contrary to evidence that the Broadhursts, who were working people, would not be a good influence on the children, or at least that was her stated reason to her mother-in-law for denying the family's urgent requests for temporary custody of the children.

If my mother had permitted Joe and me to live with Evon or Irene instead of being placed in a home for orphans or abandoned children, I think it would have been a happy arrangement for all. Evon had a daughter who was a few years older than I (my cousin Patricia Griswold), and Evon had a nice house in New London at 391 Pequot Avenue along the Thames River with sufficient room and a genuine interest in caring for my brother and me. That house now belongs to Evon's daughter, my cousin Patricia Griswold Pianka, who inherited it after Evon's death in the 1970s.

Evon's husband Clifford "Tip" Griswold had a good job as building inspector for the city of New London. My grandmother did not work and she was more than capable of assisting Evon and Irene if mother had permitted the Broadhurst family to take care of Joe and me, particularly since she would have had lots of help from the rest of the Broadhurst clan, many of whom lived in or close to Norwich. It would have saved the pain and confusion of two little children who not only had lost their father but then were abandoned by their mother as well.

Arthur and Joe Rock Nook 1940

Before her death Aunt Evon gave me some family photographs and my Aunt Irene's diary. Even though I had been generally aware that Joe and I had been put into Rock Nook Children's Home, I knew nothing about it until I read Irene's diary and I found it extremely difficult to read the details from her diary. I have included below large parts of the diary that pertain directly to this period of time in 1940, edited slightly to make clear information that was in fragmentary form, with explanatory comments as necessary.

1940 .. January 1… Today Dot and children came for dinner. As Evon's car wouldn't start they had to come by bus…. When we called Dot to tell her about the car Artie wouldn't call his mother to phone – he said they were coming over and if grandma had anything to say she could say it then—the minx! He answers phone all the time. Joeie is growing but doesn't say many words, still has to wear diapers and is just learning to feed himself a little. At dinner he deliberately knocked the spoon from his mother's hand and soiled her skirt. Just like his brother in that respect—or lack of it I guess.

January 2… Lil[3] called tonight from Portland to tell us of Uncle Charlie's[4] death this morning. Just ten years to the day after my dad [John T. Broadhurst] passed away. Only brother of Dad's living now is Uncle Bill….

January 3… Mother went over after Artie today. His mother is having a business conference concerning the selling of StenoType machines. She expects to make $40 per week if she takes the job, but she says that about all of them. As Artie is such a problem, she is sending him to our house so that she can talk in peace. She came for him about supper time. Left at 7:30. When they arrived home Artie called up. He's always calling by phone. Three times last night he rang us. Hope I never let my children do those things if I have any.[5]

January 7… We had pot roast for dinner, and were just finishing supper when Dot came. Artie is just wild and kept her busy. She left on the 8:30 bus…. Artie stayed all night.

January 8… When I got home mother said Dot is planning to put the children in a home [i.e., Rock Nook] so she could go out of town to sell StenoType machines. We told her the job was no good but guess she'll do it regardless.

January 27… [Saturday]. Dot and the children came home right after I did and they stayed until Lil left. Mother [Grandma Broadhurst] wanted to keep Artie but Dot didn't want to leave him for some reason. When Artie got home he called up. I could hear Dot chatting and laughing to Mary[6] I guess about prices or money she could get. About 8 Herb [Uncle Herbie Broadhurst, who owned a grocery store] came home for supper and said he delivered some grocery orders to Dot around five and there were two packed suitcases on the back stairs. While he was there some man came up in a garage car [i.e., rental car] and went off. Dot didn't offer any explanation, so he didn't ask where she was going.

January 28… [Sunday]. About ten mother called up to see if Dot was bringing the children over Sunday p.m. and discovered she had put them in Rock Nook Home Saturday.[7] Mother and I felt terrible and she called Lil at Edie's [a family friend] and told her what happened and that we were going to try to get them back. Edie said she'd try to get them for us. She called some woman, Whittlesy,[8] I think the

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[3] *Lillian Broadhurst, wife of my father's brother, Arthur Godfrey Broadhurst, who lived in Portland, Maine.*

[4] *Charles Broadhurst, brother to my grandfather John T. Broadhurst*.

[5] Irene never married.

[6] probably Mary Dunham, a friend and a boarder in the same boarding house where my mother was living

[7] *Rock Nook Children's Home* was formerly a country inn and stage coach station, the Jesse Brown Tavern. The 1940 Federal Census records five staff at Rock Nook [Annie S. Eastland, Matron; an assistant matron, charge nurse, night nurse, laundress and dining room maid] and 28 children, many with siblings.

[8] Susan Whittlesy, probably on the charitable board that operated Rock Nook.

name is, who is in charge and she said there was nothing we could do as Dot is paying their way. She said she was sorry but Dot gave her a big tale of woe that we would do nothing to help her – after all my mother has done! Called Evon just in time to spoil the nice Turkey dinner with the news. She came up and we all went over to Edie's. We came home just in time to answer telephone call from Charles saying he'd be right over.

January 30… Called Home to see how children are. They are getting used to being there outwardly at any rate.

January 31… Called Home again. Asked if Artie could have mail, and when they said yes I bought some paper with clowns and animals in black and white printed on it. As he would notice the colors better I coulored them with red and green pencils I use at my work. Then I wrote a little note to him.

Art at Rock Nook 1940

February 1… Didn't call Artie today. Was so upset about it I couldn't. Lil came over to stay for a while and having Ronnie[9] *around made me feel even worse.*

February 2… Just a year ago today that Joe passed away.

February 4… Didn't come downstairs until about ten. After dinner of nice pot roast etc., Lil called Dot and asked her if she would consider letting us have the children. She seems to be willing provided we will have a girl take care of them in the afternoon. Mother has already written her a letter but Dot didn't get it, she said. She told Lil that she knew the children would get good care here but they wouldn't get the training.[10] *I wonder what's wrong with the way my mother brought us up. Anyway she is coming over tomorrow to talk it over.*

February 5… While I was waiting for the bus Dot came out of Metropolitan [movie theater in downtown Norwich]. We talked about how busy she's been and that she'd be too busy to come over and discuss about the children until about nine o'clock… Dot didn't come over at all.

[9] Ronald Broadhurst, my cousin and Lillian's adopted son.

[10] *My mother made similar comments to me, critical comments that had to do with the Broadhursts being working class, an odd comment since she also was from a working class family; her father was a butcher who worked from a horse-drawn meat cart.*

February 6… I sent Artie the valentine from my mother. It's better than a letter as he can play with it. Dot came over in the evening about nine o'clock. After she got her business off her chest she announced she was going to leave the children in the home. She said mother wasn't able to take care of them, and that although they would be well cared for here they would not get the training they should. She also announced that she had given up the widow's pension and was paying for the children out of her earnings. She was quite insulting and blamed my mother for her children's fault, Artie's at any rate. As I was upstairs I only heard the end when she left.

February 9… Mrs. Nugent called and said there was nothing she could do for us as Dot is the children's legal guardian and even if she stopped paying for them the Home has a fund to take care of them until they are twelve years of age. Mother asked her if she would call Dot and ask her to change her mind. I forgot to write that Mrs. Nugent said Dot had to give up the widow's pension when she took that position, and Dot gave her to understand it was a good position…. Clayton Gallup[11] *came down and asked mother to give up that letter Dot wrote him. He claimed he wanted to use it to get the children out. Said some lawyer Morgan thought he had a case with it. Mom said "No", she said she'd give him a copy of it if it would help.*

February 11… [Sunday]. We went up to see Artie and Joie a little after ten. Charles took mother and I and Patty[12] *but only mother, Patty and I went in. At the door Mrs. Eastland told us Artie had been sick and said Patty was not allowed upstairs. When we arrived at the nursery Joie was at the gate with a big smile, but I didn't know Artie at first. He was sitting absolutely motionless in a tiny tot's chair. I bent over and kissed him and he seemed paralyzed. His face was flushed, his eyes heavy and lifeless. His nose and lips were covered with sores and he had a rash on his face. I had never seen such a picture of hopeless misery in my life. The matron had done everything she could. Dr. LaPierre*[13] *had been called and he lanced the abscess in his ear which was the seat of his trouble. Before we left we managed to get a pathetic little smile from him. Even little Joe was lonesome and clung to me when we started to leave. Artie had no strength to do anything. Evon went up in the afternoon and found Artie some better. Mrs. Eastland remarked on the improvement in Artie in the last hour. I guess he felt better at having seen us. He must have felt utterly deserted. Dot came while Evon was there and they spoke, Evon first. Then Evon left.*

February 12… Had half a day off and went up to see Artie. I held him for an hour then put him in his crib and held Joie. I played ball with three of the other children.

[11] James Clayton Gallup, my mother's boyfriend at the time.

[12] My cousin Patricia Griswold, my Aunt Evon's daughter.

[13] Dr. Arnaud LaPierre. The handwriting was illegible but he is the only doctor whose name fits.

One was little Marvin[14] and he was feeling lonesome. He came to my outstretched arms and clung to me. Poor kids….

February 15… Went to see children for awhile. Missed bus when I came out and so walked down as far as Hanland Road. There I met Isham boys who gave me ride back to the city.

February 21… Mother went up to see Artie and found Joie in bed sick with a cold. Evon and Patty came up. Tip [Aunt Evon's first husband] went to Fitchburg. She went to see the children too, but Patty is not allowed in.

February 22… I called up to see how Joie is and Mrs. Eastland said he was some better but she would rather no one would come to visit them for a few days.

February 27… Snowing again. Went over to see the demonstration of StenoType that Dot was giving at the "Y." I really felt sorry for her as she knew nothing about the machine. I discovered that she is not going to teach it, merely demonstrate it. There were only about a dozen people at the meeting.

March 2… We were allowed to see the children today but only mother and Evon went up. The attendants had them out walking and Artie and Joie were allowed to ride home in the car with Evon and Mother. Artie is finally happy again. I'm so glad as it makes it so much easier for us.

March 20… Haven't seen much of the children as Artie's been sick most of the time.

March 21... Called up the Home and Joe has mumps. As yet Artie hasn't come down with them. Sent them each an Easter card….

March 23… Charlie took mother up to the Home (Evon had a headache and didn't come up)…. Mom took Artie a bunny book…. About nine or nine thirty I had just gotten into bed when Evon called up to tell us that after we left she was reading the paper and that Uncle Bill's[15] death notice was in the paper. Well, it really was a news item as he was found dead in his room – cause was heart attack. Mother told her to call the undertaker and give him Rita's[16] address. As the undertaker didn't know who Bill's relatives were he was quite pleased with the info.

March 24… When Charlie came over we went down to see Bill…. Mr. Byle and Mr. Eagles [the undertakers] were both out so we rode around, went to the beach, and then drove back again. They were still out, but Evon thought of going over to

[14] Identified in the 1940 Census as Marvin Sussman, age 2.
[15] William Broadhurst, brother of my grandfather John Thomas Broadhurst.
[16] *Rita Broadhurst Emmons, Bill's daughter.*

Eagles' house. When Mr. Eagles found out our wishes he advised us not to see Bill then, as he must have been dead about 36 hours when they found him and had been lying on his face. He said he had not heard from Portland yet but as Arthur had called us we knew they had received the message.[17]

March 25… Evon called and said she had heard from Byles that the Portland undertaker had made arrangements with him to ship Bill's body to Portland tonight. He also said they couldn't do anything with Bill's face as he had been dead too long, so we didn't see him at all.

March 26… There was a news item in the Bulletin about Bill's relatives, etc., but they didn't mention our name, just that his sister-in-law in Norwich notified the relatives.

March 27… Mother called up the home and Joie is much better. Artie as yet has not contracted the mumps.

March 30… When I got home found Evon still there but Tip and Patty were gone home. They had come up early in pm and taken mother up to see the children.

April 6… As we decided to go up and see Artie I thought we could go and buy some guinea pigs on the way back…. Artie was quite well but all the kids have some sort of skin trouble.

April 14… I managed to get cleaned up before he (Jimmie) came and he took me up to see the children for a few minutes. They have been sick again with cold in their eyes and some sort of skin trouble. The rest of the children have it too. I wish I could get them out of there. Perhaps someday I'll find a way….

We can draw some inferences from Aunt Irene's diary. It appears clear that my mother had a pretentiousness about her that was unwarranted that comes through quite clearly in the diary. We can also see hostility between my mother and the Broadhurst family that seems to have smoldered quietly while my father was alive but quickly rose to the surface after my father's death.

Since neither my mother nor the Broadhurst family is available to ask the reason for this hostility, I am left with reasonable surmise based on some evidence. I suspect that in addition to my mother's indiscretions and questionable social behavior, none of which could hardly have endeared my mother to the more conventional Broadhurst family, there is also the fact that the Broadhursts were

[17] estimated death date for William Broadhurst, March 20 or 21

immigrants from England to Canada, and my father was the first of his generation to be born in the U.S. My mother was from the Pierce family of Vermont that traced its origins back to the Massachusetts Bay Colony. The Pierces were Protestant, in the Puritan tradition.

My grandmother, Elizabeth Manning Broadhurst, came from a Catholic family, the Mannings having come from Ireland, although my grandmother attended the Park Congregational Church in Norwich. The Broadhursts were originally Church of England but in my grandfather's generation all members of the Broadhurst family were staunch members of Park Congregational Church.

My mother was outspokenly anti-Catholic and anti-Irish, a sentiment that was obvious during my childhood. Is this the basis for her hostility, a fear of some sort of religious or social contamination from the still-Catholic Manning sisters that would have an adverse effect on Joe and me? Did she look at the Irish as beneath her social standing?

The Broadhursts were a hard-working successful middle class family that lived in a solidly middle class area of Norwich and showed the signs of success by living the American dream. My father was a successful newspaper editor. His brother Arthur, my uncle, was a regional salesman for the Campbell Soup Company in Portland, Maine. His younger brother Herbert owned a grocery store. Sister Irene was employed by the City of Norwich in the utility department. Sister Evon was married into the well-known and respected Griswold family, and her husband "Tip" Griswold was a builder and building inspector for the city of New London.

On the other hand my mother grew up under quite different circumstances. Her father was a butcher who worked out of a horse cart. After his death when my mother was about 12 years old, the family subsisted on her mother's part time work taking in laundry and on public welfare. Her sister Leona married a dairy farmer in Cabot. Her sisters Leona and Marian worked as waitresses and barmaids when they were old enough to work. My mother made comments during my childhood that were at best condescending toward her siblings. She dressed well and was always very concerned with style, how she looked and how pretty she was. She was arrogant to those around her, even in our blue collar neighborhood during my school years. A look at my mother's family life suggests a social and economic level that was clearly less prosperous than the Broadhurst family, and while this is in no way a disparagement of them, it merely suggests that my mother's pretentiousness was unwarranted.

Another observation that comes through clearly in the diary, is that I was a precocious little brat. Apparently at 3½ years old I had mastery of the phone system (they were not dial phones, you had to reach an operator and give the number you were calling) sufficient to make phone calls to my grandmother's house when I wanted to and even declining to call my mother to the phone.

The diary reflects clearly that the Broadhursts, from my grandmother to my aunts, showed much love and concern and desperately tried to get my brother and me out of Rock Nook. They wanted to assume the care for us and raise us in their own homes. They were heartbroken that they were unsuccessful in doing so. If they had been successful in their attempt to convince my mother to let them raise us and if my mother had not tried so hard to keep us from our Broadhurst relatives, our lives would have been much different and probably much happier.

Curious about the sort of place Rock Nook was, I determined to find out as much as I could about it. A notice put on a genealogical bulletin board relating to Norwich elicited a response from a woman who knew about Rock Nook because she lived in Norwich and her parents had threatened to put her in Rock Nook as punishment for her childhood naughtiness. Another response came from a writer doing a story about Rock Nook seeking information from former residents (if that's the appropriate word) about what it was like to live there. The writer indicated that she had lived directly across the street from Rock Nook during her childhood so she was familiar with it and she had visited the facility not long previously and had seen old files in the attic of the building.

Rock Nook Children's Home was one of several social services in Norwich established by the United Workers beginning in 1877 to provide support for children, women, families and the aged and was certainly one of the earliest social service agencies to provide that broad range of services. The building in which the children's home was located had its origins as a tavern and stage coach depot from the time of the Revolutionary War, although the original tavern was modified and enlarged in later years. The building housing the children's home still stands pretty much as it was in the 1940s although it has been modernized and updated and is still owned by the successor agency to the United Workers.

With hope that the files seen in the attic might still be there and that I could get some useful information, I contacted the social service agency that owns the facility. One of the staff persons that I contacted was able to find some old files that mentioned Joe and me, and my mother. While I did not glean much new

information, there were some references in what appears to be a series of monthly reports by Trustees that reflected a caring environment in the home.

One report, from a Mrs. Willard Hough dated February 12, 1940, noted that mumps and measles were problematic during December 1939, there were 29 children resident in the home on January 1, that the temperature hovered around zero all month and was the cause of colds and croup with one child hospitalized, and that on January 27 Arthur and Joe Broadhurst joined the Rock Nook family. There was a subsequent reference to a visit with the "little Broadhurst children" by Mrs. Broadhurst, the grandmother, and Mrs. Griswold, the aunt.

A report covering the period May 18 to June 9, 1940, by Mrs. George Gildersleeve[18] and Mrs. C. F. Carpenter noted that it had been a quiet month. "Mrs. Broadhurst took her two children to Vermont to her people on May 27 on very short notice."

A report covering the period June 10 to July 8, 1940, by Mrs. Nugent and Mrs. Noyes, noted that "Arthur Broadhurst was four years old on July 3rd which was celebrated in the usual way. His mother came to see him in the morning but couldn't be with him for supper." At the end of that period there were only 23 children in the home.

There were also ledger pages showing payments to Rock Nook by month, with some months missing. Dorothy Broadhurst made payments in January 1940 ($18), February 1940 ($24), March 1940 ($18), April 1940 ($30), January 1941 ($20). The ledger sheets for February and March 1941 did not show any payments by Dorothy and we do not know what to conclude from that. There were regular payments to the Home by the Town of Norwich (some quite large), and a few payments by the State of Connecticut and New London County.

The relationship between my mother and the Broadhursts deteriorated further after Joe and I were put into Rock Nook. Another letter from my mother, also given to me by Evon, dated July 7, 1940 with the return address 210 Broadway, Norwich, documents the increasing tension:

> *Dear Evon*
>
> *I hope you folks are well. I suppose Patty is as brown as a berry.*

[18] There were two Gildersleeve physicians in Norwich at the time, George H Gildersleeve and his father Charles Gildersleeve. The elder Dr. Gildersleeve was the Broadhurst family physician. George Gildersleeve was a friend of my father.

As I told you a while back, I am intending to marry and have the boys with me.[19] *Probably this fall. We have been looking at houses and hope to find one outside of Hartford. We looked at a beauty today. $60 a month.*

I am hoping that we may all be on more friendly terms, however, that rests with you folks. I would like you folks to visit the children in their new home, and as I shall keep my own car, they could visit you folks frequently.

The man I am marrying is grand! I imagine you folks might like to meet him before we marry, rather than simply read about it in the paper.

There is one thing I want. He is very fine and I do not want <u>anything</u> said against me. I want that letter your mother has of mine, because I am not going to see him hurt, and because I want a home for the boys and myself with him as I have planned.

If you folks want us all to be friends again, you can do this. If not I am afraid you will be unwelcome in our home. I hope for the boys sake you will do the right thing. I sincerely regret things I said in haste and anger tho I still feel I had just cause.

We are planning on early fall. I shall hope to have some answer from you folks, as to how you feel.

One thing I know, you will all find this man fine enough to be the father of Joe's boys. He doesn't smoke, drink, or swear. If anything happens to him we will not have to worry financially. Frankly, I feel the luckiest girl in the world, and I love him. He loves children, and has a million plans for the boys future, already.

Sincerely, Dorothy M Broadhurst

The man she references in the letter was Henry T. "Chick" Fowler. Chick was old enough to be her father and I think she held onto an idealistic and unrealistic view

[19] As later information will substantiate, at the time of this letter she was already living in New Britain in the home of Henry Fowler, in the capacity of housekeeper, while his wife Grace Fowler was also living there but moved out in the spring of 1940 because of the increasingly awkward relationship between my mother and Henry Fowler. My mother knew that she could not marry Henry at this time, so this was an attempt to conceal what was actually going on.

of Chick perhaps because she was really looking for a father figure or a protector. She always seemed to me to be too fragile to have ever gotten along on her own. She was impressed by Chick's experiences and his alleged education; she said that he was a graduate of Yale College and the Sorbonne in Paris, and had such wonderful experiences and stories of where he had been and what he had done that he was a marvelous man to bring into the family and that we [Joe and I] were lucky to have him as a stepfather.[20]

[20] Chick's claims about his experiences were largely false, and his claims of graduation from Yale and from the Sorbonne in Paris, and his claim to have a Ph.D. were demonstrably false.

Haddam, Connecticut

The 1940 Census, taken in April of that year, records Chick living with his family in Berlin, Connecticut, employed as a teacher for the Stenotype Company. That same census records my mother as a boarder living in Norwich with three other people and also working for the Stenotype Company. What is curious is that in Irene's diary she mentions as far back as January 1940 that my mother was planning to go "out of town" to take a job with the Stenotype Company and was intending to put Joe and me into a "home" so that she would be free to leave town. The Stenotype Company seems to be the common denominator between Dorothy and Chick. It appears Dorothy met Chick as early as January 1940, prior to the time that my brother and I were placed in Rock Nook on Saturday, January 27 and was likely the reason we were placed in the home.

In April 1940 the Federal census records Dorothy as living in Norwich in a rooming house as a boarder. That same census records Chick's wife and children living in the family home in Berlin. Sometime early in 1940 my mother moved into Chick's home at 308 Worthington Ridge in Berlin, Connecticut, as housekeeper, cook and caretaker. When Dorothy mentions "going out of town" to take a job with the Stenotype Company, it appears probable that she actually moved into Chick's house and that seems to have been the real reason that Joe and I were placed at Rock Nook. We surmise that Dorothy went back and forth between Chick's house in Berlin and the boarding house in Norwich during the spring. Chick's daughter Virginia, in reminiscing about this period, remembers that Dorothy was a good cook but her presence in the household caused increasing tension such that Grace Fowler, Chick's wife and Virginia's mother first took to her room to eat meals and then later moved out of the house and went to live with her sisters.

How do we explain that Dorothy was recorded as living in the boarding house in Norwich in April 1940 when she had already said that she was moving out of town to take the job at the Stenotype Company (where Chick also worked) in January 1940? At the boarding house Dorothy lived with her friend Mary Dunham, who probably reported to the census taker that Dorothy still lived there but was visiting out of town, and probably Dorothy still kept some personal belongings in her room at the boarding house and probably went back and forth between Norwich and Berlin.

We do not know the precise sequence of events during this period and some of what we know seems to conflict with other presumably reliable information but based on all the available evidence we conclude the following sequence of events.

We know that Dorothy claimed to be going “out of town” to take a job with the Stenotype Company in Berlin. The 1940 Census records both Chick and Dorothy as working at the Stenotype Company. Dorothy said that because she was going out of town she needed to place Joe and me at Rock Nook. We know that Dorothy moved into Chick’s house in Berlin sometime early in 1940. It appears reasonable to assume that when she went to Berlin she moved into Chick’s house as housekeeper, cook and caretaker of Dick’s children, Richard “Dick” Fowler (age 15) and Virginia “Ginger” Fowler (age 17), who were attending Berlin High School. It is then reasonable to conclude that she moved into Chick’s house prior to placing Joe and me at Rock Nook in January 1940 .

Aunt Irene records in her diary that on one occasion Dorothy attempted to demonstrate the Stenotype Machine but seemed not to know very much about it. My mother could not type and had never worked as a secretary or in an office (other than as an accounting clerk much later in her life). Up to this time her only employment had been selling women’s clothes. Did she really work for the Stenotype Company or was this a cover to explain why she was really living out of town and in the house of Chick Fowler in Berlin? How did she obtain a job demonstrating Stenotype Machines when she had no knowledge about office machinery or about office procedure and had no relevant experience?

Dorothy moved into Chick’s house as housekeeper while Chick’s wife, Grace Fowler, was still living there. Grace was still living there at the time of the 1940 Census in April. Sometime after Dorothy moved in as housekeeper her relationship to Chick changed and that change created sufficient friction that Grace eventually moved out of Chick’s house.

Thus began a bizarre and intriguing tale involving deception and confusion, when mother’s role changed from housekeeper in the Fowler household to that of Chick’s common law wife. That relationship and deception continued from the spring of 1940 well into the summer of 1941, when Dorothy announced to my grandmother Broadhurst her engagement and plan to marry Chick in a few months.

Chick rented a house in Haddam, Connecticut during that summer of 1941 and moved there with Dick and Ginger. Grace was no longer living with Chick. Grace had moved out during the spring of 1941 but Dorothy remained in Berlin with Chick and moved to Haddam with Chick and the children, still without the benefit of marriage, certainly an unusual thing to have done in those days and in that family. Sometime thereafter, probably in the fall of 1941, Dorothy removed Joe and me from Rock Nook and brought us to live at Haddam.

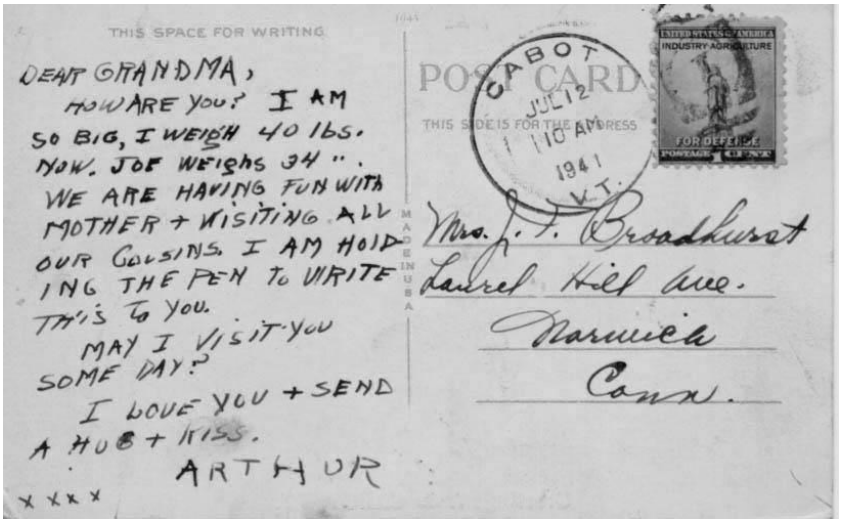
How much of this story my grandmother and aunts were aware of I do not know and unfortunately Aunt Irene's diary ends in 1940. We don't have any information on how much contact occurred between the Broadhurst relatives and me, but in later years when I discussed the Haddam period with Aunt Evon, with whom I had gotten pretty close after we (my wife and family) moved to Vero Beach, Florida and discovered we were only a few miles from her home in Fort Pierce, she never mentioned anything about these years except that she visited us in Haddam and my mother brought us to visit at her house in New London and to my grandmother's house in Norwich. If Evon was aware that Dorothy was living with Chick in Berlin or Haddam without being married to him she never said anything to me about it, so either she knew and decided it was just as well I not know, or she was led to believe they had been married.

Photo taken July 27, 1940 on occasion of Ginger Fowler's 18th birthday at Berlin. Dorothy, Ginger, Al Pulito, Dick, Joe and Art.

Quite recently when I had pieced together the events of this period with the help of Chick's grandson Dwight Fowler, with whom I have had a lengthy exchange of correspondence in recent years, I was not as surprised as I probably should have been about the context in which my mother and Chick met. I guess I have learned to mistrust so much of what I was told when I was a child that as I have constructed a picture from the fragments of facts I had to work with the story has become more curious and bizarre. The assembled facts and the story that they tell have made it much clearer why my father's family had such bad feelings toward my mother. They thought of her as a tramp who had abandoned her children and considering these events were in the 1930s and 1940s Dorothy sure gave them good reason to think of her that way, as she clearly lived at the far fringe of what was considered acceptable social behavior.

It seems strange given my mother's comments about her religious background and Christian character, her attitude of virtuous superiority to those around her, and her desire not to be seen in a bad light, that she moved in with Chick and lived with him for quite some time without getting married. It troubles me that she knowingly broke up Henry's marriage and his family. That would have been shocking and scandalous to the Broadhurst family had they known the actual circumstances and

the part of the story that they knew must have been a factor in the deterioration of the relationship and why there was little contact with the Broadhurst side of the family until years later when my brother and I were able to write to aunts and uncles that we did not know very well but who always sent us packages at Christmas and birthdays and seemed eager to keep contact with us.


THIS SPACE FOR WRITING

DEAR GRANDMA,
HOW ARE YOU? I AM SO BIG, I WEIGH 40 LBS. NOW. JOE WEIGHS 34 ". WE ARE HAVING FUN WITH MOTHER + VISITING ALL OUR COUSINS. I AM HOLDING THE PEN TO WRITE THIS To you.
MAY I VISIT YOU SOME DAY?
I LOVE YOU + SEND A HUG + KISS.
ARTHUR
X X X X

POST CARD
THIS SIDE IS FOR THE ADDRESS

CABOT JUL 12 1 10 AM 1941 VT.

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA INDUSTRY AGRICULTURE FOR DEFENSE POSTAGE ONE CENT

Mrs. J. T. Broadhurst
Laurel Hill Ave.
Norwich
Conn.

During the summer of 1941 my mother took Joe and me on a trip to Vermont that I do not remember. This trip seems to have been just prior to the move to Haddam when my mother moved into that house with Chick and his children.

When I was a child my mother told me that she and Chick had gone to New York City to marry and that a friend of Chick's who was a magistrate or justice of the peace conducted a civil ceremony for them. She did not explain why she was in New York and it did not occur to me to ask. On another occasion, when she said that she and Chick were going out to celebrate their wedding anniversary and I had innocently asked when and where they had been married, she replied to the effect that they were married on our trip from Haddam to Washington. They had stopped off in New York, and a friend had performed the ceremony on September 15, 1942. She had an unsigned card that said so. She seemed not to notice that her marriage certificate was unsigned.

Again we are left with a mystery. Dorothy must have known that Grace Fowler was alive at that time. She claimed later when I was old enough to pursue answers to some of these inconsistencies that Chick had told her that Grace had died, but on another occasion she said that Grace was in an insane asylum. We know now, having just discovered the facts from Dwight Fowler, that Grace was neither dead nor living in an insane asylum—she had been living in the area, possibly with her sisters, but in any event getting State assistance and at a later time living Harrington Court, an assisted-living facility in Colchester, CT, where she died in September 1982 (long after Chick died in 1964).

After Chick's death Dorothy applied for his Social Security benefits as a widow. She claimed that she was surprised to have those benefits denied because Grace Fowler was still alive in Colchester, CT and they had never been divorced. She asserted again that she had believed they had been married in New York at that fake ceremony. Maybe she believed that Grace had died but she must have known that she was not legally married to Chick in 1942 even if there was an unsigned certificate. The most charitable explanation I can think of is that the fake certificate was to cover the fact they were not married and could not have been married, and that maybe Chick had told her later that Grace had died, so she was assuming a "common law" right to widow's benefits on Chick's Social Security account. She seemed genuinely surprised that Grace was still alive.

So begins the web of lies that surrounded our new family's beginnings. My stepfather maintained a post office box in downtown Washington, D.C. throughout my childhood and it is one of those oddities of the way my mind works that I can remember old numbers (but not names), the address of his secretive post box being Box 238, Benjamin Franklin Station. It is now clear why he would never let any of us, my mother, my brother or me, get the mail from that box, even when he was away for long periods of time—there were too many secrets hidden from us that might begin to unravel.

Chick's two children, Virginia E. Fowler ("Ginnie") and Richard E. Fowler ("Dick") lived at the house in Haddam prior to the time that Joe and I were removed from Rock Nook and taken to Haddam. I was surprised when I realized from their birthdays that both of them were younger than I remembered, Dick was 17 and Ginger was 19 in 1941—but I was just barely 5 years old, and at that young age everyone seems quite large and old. I remember them being at the house in Haddam but I don't remember much about them.

House in Haddam, Connecticut. We moved here in the fall of 1941,

I recall several incidents involving Dick that are just the sort of thing a young boy would remember.

On one occasion Dick caught a mouse in a live trap in the basement, put the mouse in a glass jar, carried the jar down to the river, took Joe and me with him and threw the jar out onto the ice. He brought along a rifle. The glass jar was the target, and after he shattered the glass jar with an accurate shot, he fired at the fleeing mouse, with what success I do not recall, but I do not think he hit it.

I remember a gun rack in one of the rooms, probably a den, with several long guns (rifles or shotguns) on display. One day while we were sitting at dinner we could see a rabbit outside in the garden also eating his dinner, munching on whatever veggies were growing in the garden. Dick left the table, took a rifle from the den wall, went outside and shortly thereafter we heard a shot. A few minutes later Dick brought the rabbit into the house to show us and I recall vividly the red mark made by the bullet on the white fur as it traversed the underside of the rabbit before entering the body with a jagged hole. I'm always surprised that some events can be recalled so vividly while most events remain trapped in the fog of a dimming memory.

The house was white with tall columns and dark green shingles and a wide porch extending down the side of the house. On the porch a couch or a settee was placed against the wall and between the tall white columns. There was a large yard extending a hundred or so feet out from the house, partly in grass, the remainder

in tall brush and weeds. Nearby across a wide expanse of field and then across the railroad tracks flowed the Connecticut River. A dirt road or long driveway extended out from the house to a paved highway several hundred yards away. In the back yard there was a tunnel-like grape arbor that you could walk under and reach up and pick Concord grapes. There were lilac bushes whose scent I can still remember and lots of forsythia and other flowing plants that I can only vaguely remember.

I remember milk delivered to the porch early in the morning in winter with the cream frozen and pushing out the top of the narrow-necked milk bottle by the time someone fetched it from the porch. Mother would put some of that frozen cream in a bowl with sugar on it for us to eat like some primitive ice cream. I remember the taste of baby cereal and thinking it was pretty wonderful.

The large yard with its expanse of green lawn fringed with tall brush and weeds seemed to constantly encroach on the mowed area, with its wonderful smell of fresh cut grass in the spring mingled with the partially-burned exhaust of the gasoline mower. The smells of spring and summer at Haddam have stayed with me: the sickly-sweet fragrance of the pear tree and the rotting pears beneath it, yellow jackets buzzing around the rotting pears that had fallen on the ground under the tree; the choking acrid smoke of the 4th of July brush fire in the field beyond the mowed area that got out of control and the sense of panic that enthralled me as Chick, Dick and Ginger's boyfriend Al beat the burning grass with brooms and poured buckets of water on its leading edge, the red flickering flames slowly licking their way across the yard.

There was the sudden scream and the ensuing chaos when Joe, now just shy of his 4th birthday on Jul 4, 1942, fell backward over a scythe that had been leaning against a tree, his ankle badly cut in the fall, blood dripping from the gash in his ankle, and the rush to the doctor in Middletown in an old black Model-A Ford with a rumble seat that belonged to Dick (or did it belong to Ginger's boyfriend Al?). Joe and I rode alone in the rumble seat into town and I had to remain in the car by myself while Joe was taken into the surgical office in the home of the country doctor.

Model A Ford with rumble seat

Years later when my own family was living in Darien, Connecticut, we drove down to Haddam one weekend and I was able to find the old house along the river that I

had lived in so long ago. I wish that I had the presence of mind to ask the present occupant if we could go in, but I was conscious of the intrusion on someone who had no idea who we were or why we were there, and I decided not to press the point.

I asked Joe to help me reconstruct those days from his memory, although he was only three years old at the time we went to Haddam and four years old when we left there. Joe remembered many of the same things that I recalled from those days, and a few things that I did not remember. Joe writes in a letter during the 1990s:

> *I recall a red metal wagon, deer in the field between the house and the road, …sitting in a rowboat in the river (it was tied to a tree), strangers with a large dog coming to visit and hiding in the attic so they would not see us (probably the owners of the house), bus trips into Middletown, lying on the porch swing holding a sparkler on the fourth of July with my ankle bandaged up, and a nasty cat that sharpened its claws on my shin when I tried to pet it.*

Chick Fowler was a "name-dropper" and was dishonest in many ways, from his stories about attending Yale and the Sorbonne in Paris to his claim of extensive military service in several war theaters during World War I. He claimed to be a Captain in the U. S. Army but according to his discharge papers, which are in my custody, he was drafted at the end of the war and was in the army only a few months before he was discharged as a private. The more you were around him the more it became obvious that his marvelous stories about his experiences could not possibly be true.

In the fall of 1942 with the U.S. fully engaged in World War 2 both in Europe and in the Pacific, Chick apparently[21] got a job with the *War Production Board*, a Federal government agency that directed the industrial production effort necessary to support the war. We moved to Washington, DC, our possessions (or such as we had at that time, which couldn't have been much) carried with us in and on an overstuffed big black car [probably a 1936-era Packard] with running boards and a rear

[21] "Apparently" because while at the time the family believed that he worked for the War Production Board, for reasons explained in the chapter on Henry Fowler whether or not he actually worked for the War Production Board or just assumed the identity of the real Henry Fowler who worked for the agency at that time is now an open question.

luggage rack. I do not know whose auto it was, whether it was borrowed or a "garage car" that was rented, or what happened to it once we got to Washington, but we did not have a car after we moved into the basement apartment on Buchanan Street in Northwest Washington.

It was probably on this trip to Washington in September 1942 that my mother and Chick stopped in New York and the marriage charade occurred. So much that I thought I knew about this period proved subsequently to be false that I am left uncertain whether the pretended marriage allegedly performed by one of Chick's friends actually occurred, or if it did who was supposed to have been fooled by a fake marriage and an unsigned marriage certificate.

I find it very hard to believe that Dorothy did not know that Grace Fowler was alive in 1942 and still married to Chick, so she must have known that she could not have really married him then. So was it an "invented" ceremony, a fiction devised to fool my brother and me that they were married? Or was it to fool the Broadhurst relatives into believing that Chick finally married Dorothy? Did it have to occur out of town because those still in Connecticut would have known that it was a ruse once the word got around? I have learned not to trust much of anything my mother told me about her relationship with Chick.

For some period of time after we first arrived in the Washington area, probably from September until mid-November, we lived in a "tourist cottage" grouped with other cottages strung out along a semi-circular drive off a major highway somewhere outside Washington in the nearby Maryland countryside. These cottages were the precursor of the modern motel, typically one large room with minimal cooking facilities—a stove, a refrigerator. I remember riding my scooter and red tricycle on the sidewalks around the tourist cottages. I don't remember much else. I was six years old.

July 17, 1940 at Maplewood Cemetery Norwich, family visit to my father's gravesite. My mother was not present. From left: Uncle Herbert, Great Uncle John Manning, Aunt Irene, Aunt Evon, Grandma Broadhurst, Great Uncle and Aunt Millard and Blanche Stone and their daughter. In front Arthur and Joe Broadhurst, Cousin Patty.

Northwest Washington D.C.

It was wartime in Washington and thousands of people had moved to the Washington area, some because of the rapid expansion of the military, others in various jobs that had sprung up to support the war effort. That sudden increase in population put considerable pressure on housing, which had become increasingly scarce as workers and their families crowded into the city. After several months in the tourist cottages Chick found a basement apartment in a house at 903 Buchanan Street in the Northwest quadrant of Washington and moved us into it. Fortunately the house was conveniently located, with public transportation readily available both by trolley car and by bus.

Art and Joe 1942

I should have been enrolled in school in September 1942, since I had turned six during the summer of 1942, but I did not attend school until after we moved to that basement apartment. We must have remained at the cottages in suburban Maryland for some weeks while "Chick" was looking for a place to live.

On November 19, 1942, quite late in the school year and about two months after the semester began, I entered first grade at West School on Farragut Street in northwest Washington. Joe did not start school at the same time. After the first few days of being escorted to school by my mother I walked to and from school alone. There were no school buses in Washington. Students, even very young children, either walked to school or took public transportation.

I traced the route I would have taken on that walk to school on a Google map and was surprised at how far it actually was, at least 6-8 blocks and well over a mile. I was equally surprised that I walked it alone in all kinds of weather. I have a clear memory of a yellow raincoat with a rain hood and rubber galoshes, low boots with snap hooks to keep them tight around my feet. We hung our rain gear or coat in the cloak room. I do not know if school was a half day or a full day in the first grade, but I remember carrying a metal lunch box with thermos bottle at least by second grade. We would neither permit nor expect first grade students to walk that far to school today.

Because I entered school so late in the first semester, which ended in early January, and did not have any prior school experience whether kindergarten or preschool, I was “not ready to progress” by the end of the semester and therefore I was required to repeat the first semester of first grade in the spring semester of the school year, which started at the end of January.

Washington had a staggered year program throughout the school system, with each grade starting in the fall and a second session of each grade starting in the spring semester. That system solved two problems: first, what to do with students who were “failing” in their grade so that they did not waste the entire year, and second, to permit two entry points for students once they had reached school age, so that they did not have to wait an entire year to begin school. I remained on this mid-year staggered schedule for the rest of my time in Washington schools, which continued through the first half of the eleventh grade.

The entrance to our basement apartment on Buchanan Street was at the rear of a traditional two-story brick and frame row house with full basement. As was customary in city houses in Washington, alleyways ran behind the houses parallel to the residential street to provide access to detached wooden garages for those lucky enough to have cars. The alleyways also provided access for garbage trucks that gathered household refuse from galvanized trash cans that were kept behind each house next to the garage. It was a great place to play, but not a safe place.

For some reason certain smells from the alley have stayed with me and they come back to me sometimes when I think about the alley, the most prominent of which was the odor of what I learned subsequently was ether from a small can I found in some boxes that had been put out with the trash, apparently discarded by a doctor who lived on that block. Innocently and foolishly I opened the can. I smelled it. It gave me a sick feeling but it was an unusual smell that I really liked, somewhat sweet and not at all unpleasant. At the time I assumed it was a form of alcoholic spirits. I tossed the can away after a few whiffs, but I remember to this day the odor of ether mixed with other pungent smells of the alley, particularly burning paper and ground coffee.

We separated our garbage from our trash not because we were environmentally conscious enough to recycle but because paper trash was generally burned behind the houses in large drums used as incinerators—and one of my unsupervised childish activities was finding paper and cardboard trash to burn in the backyard incinerators.

Despite being in the first and second grade I was able to obtain matches easily at home because my mother was a heavy and constant smoker and packets of matches were always kept beside the ashtrays. I lit a lot of paper fires in the alley, mostly but not always in the trash barrels, and usually but not always with Joe. I liked the smell of burning newspaper. We were fortunate that I did not burn down someone's house or garage.

As will be obvious in many of the stories told here my mother did not supervise my activities very well—in fact, I don't remember her supervising us at all. I rarely got into trouble for anything I did in the alley—except for the times Joe tattled on me. Mother's instructions were usually to "go out and play"—and I don't think it much mattered to her what we did so long as we did not bother her or interfere with her daily afternoon "soap operas," as the radio dramas for women were termed. *The Guiding Light* or *Ma Perkins* or *One Man's Family* or *Stella Dallas* and many others that I vaguely recall were broadcast every afternoon, apparently providing relief from the daily tedium to women bored with their housewife role.

DC Trolley Ga & Alaska Line

Buchanan Street sloped gently downward from 903 for several blocks all the way to Georgia Avenue, where we could board a trolley car on the 'Georgia & Alaska' route. At the top of Buchanan Street as we walked in the other direction up the modest hill was a traffic circle that was the origination and termination point of several bus routes that went into downtown Washington or across town. A block or so beyond the traffic circle was the "Old Soldiers Home" that housed otherwise homeless and usually war-injured elderly veterans of World War I. To my chagrin I learned a few years ago that a second cousin on my mother's side of the family, Major Charles Easterbrook, had spent his last few years at the "Old Soldiers Home."

Weekly credit card-sized "bus passes" could be purchased for use on the transit buses, each successive week numbered consecutively on the brightly colored passes. Each Monday morning commuters threw their old passes into the street as they put the new passes into their wallets or purses. The colorful passes were a

Capital Transit Company
Pass Must Be Shown UPON DEMAND
FOR DEFENSE
BUY UNITED STATES SAVINGS BONDS AND STAMPS
$1.25 WEEKLY PASS
On STREET CAR and BUS LINES of Capital Transit Company in the District of Columbia on which the cash rate of fare is 10c or less
5
FEB. 1 to 7
1942
INCL.
58115

neat collector's item for a kid, and I eagerly collected as many as I could, sometimes by asking adults for them as they got off the bus on Friday afternoons but sometimes by picking them up from the street preferably before they had been run over and marred by tire tracks. I traded my duplicate transit passes with other kids for any missing weeks in my collection. These passes are still collectors' items although my collection is long gone. I was in the second grade.

The family that owned the house and lived above our tiny basement apartment on Buchanan Street had a daughter, an attractive young single woman in her 20s who was seriously ill with tuberculosis and was living at home with her parents. I believe their name was Long. She coughed a lot. There was no cure for TB at that time.

One day Joe and I were sitting on the back steps that led from ground level near the basement door (that led to our walk-out basement apartment) and from there climbed upward to the kitchen door on the first floor. Mr. Long had been standing on a ladder painting the rear of the house when he dropped his bucket of white paint, which landed on my head, naturally upside down, spilling the paint through my hair, down my face, and covering my clothes. Joe, who had been sitting on a step below me, got splashed as well but not as badly since I had been hit directly by the can. I cried. It burned my skin. It got into my eyes. But I learned not to sit below someone who was painting.

The rest of that afternoon was spent in the bath tub in the Long's bathroom (we did not have a bathtub), with lots of turpentine, as my mother tried to get the oil-based paint off my body and out of my hair. Some of the turpentine got into my eyes. My paint-soaked clothes were thrown out, an unfortunate situation since clothing was expensive and scarce in those war years and purchased only when necessary.

I remember very little about my first years at West School. I have a vivid memory of a very large mural painted on brown Kraft paper from a large roll, the paper fastened entirely across one wall of our classroom for a class project. It must have been spring. The drawing was of flowers and bunny rabbits, with lots of grass, sky and sun. I was not good at drawing, but I remember that I was expected to fill in the lines that someone else, possibly the teacher, had drawn on the paper.

I remember large quart jars of different colors of thick water-based poster paint and large brushes (for a six year old anyway) that we used to spread the paint on the poster. The paint had a sharp and distinctive smell that I can still remember. My

favorite color was light blue, which we used to paint the sky, so I concentrated on painting the sky and used a lot of light blue paint.

West School burned coal for heat and hot water. Cinders from the coal furnace were spread on the playground to cover the dirt and mud and absorb water. Apparently cinders were considered better than dirt for a playground surface. One day in second grade I fell down hard on my knees on the playground while running; the skin and some flesh on one knee was cut through and the wound was filled with blackened cinder pieces and ash. The wound was oozing clear liquid and blood by the time I arrived at the nurse's office.

Open wounds could lead to serious infection in a time when there were no antibiotics, so the cinders had to be removed and the wound cleaned and disinfected, not a pleasant task for the one who has the job of cleaning the wound and even less pleasant for the injured. I remember trying to be brave as the cinders were wiped from the wound and disinfectant applied by the school nurse, but I cried anyway, and I felt humiliated that I had cried. I blurted out something to the effect that you should see my little brother cry, which even at that age I knew was a dumb thing to say and it made my humiliation even greater. This was only the second time that I could remember crying when I was a child.

Sometime during the almost two years that we lived in the damp basement apartment on Buchanan Street I caught pneumonia. I am particularly susceptible to lung diseases, such as pneumonia and bronchitis, and I have had periodic bouts with both throughout my lifetime. I coughed up heavy yellow-green mucous. I was deathly ill with a high fever. I remember lying in the dark, bundled up in blankets and taken away in a car belonging to our upstairs neighbors to Providence Hospital, which I subsequently learned was a Catholic charity hospital in northwest Washington. It is still there. I have vivid memories of the white-frocked nurses flitting in and out of the room like so many ghostly spirits. I was alone much of the time and scared. A tent-like shroud was placed over my head sometimes when I was having particular difficulty breathing. Apparently it was what was known in those days as an "oxygen tent" and was used to increase and concentrate the supply of oxygen for those who were having trouble getting enough oxygen into their lungs. My father had been in one when he died. I was in Providence Hospital for several days before I was allowed to go home.

Our basement living area had been separated into makeshift "rooms" by blankets nailed to the wooden rafters that served as our ceiling. We had a toilet, separated from the living quarters by a blanket. Baths were taken in a wash tub. Living in a

cold damp basement apartment in a Washington winter must have encouraged illness. It is likely that the damp basement may have been a precipitating factor that made me more susceptible to lung disease than I might have been otherwise.

About this same time I came down with chicken pox, as did most younger elementary students in those days. The large scabby pox on my skin were itchy; and to keep me from scratching myself, my mother put socks on my hands and sewed them to my pajamas. A very odorous brown salve (ichthamol) was put on the pox several times a day. Like most kids, I survived the full range of childhood illnesses. The room was kept dark, not that hard to do I guess, since there were few windows in the basement and they were covered with blackout curtains.

Only fragmentary memories remain from those days on Buchanan Street. I have a vivid memory of being given a ride around the block on a green Cushman motor scooter, courtesy of a neighbor. The Cushman scooter was unique in its day, in many ways designed like the modern Vespa, with a seating area over the encased engine and a platform in front of the engine for the driver's feet. The position was very much like driving a car. I don't think the Cushman had a transmission. I stood on the scooter platform and held on to the handlebars for the ride around the block.

Art and Joe in park at top of Buchanan Street

Mother and Chick liked to take long Sunday walks and Joe and I had to go with them. Sometimes we walked through our neighborhood, heading off in one direction or another, occasionally stopping to rest on a park bench. At other times we took a trolley or bus into the downtown area and walked around the mall (the open space between the Capitol building and the Washington Monument) or in the area around Dupont Circle and along Connecticut Avenue. I remember in particular one pleasantly warm Easter Day when dressed in our Sunday clothes, we walked around Dupont Circle and the memory that stuck with me was a small walking band playing the hit song *The Easter Parade*.

We lived in that basement apartment from November 1942 until the summer of 1944. In my second school year, 1943-44, I was in grade 1B in the fall semester and grade 2A in the spring semester. My school report cards for that year are missing.

Southeast Washington: Congress Heights

In the summer of 1944 we moved from the basement apartment on Buchanan Street in Northwest Washington to a one-bedroom second floor walk-up apartment at 119 Wayne Place in Southeast Washington, located at the corner of Wayne Place and Mississippi Avenue, quite far out from the center of the city and close to the boundary line separating Washington and Maryland. *Wayne Terrace Apartments* was a garden apartment complex located in the residential community of Washington known as *Congress Heights*.

There was no garden but there was a green lawn in front and in back of our building. The apartment complex consisted of several block-long rows of connected low-rise brick apartment buildings of two or three floors each, generally with two apartments on each floor. Frequently my mother sent me to pay the monthly rent of $66, and that meant a long walk up Wayne Place, which climbed a steep hill upward to the courtyard office of the "resident manager." I remember the manager as a small grumpy woman with her hair in a bun, who made me stand outside while she went inside to prepare a receipt for the rent payment, which was always in cash.

Behind our apartment was a parking area. Beyond the parking area and across the alleyway that ran parallel to Wayne Place behind our apartment block was a vacant field with trees and heavy bushes at one end. The rest was in field grass, scrub and weeds, as if it had been cleared for construction but then abandoned. For a short period of time part of the land across the alley was used for a community vegetable garden. Beyond that narrow strip lay a partially wooded field about an acre in size that my brother and I and our neighborhood friends played in and where we occasionally built forts that we could hide in and defend and in which we could play whatever aggressive boy games we could imagine. Sometimes we found large cardboard boxes that we used as floors in the forts, which were great until it rained, when we had to throw out the mess and find new flooring material. Occasionally we found an old well-worn rug that had been thrown away to use as a floor. The wooded area was a wonderful place to build forts, play hide and seek and cowboys and Indians, good guys and bad guys,

Japs and Germans, and to hang swinging ropes from limbs and do whatever else boys do with a convenient wooded area.

The basement of the apartment complex was a labyrinth of interconnected rooms that ran beneath all the buildings on our block. Part of that complex of rooms was intended for washing and drying clothes. There were coin-operated front-loading washers in the nearest room. The entrance to the basement complex was reached by a short flight of stairs at the rear of the building. Several of the interconnected underground rooms were strung with clothes lines in long rows for hanging the wet laundry to dry. There were no electric dryers.

Behind the apartment complex and across the alleyway about 100 feet from the basement door was a row of steel poles set into the ground with cross arms strung with clothesline rope for hanging clothes in good weather. Frequently, Joe or I or both were sent out with a basket of laundry to hang, and when it was dry to take it down, fold it and put it into the clothes baskets. If it started to rain we had to make a mad dash outside to grab the clothes before they got too wet and either bring them back to the apartment or re-hang them in the basement laundry rooms.

Backyard at 119 Wayne Place

The basement labyrinth made a wonderful playground, particularly in bad weather. Some of the rooms were empty, their intended purpose unknown. They were about 25’ by 40’ so we used them as places to ride our bikes, weaving in and out from room to room usually chasing each other, or playing war games with cap pistols, or sometimes even quiet games such as monopoly if we were not allowed to play in the house. Other rooms contained individual wooden storage cages about eight feet square in which residents could store items such as suitcases, window fans and Christmas decorations, to get them out of the small apartments. These “cages” were framed by 1” by 2” wooden uprights spaced about 3” apart. Residents put their own padlocks on these storage cages. When someone moved away and left their storage cage vacant and unlocked we appropriated it for use as a club house or game room.

I figured out before long that if I put a lock on the cage and covered the insides of the slat walls with cardboard no one would realize that it was a “club house” and would leave it alone. Sometimes the maintenance man would discover that we had seized a storage room and would make us abandon it—temporarily anyway. We had no difficulty getting “orange crates” or “apple boxes” at the grocery store,

out of which we made desks and chairs and whatever else we felt like making to furnish our clubhouse. I discovered that I could get lighting in the clubhouse by connecting an extension wire to a ceiling light fixture and running it over the lockers into my clubhouse. In the summer when it was hot outside we could retreat to the clubhouse, where it was cool.

My mother was oblivious to what we were doing in the basement and seemed not to notice or care that we were not in the apartment, and my stepfather was not around much. Our imaginations were not limited by practical considerations so we had a great deal of fun out of what would be considered today very little to work with. It taught me some lessons that I was not aware of until later in life—including the fact that I could make do with what I had and there was always a way to accomplish whatever I could imagine.

A parking area behind the apartment complex was not large, apparently built to accommodate 10-12 cars with one parking space for each two or three apartments. Most residents did not have cars; it was wartime and gas and tires were rationed. The parking area was almost never filled, but there was an old Ford Model-A coupe parked there that still ran and in which I was given a ride on several different occasions. Public transportation was excellent in Washington, with regular bus service running along major arteries.

Street cars and trolleys ran throughout the downtown area and into the suburbs of Washington (street cars draw power from a third rail, trolley cars draw electric power from overhead lines; some were convertible and could run either way), some trolleys went quite far out of the city to Great Falls Park in the Virginia suburbs or to Cabin John, Maryland, or Glen Echo, an amusement park in the Maryland outskirts near northwest Washington, or to Rock Creek Park and the Washington Zoo.

A creek ran across one of the roads through Rock Creek Park in those days, and to travel that road by car (which we did several times) it was necessary to drive through a stream that flowed across the road. The ford wasn't very deep, probably not more than 12 inches unless it had recently rained but if you drove through the ford too fast the rushing water could splash up onto the engine and cause the car to stall; and the brakes did not work very well when they were wet. Sometimes we brought along food for a picnic, usually hot dogs to cook over a wood-burning grill in the park. Firewood was readily available, gathered from fallen tree branches that lay scattered through the woods.

A prime attraction in Rock Creek Park was the National Zoo. In those days it was probably the best zoo in the country and we spent many Sunday afternoons wandering through the animal exhibits. On more than one occasion I went to the zoo with a friend usually Donald Kirkpatrick. I was most interested in the big cats—lions, tigers, panthers—and the large animals—elephants, camels, giraffes, wildebeests, hyenas. Joe was more interested in the snakes, and as a young adult he became something of an amateur herpetologist, even taking a trip to Mexico to hunt and study various types of snakes.

Our small one-bedroom apartment on Wayne Place was on the second floor of the brick apartment building, up two flights of stairs separated by a landing. There were two apartments our floor, so we had neighbors directly across the hall. There were two identical apartments below us. Some of the other buildings had six apartments, sometimes descending down a flight of steps to a lower level and sometimes requiring a climb upwards to the third floor.

Joe and neighbor

Dorothy and Chick slept on a double bed just inside the front door in what was intended to be the living room. The bed was made of dark wood, probably mahogany, covered by a shiny pink satin quilted spread that someone must have thought was attractive. A cardboard wardrobe with a wooden interior frame for hanging clothes was placed across the foot of the bed, its placement intentional to at least partially block the view of the bed from the door. A double dresser was set against the side wall. A folding screen helped to shield the bed from view although it was often moved aside to make access to the bed easier.

The single bedroom that Joe and I shared was located at a corner of the building, and it had two windows, one at the back of the room, the other along a side wall. The two windows proved to be a real luxury on hot summer days because we could open the windows, which were set at right angles to each other, and hope for a cross breeze during the many hot days. One window afforded a good view up Wayne Place, a long steep hill, and the other window looked down Mississippi Avenue, which ran at a right angle to Wayne Place and bisected it. Along Mississippi Avenue were other apartment buildings, a number of them 3-story buildings.

We had a box fan in the window, which we kept open all summer because otherwise the room became unbelievably hot and oppressive. Washington can get

very hot in the summer and of course there was no air conditioning in apartment buildings in the 1940s. It was hard to sleep when the nights were in the 80s indoors, particularly on those days with no breeze. There was another box fan in the living room where Dorothy and Chick slept.

On hot summer nights Joe and I slept in our underwear with not even a sheet over us. It was difficult to get to sleep on hot summer evenings. I would perspire just lying still. It was an uncomfortable feeling to have perspiration running down my face while lying in bed.

Our bunk beds stacked along the inner wall of the bedroom. The bunk beds were military surplus, bought from an Army-Navy store, with "U.S. Army" cut into the wood frame which was painted army olive drab. The beds had link springs (heavy wires held to the wooden sides by springs every 3-4 inches similar to the prison bunks of today). One end of the springs slipped into eye bolts fastened to the bed frame. A thin cotton mattress covered the wire springs. There was a ladder bolted to the frame at the foot of the bed. I was assigned the upper bunk. I wasn't happy about it, but that was the way it was and there was nothing I could do to change Chick's mind. The rationale was that I was less likely to fall out of the upper bunk because I was older.

Joe and I each had a 30" high unpainted drawer unit 24" wide which doubled as dresser and a base for one end of a desk that had been roughly constructed with plywood mounted on top to serve as a desk top, the other end of the plywood extending beyond the edge of the dresser supported by legs constructed of 2" by 2" wood pieces. There was a space for an unfinished wooden desk chair.

The lone bathroom was directly across the hall from the bedroom Joe and I shared. The apartment was tiny and crowded. We had few possessions, even then, but we did not feel poor, although by most standards we were.

We had a small dining area open to the living room, furnished with what I remember was a folding table and 4 chairs. Along one end of the dining room were some homemade wooden bookshelves which held Chick's many books, some board games, the toaster, and a table radio, which was the primary source of entertainment. It's hard to imagine how important that radio was. We got news on the radio each weekend morning, usually listening to WTOP but sometimes

listening to country music on another station, or popular hit songs of the day, such as *Mockingbird Hill*, or *Good Night Irene*, or funny songs like *Mairzy Doats*.

On some evenings and always on Saturday and Sunday evenings we listened to the great classical radio shows sometimes played today on public television stations — *Jack Benny*, the *Great Gildersleeve*, *Henry Aldrich*, *Jack Armstrong All American Boy*, the *FBI In Peace and War*, *The Shadow*, *Hawaii Calls*, *The Green Hornet*, *Superman,* and other memorable programs of the great radio era before television.

Our imaginations allowed us to visualize the action as it was dramatized by the radio cast, a feat that is impossible to imagine now that we live regularly with television and we do not have to imagine anything.

We ate our big Sunday dinner after church in the early afternoon. On Sunday evenings typically we had a light meal, soup perhaps or cereal, or Welsh rarebit (which we called Welsh rabbit), a quick and simple meal of melted cheese cooked with milk until it was thick and spread on toast) and some times, particularly if Chick was out of town, homemade ice cream sundaes, or root beer or ginger ale floats, or chocolate ice cream sodas. Our Sunday night "supper" was usually consummated while listening to what we now call *Old Time Radio*.

We were not allowed to have friends visit in the apartment, not that we would have wanted to under the circumstances, as there was no place for them to "hang out" with us unless they were in our bedroom. Other than the 4 chairs in the dining room there was no place to sit in the apartment, so Chick and Dorothy did not have guests in the house either.

There were a few other kids in the neighborhood, mostly younger. I remember Paul Finklestein, a fat Jewish kid, who lived in a duplex apartment about half a block away on Mississippi Avenue. He was about my height but I do not remember if he was old or younger than me. He had been a *Displaced Person* (DP)[22] from somewhere in Europe. He spoke Yiddish at home. I had not heard of DP camps before I met Paul, and as a nosy 12-year old I asked where they had come from. In halting English his mother told me they had been in a Nazi concentration camp when the war ended. They were held in the DP camp until they were given an

[22] After WW2 ended in Europe there were thousands of people whose homes had been destroyed in the War and for whatever reason they could not return, and thousands of Jews and others who had been rescued from Nazi concentration camps. DP camps were set up in Germany, Austria and Italy to house them. By 1948 there were 840,000 people living in these camps, awaiting a place to go or a country that would take them. Many went to Israel.

entry visa into the United States. They invited me into their home, which was considerably nicer than our apartment. His mother yelled a lot, mostly in Yiddish and mostly at Paul. I think the father was a rabbi. Their apartment had an odd smell of foods that were literally foreign to me. I didn't like Paul very much and he moved away shortly thereafter.

There were quite a few other kids in the neighborhood as playmates for Joe and me but I think they were younger than me. We played in the immediate vicinity of the apartment block with whatever kids happened to be available. There was a lot of movement in and out of apartments in the Washington area in those days, so kids came and went and long term friendships were rare.

Party in Building Basement

My mother had some friends with whom she and Chick socialized. I remember a birthday party for one of the adults held in a basement room. Oddly I don't remember any children's birthday parties—we celebrated our birthdays with just our families.

I had attended West School for the first two years of school, but the move to an apartment in southeast Washington meant transferring to a different school—Patterson School—which was, like West School, a long walk from our apartment. I had a red heavy duty scooter with ball-bearing wheels and a friction brake on the rear wheel. During the elementary school years I rode it to school every day. It was a lot easier going to school in the morning, which was partly down hill, than it was to come back home after school, but it seemed like pretty good transportation at the time and I liked using the scooter. There was no reason to lock it at school, no one would steal it and it never occurred to me that there was an issue of locking it up.

One summer afternoon Joe was riding his scooter down an incline on the lawn in front of our apartment building. I had a dart board and some heavy steel darts about 6 to 7 inches long. The dart board was circular, about 24 inches in diameter. Typically we would set up the dart board outside leaning against a bush or small tree. That day we were playing a war game of some sort and I talked Joe into riding his scooter down the slight grassy incline while I threw the heavy steel darts at the solid rubber front tire of his scooter. I thought I was pretty accurate. It seemed like

fun to try to hit a moving target until I missed the wheel and the dart went directly into Joe's calf. Immediately I knew I was in serious trouble. It penetrated about an inch into his leg. I wanted to pull it out but Joe ran screaming to mother. She took away the darts and took Joe to the doctor for a tetanus shot.

When Joe and I played together, which was not very often as I remember, Joe was likely to come away injured. One day Joe and I were running down the stairs from our second floor apartment as I was chasing him for some reason not very important. When Joe reached the landing at the bottom of the stairway he pushed hard on the exterior door but he accidentally hit one of the glass windows in the door with his elbow, which crashed through the window, ripping a gash in his upper arm. He was bleeding profusely and I was in trouble again for chasing Joe. He was never punished for provoking me and he seems to have been prone to injury caused in one way or another by his older brother.

Wartime in Washington

The early 1940s were war years, a time of war saving stamps and war bonds, ration stamps and ration books, and enthusiastic patriotic support of the war effort particularly in the schools. Soldiers visited West School to encourage buying Savings Stamps and on one visit to the school they showed off a shiny new Jeep that the soldiers said had been purchased with War Bonds purchased by our students. We were given rides in the Jeep.

Kids who had money to save could purchase savings stamps at school each week with values of ten cents or twenty-five cents and put them into savings booklets. We were encouraged to save every penny we could to help the war effort by purchasing savings stamps. When enough stamps were collected to fill the savings booklets with $18.75 worth of stamps, students turned in the books to the school office and through some mysterious process we would receive a war bond from the government a few days later with a face value of $25, which was redeemable for cash in ten years. I managed to accumulate several bonds, but I have no idea whatever happened to them, since they were in mother's custody in a box she kept in her top dresser drawer.

Blackout curtains on the windows of our basement apartment had to be closed tightly every night to block any light that might escape from the windows that could point enemy bombers to the city. Air raid wardens were on duty on every block to make sure there were no visible lights outside the houses. Cars on the road at night had to have their headlights covered in black with only a narrow slit of light ("cat's eyes") visible. Of course there were no enemy bombers overhead, but we had to pretend there were in case some night they really did come to bomb us.

Even in the early elementary grades we were taught some practical wartime skills in school, such as how to recognize various enemy aircraft by their silhouettes in the night sky. At school we were issued a packet of airplane cards about the size of a deck of playing cards, with the black silhouettes of Japanese and German fighter planes and bombers viewed from the bottom as if looking up to the sky, as well as in side view, with descriptions and names of the planes that we were expected to memorize. We also had cards with silhouettes of American, British and French planes so that we could determine whether the planes we saw were friend or foe.

No one felt the need to explain how enemy bombers would be able to fly far enough from Japan or Germany to appear in the night sky over Washington, since a

few hundred miles was the typical range of the planes we learned to identify. I wondered later if this was just a cynical attempt to scare kids into cooperation with the war effort, which consumed just about every activity in society at that time.

I guess the point was that we were supposed to report the presence of enemy planes to the Air Raid Wardens, but no one ever actually told us what we were to do with the information, which leads me to suspect they really didn't expect us to see any enemy planes. I suspect these cards would have been more useful to troops on the front line than they were to elementary school children in second grade in the outskirts of Washington. We actually had a lot of fun with the cards. They were used like flash cards. You would hold up a particular card and your friend had to identify the plane. I guess the cards gave the kids some sense that they were able to contribute to the war effort.

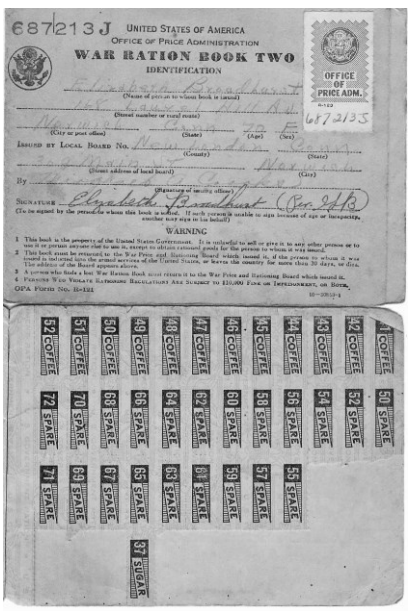
Victory Gardens were encouraged and public land (and even private land) was made available to the public for growing vegetables. The practice was continued even after the war ended because there were continuing shortages of food for reasons I don't know but it may have been because much of Europe had been ravaged by the war and was not in a position to grow its own food. Fresh vegetables, meats and grains must have been exported to the war zones, which we and our allies were trying to rebuild into sustainable economies. It was our patriotic duty. The assumption was that each person who grew his own vegetables helped to make the public food supply go farther and so the war effort (and afterwards the effort to feed Europe) was helped.

I insisted successfully that we had to make a garden to help feed the troops and even some of our neighbors joined to help with their own gardens. Chick thought that making a garden was a constructive educational project, so he provided instruction sufficient to get us started. We cleared a patch of ground next to the clothes poles across the alley in the vacant field behind our apartment building and divided it up into manageable plots about 10 feet by 10 feet. One of those 10 foot squares was assigned to me. We set string between posts to guide the rows. I planted radishes, carrots, lettuce, green onions, peas and string beans. We bought seeds, a bag of cow manure (because Chick insisted that made the best fertilizer) and some garden tools—shovel, rake, hoe. There was no water anywhere near the garden. The Washington summers are long, hot and sometimes dry. We had to carry water in a watering can (another necessary purchase) from the laundry tubs in the basement, across the backyard, across the alley to reach the garden. Some of the water made it that far. Some didn't.

Every day after school I checked on the progress of my garden. It seemed forever before there were any green sprouts but eventually most of our seeds were slowly transformed into vegetables. Agricultural production in my small garden plot did not reach expectations. I discovered that radishes grew best, getting to be quite large and sometimes splitting. The carrots were a bit too small and malformed, but most disappointing was the lettuce. It grew as individual green and purple leaves. For a long time I thought there was something wrong with my lettuce because it would not turn into a head as I expected — but eventually Chick told me that there were different kinds of lettuce and he had bought seeds for a kind that was attractive and easy to grow but did not form into heads and I would just have to get used to it.

Some of my neighbors grew some pretty nice gardens and they shared their produce with us. Some grew tomatoes, corn and squash. I don't think my garden patch ever grew enough to cover the cost of seeds and tools and I never did figure out how my radishes were going to help feed the army or the starving masses in Europe. Even so, I guess the investment in the educational experience was worth it even if it was not a significant result for the war effort.

During the war years of the 1940s many things were rationed -- gasoline, sugar, coffee, meat, butter, rubber. Each person, adult or child, had a ration book issued to him or her periodically containing pages of tiny coupons separated by perforations, each coupon worth a particular point value for each product that was rationed. You could only use these coupons (they were called ration stamps) during the designated weekly period for which specific stamps were valid. While not legal, sometimes people traded rationed items or ration stamps that they did not need in order to obtain items that they needed or wanted. My mother traded gasoline and tire stamps (since we didn't have a car) for sugar and coffee stamps.



My Grandmother's Ration Book

Mother did some canning, mostly jams and jellies, so she had plenty of use for the extra sugar. I still remember some aspects of the canning process, grape jelly in particular, made with Concord grapes, the grapes cooked to a mash, then the cooked mess strained through cheesecloth to get the skins and seeds out, then adding sugar and pectin, so the jelly would gel. We used a large spoon to press the grape mash through the cheesecloth but it was a messy

process. The final step was pouring hot paraffin wax into the top of each jar of jelly, to seal it from air, then screwing the top tight on the Mason jars.

Rationing of some consumer goods and food stuffs continued through the end of World War II and for a few years afterwards until the economy was stabilized and consumer goods were more plentiful. We had to be very careful of items that were rationed, to use them sparingly and not to waste them.

We had to be careful with soap. When a bar of soap was too small to use we put the fragments into jars with water and made our own liquid soap. Fat and grease from cooking were saved in cans and turned in at grocery stores. Metal of all kinds, including tin cans, was saved and recycled through periodic scrap drives presumably to make planes, tanks and ships, or so we were told anyway.

“Tin foil” was used to wrap cigarettes, to keep them fresh. The tin foil adhered to white paper, which served to line cigarette packages. To collect the tin we would separate the foil from the white paper, and then roll the foil into large balls. My mother was a very heavy smoker, a pack or two a day, so we had lots of cigarette packages from which to gather the foil, which we would take the grocery store when it was a large enough ball, and it would be weighed and we would be paid for the tin.

During the war years and for quite some years afterward there were “paper drives” to collect newspapers, not as part of an ecological movement but because they were necessary to the war effort (I never did understand the connection, but we did our duty). Church groups and Scout Troops were very involved in paper drives.

World War 2 ended in 1945. I have only vague memories of the war years. The shortages and inconveniences that we went through while living with the war didn’t affect me very much. We had canned meat (Spam) and we used maple syrup on hot cereal (because sugar was scarce and rationed). Meat was rationed and often only lesser cuts of meat were available in the grocery stores. There were a number of other limits on what was available in grocery stores. I was used to shortages and I could not remember back to when there were none.

There are two war memories that stand out. One was V-E Day (Victory in Europe Day, the day that the war in Europe was won). I was standing on the corner of Wayne Place and Mississippi Avenue right outside our apartment building and I had a small pile of newspapers that I was hawking to the excited people on their way home from work. I was 9 years old. I remember shouting “V-E Day” and “read all

about it" as I sold a few newspapers for a nickel to people coming home from work. All the papers were gone quickly. I have no idea where the newspapers came from, but they were probably given to me as "extras" by the kid who delivered the afternoon paper. This was several years before I had my own newspaper route.

The other war-related occasion that I remember clearly was New Year's Eve – December 31, 1945. I was nine years old. Mother and Chick had taken Joe and me on the city bus into downtown Washington to celebrate New Year's Eve. The streets were filled with people in what must have been a pretty large and enthusiastic celebration, probably the first of its kind since the war started because we had lived under "blackout" conditions during the war. Sailors and soldiers were returning back to the U.S. in great numbers, and of course Washington was the wartime center of activity. Hundreds of soldiers and sailors were on the streets of Washington joining the raucous celebration. A group of sailors, obviously drunk and happy, came carousing down the street toward us and one of the sailors had a wad of money and was handing out bills to whomever he passed. He handed me a $20 bill. I was reluctant to take it but Chick said to take it and put it in my pocket since the sailor was going to give it to someone anyway and it might as well be me. That was a huge amount of money at that time.

We were relatively poor even for those days, with the emphasis on "relatively" only by comparison to others around us. Despite Chick having a white collar job, we were functionally at the lower end of middle class. We were not in poverty. We were never without food. My mother was an excellent cook and she knew how to make meals enjoyable even when we did not have a lot of money. I was never conscious of being poor. I never compared my situation to that of my friends. It is only in later years that I became conscious that others around us, neighbors and friends, had things that we did not have and even then it did not occur to me to think about our situation—it was what it was.

The Post-War Years

I was nine years old when the war ended, so most of my conscious memories of childhood are from the immediate post-war days. I knew we were fighting a war against the Japs and Germans and I saw occasional headlines and heard the news broadcasts about the war, but at that age without television to picture what war was really like I didn't really understand much except that we were the good guys fighting the bad guys.

In 1945, in our neighborhood in Washington at least, the majority of people did not have cars because cars were not produced during the war, and if you had a car purchased before the war you were quite limited in the amount of gasoline, motor oil or tires you could buy because like many goods, they were rationed because we needed those items for the soldiers. We did not have a car during the war and we did not acquire one subsequently, even though many of our friends and neighbors had acquired them by 1950.

Cars were not that important to us and we did not miss having one. Public transport was very good in Washington. We could get anywhere we needed to go by bus (and for more distant places in the city, by street car or trolley car). I learned to use the bus system very early, at least by the 5th grade I could go on a bus alone, and I was not constrained in getting anywhere in Washington I wanted to go. During my elementary school years I never thought much about not having a car.

We walked a lot, even in the rain or snow, to school, to church, to the A&P grocery store, to the movie theater on Saturday afternoons. We had all the necessary gear for inclement weather—galoshes for snow, rubbers (rubber overshoes!) and (for Joe and me) rain hoods attached to our yellow oilcloth raincoats for walking in the rain. The grocery store was about a half-mile away. My elementary school (Paterson School) was a mile away. I walked or rode my scooter to school. The little church Joe and I attended was two blocks away on unpaved Yuma Street in what was known as "the valley" because it bordered a creek that frequently overflowed the neighborhood after a rain, creating a muddy mess. Soon after we started attending there they built a new building about a mile away.

Some vivid memories from those years at the apartment on Wayne Place have stayed with me. Milk was delivered door to door in glass quart bottles by the milk delivery man. Milk was pasteurized but not homogenized, which meant that the cream rose to the top of the bottles. Milk bottles had narrow necks and were stored in wooden crates with wire rack separators to keep the bottles apart and

upright, each crate covered by a mound of crushed ice to keep the milk as cool as possible until it was delivered. This was before the days of refrigerated trucks. Water from the melting ice ran down to the floor of the truck and then down to the road through a drain pipe, so you could follow the trail of the milk truck by the trail of water it left behind in the road.

Sometimes the milk man would let us ride along in his truck while he was making deliveries, and then I would help by filling the metal carrier that he used to deliver the milk to the doors of the apartments, where the bottles were left in gray metal insulated boxes kept outside each apartment door. A fruit and vegetable dealer used to came through the neighborhood each week with a horse-drawn cart, a clanging bell announcing his arrival on our street. Fresh corn, tomatoes and peaches were sold from the cart and just about any vegetable grown locally, so it was farm fresh. Sometimes mother bought produce from the cart, particularly when the carter had ripe watermelon because then we did not have to haul it home from the grocery store.

It snowed in Washington several times a year. We welcomed the snowstorms and listened for the early morning radio announcement on station WTOP that school would be closed for the day. Then we had opportunity to build a snow man, or to pull our Flexible Flyer sled up the long Wayne Place hill and slide down in the middle of the roadway, across Mississippi Avenue, which intersected with Wayne Place about three-fourths of the way down the hill, and then continue down the short section of Wayne Place on which our apartment building stood to a dead end at the bottom of the hill.

We hoped that there was no traffic on Mississippi Avenue for us to run into and most of the time we were lucky. When we saw a car coming on Mississippi Avenue as we approached the intersection the emergency plan was to roll off the sled and pull it over onto us to stop before crashing into the car. Because the apartment buildings blocked our view until we were quite close to the intersection we had to take quick action. It was dangerous but it did not seem so at the time. It was just what you did in order to use the sled on the roadway. Because streets were not plowed, at least in our neighborhood there were not many cars on the road. We never had to worry about traffic on Wayne Place hill while there was snow on the ground, because there was simply not enough traction for a car to drive up the hill

or to stop while going down hill. The biggest danger was a car pulling out onto the road from a parking space or an alley without seeing us sledding on the hill.

One of our adult neighbors built a long toboggan, about ten or twelve feet long with steel runners and a separate front section like a small sled that pivoted for steering the unwieldy vehicle. A lot of kids could ride on that toboggan at once and it was exciting when we got a chance to use it. Going down the hill was fun, but the wooden toboggan was quite heavy and pulling it up the Wayne Place hill was quite a chore even with a group of us pulling it, but worth the effort when we got to the top and got to ride down again.

A few cars were parked on Wayne Place in front of our building but car ownership was not common and I don't remember that anyone in our building had a car. There was a short period in the late 1940s (1948 or 1949) during which Chick had a sales job with Timken Roller Bearing Company, which provided him with a black

1941 Ford coupe with a bench seat in front and a flat wide wooden platform built behind the front seat that was designed for catalogs or samples. Chick put apple crates on the wood platform behind the front seat for my brother and I to sit on, and because we were sitting higher than the driver, we had to bend our heads because the roof of the car did not provide us enough room to sit upright. Most of the time we could not see very much during our regular Sunday drives and my neck often hurt from trying to look up and see where we were going. Apparently it did not occur to Chick that he could have put a pillow on the boxes to make sitting a bit more comfortable. The 1941 Ford was subsequently replaced by a different and later model car, which I remember as a 1949-1951 model white Chevrolet two-door sedan.

During the years when we had a car the family went on outings that frequently involved a drive through the rural countryside, sometimes eating Sunday dinner at a roadside restaurant (road house) in Waldorf or La Plata Maryland that served "chicken in the basket" (southern fried chicken and French-fried potatoes served in a wicker basket)

Art Joe Mother c1947 Picnic Ft Foote MD

a fairly common reasonably-priced option chosen for us from the menu. In rural Maryland the typical “road house” had juke boxes that played an assortment of popular and country-western songs, which you could select right at your table by depositing a nickel in the selection box mounted on the wall at each booth.

Some counties in Maryland allowed slot machines. They were illegal in most counties around Washington as well as in Washington. I argued for money to play the slot machines and Chick gave me all the standard arguments why these gambling machines were a waste of money. On one of our Sunday jaunts and tired of my incessant pleading for some coins he decided to teach me a lesson about the futility of gambling. He gave me a few dimes and told me to go ahead and put them in the machines, that I would waste them all. On my third and last dime I hit the jackpot and came back to the table with a handful of coins, I think 50. Neither of us said anything but the lesson had backfired. He pocketed the dimes (it was his investment, I guess). It was enough to pay for our meal.

Sunday drives were the only activity that I can recall in which we participated as a family, with the exception of the Sunday afternoon walks at which Joe and I were reluctant participants. That seems odd as I look back at it, but even this regular Sunday outing was not done with any thought as to the interests of Joe or me. It was just what mother and Chick did on Sunday afternoons, and we were dragged along. We were never asked what we would like to do and I would not have known to answer that question since I had no idea what options were available. Even our involvement with Sunday school and church attendance had this strange disconnected aspect to it. When Chick and mother attended church it was generally by themselves at a Presbyterian church that was formal and aloof. Joe and I, on the other hand, attended a Baptist church that was a lot more lively and a lot less formal.

Covenant Baptist Church

During these early years Joe and I attended the fundamentalist Covenant Baptist Church located on Yuma Street, a dirt road beyond the open field behind our apartment. Yuma Street was rutted and muddy and lined by a few small rundown houses. That area was called “the valley” because it was a low-lying area that was repeatedly flooded when Oxen Run, the local creek, overflowed during heavy rains, which happened frequently in the hot and muggy Washington summers. To get to the church we walked across the alley behind our apartment, through a weed-filled field beyond that sloped gently downhill to the unpaved dirt road.

The church building was quite small. A center aisle divided 8 or 10 rows of hard wooden folding chairs that served as the congregation’s sitting area. There was a center pulpit at which the minister presided over the one-room church. Below it was a tired beat-up piano that was played with gusto during the services. At the right side of the platform on which the pulpit stood was a door leading into the second room of the church building. The minister and his wife lived back there. The small congregation was generally uneducated, blue collar people from West Virginia or Kentucky that settled there during the war years. They were nice people, warm-hearted and welcoming—and enthusiastic, frequently interrupting the preacher with "amen" and other exclamations of support or emotion that we associate with hillbillies and Pentecostal churches.

I do not know if the meager offering in the collection plate on Sunday morning was the minister’s only source of support or whether he had a “real” job during the week. The minister was tall (or so he seemed to me, but I was in 3rd or 4th grade), loud and gruff. His wife was an obese woman who sat in a large wooden rocker near the piano just outside the door to their personal living space, rocking incessantly, perspiring profusely and fanning herself rapidly with a paper fan stapled to a stick that advertised the local undertaker’s services. I don’t remember seeing her get out of that chair. She said Amen a lot.

I remember being called up to the pulpit by the minister to read from the Bible. That occurred pretty regularly and it made me feel important. I don’t think I attended there very long, because by the time I was in fifth or sixth grade that church built a new building a mile or so away. We had new friends from school so we attended Sunday school, church services and youth group at a Baptist church quite some distance away that was located diagonally across South Capitol Street

from Congress Heights Elementary School, which I had been assigned to as of the fall semester of 1947. The congregation was better educated and middle class and we fitted in comfortably.

My mother and Chick did not like the emotional display or the free-flowing spirit of Baptist churches. The loud display of emotion made them uncomfortable, just as it would make me uncomfortable today. Worshippers at Covenant Baptist shouted out occasionally during the service. I do not know whether Covenant Baptist was a Southern Baptist church; it may have been one of the splinter Baptist groups, such as the Free Will Baptists, that generally had uneducated ministers who believed they had been "called" to the ministry by God and therefore did not need any education or otherwise—God would tell them what to say or would speak through them.

I do not remember whether mother and Chick ever went to church there with Joe and me, but generally they attended a Presbyterian church that met initially in the Atlantic Theater about three long blocks away (which did not show movies on Sunday in those days).

The Presbyterians eventually built their own building an additional three or four blocks away from our apartment. It was a long walk particularly in inclement weather but walking was the only option. That Presbyterian church was more "northern" in style and more like the services my mother and Chick were accustomed to in New England. Joe and I attended church with them on a few occasions, but that church seemed very strange, very formal, singularly uninteresting and very unwelcoming and I resisted getting involved.

There was one summer chore that I hated very much—I was required to memorize stories from a thin book provided annually by the *Women's Christian Temperance Union*,[23] an archaic group left over from post-Prohibition days that was rabidly anti-alcohol. After memorizing a story I had to participate in a "speaking contest" sponsored by the local affiliate of that group from my mother's church. While Joe and I did not customarily participate in activities of their Presbyterian church, this was the one activity at their church in which we had to participate. I hated it.

The stories were pretty much the same year after year. The father in an otherwise fine Christian family had a drinking problem that had serious adverse effects on the

[23] The WCTU, per its history, was organized by women who were concerned about the destructive power of alcohol and the problems it was causing their families and society.

family and community. Action by the son in the family resulted in the father stopping his drinking and the family being reconciled and everyone living happily ever after. Even for a 12-year old, who didn't know anybody who ever got drunk or even drank to excess, and didn't have a grasp of the elements of story-telling, these were pretty dumb and obnoxious stories with a contrived plot.

Regardless of our wishes, on the appointed evening I would be dressed in a suit and tie and marched to the church to regurgitate the story with proper emphasis to the delight of the assembled largely elderly women. Very often I won the prize, and was happy it was over with for another year. The obvious motive behind this "declamation contest" as it was called was to instill in the youth of the church a proper respect for the ills that drinking causes in Christian families so that the young men would not fall into that grave sin.

On reading the above paragraph while editing this story I was struck by the implicit sexism of the WCTU. Women were dealing with the problem of alcohol abuse among men and their solution was to have boys (only boys, girls were not a part of this activity) memorize and internalize stories about alcohol abuse among men. For them, women were victims and men were the problem. I mentioned this to my wife and she reminded me that during the 50s men were more social drinkers and women often were desperation drinkers unhappy with their lot in life as homemakers, babysitters, cooks and cleaners, while men were engaged in working activities away from the home.

The Childhood Years

We had a pretty regular Saturday routine. Joe and I went to the movies every Saturday afternoon. We went to the one o'clock show at the Atlantic Theater, located several blocks away at the intersection of Mississippi Avenue with South Capitol Street in a small shopping area. Around the corner from the theater was a High's Ice Cream store and the barber shop where I got my hair cut. A movie ticket cost a quarter. The Saturday movie program typically began with cartoons and previews of "coming attractions," followed by a newsreel (film about major events of the past week or ten days) and then the feature movie, a Roy Rogers or Gene Autry western, sometimes a musical with Bing Crosby or a comedy with Bob Hope, sometimes a horror movie, perhaps Frankenstein, sometimes a comedy, sometimes The Three Stooges. Occasionally there was a double feature.

In lower elementary school my mother gave my brother and I each a quarter and sometimes a little extra for popcorn or candy. Cartoons and previews were shown first so if there was a waiting line for tickets and we were delayed getting into the show we would not miss the start of the feature movie. Shows were continuous and we could see the repeat of the cartoons after the first feature show if we wished or we could see the feature twice if we wished, but I do not remember that we ever remained for a second showing. Sometimes one of us went to the movies with a friend.

In the late afternoon typically 4:30 or 5:00 o'clock we had our Saturday evening baths. If Chick was at home Joe and I ate an early dinner alone (Chick was away more often than he was at home), then we had to be in bed by 7 p.m. so mother and Chick could go out. We never had a babysitter. We were left alone. As odd as this may seem I think this pattern continued as long as we lived at that apartment, which was until June of 1953 when I was almost seventeen years old. The practice had continued so long that we were used to it, I guess, and we had learned various techniques to cope with it.

We were required to stay in our room when Chick and mother went out. I am not sure why it mattered to them so long as we stayed in the apartment, but apparently it did. To make sure that we did not leave the bedroom Chick tied a string from the door knob of the bedroom door to the door knob of the bathroom door directly across the hall. Opening the bedroom door broke the string and there was no way to replace it from inside the room once it was broken.

Occasionally one of us had to go to the bathroom so the string was broken. The explanation must have worked because I do not recall any punishment, although there were sometimes questioning looks about whether we were telling the truth. So while we did not always stay in bed, we were largely confined to our bedroom.

My mother and stepfather went out pretty much every Saturday evening. They took a taxi. Frequently they went to the Casino Royale, a nightclub in downtown Washington with a Chinese menu. Mother told me about another nightclub that

Mother - Chick - Casino Royale DC - c1950

they went to occasionally but I do not remember its name. They must have gone other places, but they didn't usually say where they had gone and we did not ask. We did not see them again until Sunday morning. They drank cocktails when out but I was never aware that they used alcohol to excess and so far as I know we did not keep any alcohol at home.

I must have been a compliant child. I made several attempts to evade our captivity by devising methods to replace the string and used some of my Boy Scout knot training for slip knots that sometimes worked but I never knew in advance whether they would work or not, so eventually I gave up trying to escape. When I had to use the bathroom I just got up and broke the string. I don't remember any consequences other than arguments.

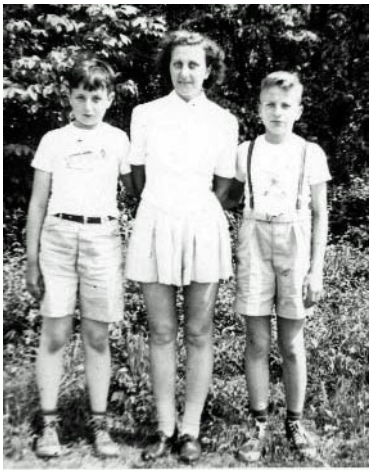
When I reached the point where I no longer feared getting out of bed while Chick and my mother were gone, I got up and read. Very early I learned to escape into the world of reading and imagination. I was an escapist reader throughout the elementary school years. I read in class during group work by hiding a book in my desk or my notebook or concealing it in a textbook, or by reading when I was supposed to be doing worksheets or book work. I read at home in my room and so lost in the story that I did not hear mother yell at me to take out the trash or bring in the laundry. I got into trouble frequently for not listening or for being in another world. It was a good coping mechanism for the time.

I read every Hardy Boys, Tom Swift, Nancy Drew, Radio Boys and Bobbsey Twins book that I could find, and owned many of them, which I traded to anyone who had one I had not read. I read Civil War stories and other historical fiction. I brought home books from the library basket that was delivered to our elementary school classrooms each week from the public library. I went to the library's "bookmobile" that frequented our neighborhood weekly and stopped in front of our apartment building. Once the librarian knew what I wanted she almost always had the sort of book I was looking for. I asked relatives for books for Christmas and birthdays. I read a lot of science fiction, particularly by Robert Heinlein, who was a very prolific writer in those years. There were a number of writers during the 1940s and 1950s whose books I eagerly read. I was a classic "escapist" reader.

I was a very good reader by the time I was in the fifth and sixth grades. Mostly I was bored by school, bored by other students laboring through reading passages aloud from whatever reading book we were using at the time, bored with kids laboring to do basic math. I read constantly. My reading allowed me escape from what was going on around me and to withdraw into my own world. I became very adept at concealing books in my workbook or in my lap – and from time to time I got "caught" by Mrs. Patterson and embarrassed by being called on when I was not paying attention. I got into trouble on numerous occasions at home and at school for reading when I was supposed to be doing something else. I subscribed to *My Weekly Reader* during the school year, which was given out in class and had some learning activities in it that were challenging and fun; and I always subscribed to the *Summer Weekly Reader* edition, which was mailed to my home throughout the summer.

My brother and I usually went to the Safeway grocery store with my mother. We took our wagon with us to haul the groceries home. By the time I was in the 4th grade I got my first job earning my own spending money as a "bag boy" at the

Safeway store. I had noticed other boys doing it when I was at the store with my mother and I decided I could do it too. Mother let me do pretty much whatever I wanted to do and Chick was often away from home. The store did not pay us but accommodated boys who wanted to provide this service by allowing us to bag groceries at the checkout line and to ask people whose groceries we bagged if they wanted their groceries hauled to their house.



The usual tip ranged from ten cents to a quarter. Every once in a while an adult did not tip me after I carried the bags in my wagon following the woman for several miles and finally up a flight of stairs into the kitchen. I would be dismissed with a thank you. Not much I could do about it. I was unsure how to handle it and maybe I should have assertive and simply said that a tip was expected. It was hard work for an elementary schoolboy, because sometimes people lived on a hill, or asked to have their groceries carried up a flight or two of stairs in an apartment building. On a good Saturday I could make a dollar or more.

I acquired two hobbies sometime around fifth or sixth grade, collecting stamps and building model airplanes. Some of the planes were small models meant for a display shelf, the fuselage cut from a solid block of balsa wood using patterns provided in the kit. I wasn't very good at it and I didn't have the patience to struggle with my "X-acto knife" to coax an airplane fuselage out of a solid block of wood. Occasionally I built larger model planes with a balsa framework covered with tissue paper that was strengthened by painting with "airplane dope" that tightened the paper and gave the fuselage and wings a feel very much like lightweight metal. These planes were intended to be flown by mounting a small gasoline engine to the nose of the plane.

In the spring of my sixth grade year I purchased a small Cox .049 gasoline engine that I could mount on the nose of the larger balsa wood frame planes that I constructed from kits purchased at the hobby store which, if I remember correctly, was located about a block from Congress Heights Elementary School on South Capitol street. I could fly the planes in a 100-foot diameter circle, attached by two fifty-foot guide wires to a hand-held controller that manipulated the guidance mechanisms (flaps) that controlled the planes altitude. The engines ran at only one speed, so the take-off was pretty fast and it was easy to lose control at that time.

A friend held the plane on the ground or just above the ground after the engine was started until the operator reached the controller and was ready for the release. You had to fly these planes until they ran out of gas, then you hoped for at least some control until you got the plane on the ground, hopefully undamaged. Some of my friends had larger radio-controlled models, but they were too expensive for me to buy and I saw enough accidents with those planes that I did not have much interest in putting my money into one only to have it crash and shatter on its first flight.

Stamp collecting was facilitated by a stamp club at school. Some of my friends collected stamps and I made some new friends through the stamp club. Chick had a stamp collection and sometimes he gave me some of his duplicates. Hobby stores sold large packets of stamps from around the world that we could put into our stamp albums and trade duplicates with others who also collected stamps. Some mail order stamp companies would send out stamp collections and sets "on approval," which meant that you could look at the stamps sent through the mail periodically, decide which ones to buy, pay for them, and return the rest to the dealer.

I had a pretty good stamp collection by the time I was in high school, with "mint" (unused) copies of most commemorative stamps obtained directly from the post office on the day they were issued. I read the stamp collectors' column in the *Washington Post* to keep up with what stamps were being issued and when. The typical stamp used for postage cost anywhere from 3 cents to 13 cents during the period when I was actively purchasing stamps for my collection. I had so many world stamps that it was difficult to keep track of them despite mounting them in three huge binders, so by high school I had begun to specialize in U.S. stamps solely. I got a new U.S. stamp album and put away the 3 big binders. The rest of my stamp collection disappeared later, probably when the family disintegrated during my eleventh grade year when Joe and I moved into the home of friends and we had to abandon most everything we owned. I still have that U.S. stamp collection.

At Christmas in 1946 (I was ten and a half years old) I got a bicycle. Most of my friends already had bikes. I had never ridden a bike. One of my friends taught me how to ride it, by steadying it and walking behind me while I pedaled. When it was moving fast enough for me to balance it he would let go and I would be on my own. Sometimes I fell. One time I did not know he had let go and I was moving along until I realized that he was not holding the bike any longer and I discovered that I

was riding by myself. From then on my bike was my constant friend and companion.

One of the more exciting games we played involved our bicycles. We called it “fighter planes.” Our bicycles were, naturally, the fighter planes. We would play the game over an area of several blocks, using the streets and various driveways and alleys behind apartment buildings as “bases” from which we would try to “attack” and “shoot down” the “enemy” bicycles by coming at them from the rear by surprise. We were pretty reckless. I’m surprised that we had no collisions either among ourselves or with the occasional cars that came through our neighborhood. Fortunately there was not much car traffic in those years.

About three long blocks from our apartment down Mississippi Avenue to where it ended was Oxen Run Park, undeveloped and rather primitive as public parks go, but a stream (Oxen Run obviously) ran through the park. It was a good place for picnics except that you had to carry everything quite far, and it had a baseball field. The kids I hung around with in elementary school did not play softball, baseball, or football, at least in any serious way. Sometimes a few of us in the neighborhood might play a pickup game of touch football in the yard of the apartment complex, but that is not quite like playing serious ball.

We did not venture to the field at Oxen Run Park very often but I remember a few times going to the ball field to watch from the sidelines. I did not know the kids who played there but I hoped that I might get to play. If the sides were uneven sometimes I was asked or allowed to play. However I was not very good at softball or baseball. I was inexperienced and awkward and had no opportunity to play sports, so I was among the last chosen if it was a real game. I could not catch a ball very well and I usually struck out when it was my turn to bat, so I was quickly discouraged from trying to play.

The “butterfingers” comments from other kids could be pretty cruel. But we did not have a softball or baseball at home and it was hard to learn without actually playing or throwing a ball. By the time I reached seventh grade I was getting better and while I was not a very good player at least I did not embarrass myself by dropping the ball. One of my friends helped me by showing me the proper way to catch a ball in the air or on the ground. By then I had a ball and mitt (which I had purchased with money I earned) and we would play “catch” in the yard mostly with friends but sometimes with Joe.

I did not get enough experience or encouragement at playing ball until we moved to Falls Church when I was in high school, and I played on the church team in a very competitive league. You learn fast. And apparently I had some aptitude because I soon went from a substitute to a regular player in center field, third base or catcher.

When Joe or I were sick no matter the ailment there was a universal treatment -- castor oil. Even today when I think about it I get chills up and down my spine. The taste of castor oil made me gag back then and even today I get shivers when I think about it. I was forced to take several tablespoons of it, followed by a chaser of something that was supposed to take away the bad taste, usually orange juice or ginger ale, and it was a long time afterwards before I was able to drink either ginger ale or orange juice without remembering the castor oil. My mother even tried a new product that came out to try to make it palatable – cherry flavored castor oil. The cherry flavor made the taste worse and the taste in my mouth was even harder to get rid of.

If we had a chest cold there was an additional treatment, application of *Musterole* to the chest covered by a soft cloth, an ointment with a foul odor that created a burning sensation on the surface of the skin that subsided after ten or fifteen minutes but which told my mother the medicine was working. The philosophy apparently was that medication had to smell bad, taste bad or feel bad in order to be effective.

I recall a few friends from elementary school days. Billy Nelson lived at Livingston Manor, an apartment complex quite far from my apartment, a long walk down South Capitol Street and just across the Maryland line. I would go to his apartment occasionally on Saturdays by bicycle and sometimes (but not very often) he would come to my apartment.

Another friend during these elementary years was Tommy Trainor, who was a year younger than me but older than Joe. We played at his apartment, which was located diagonally across Mississippi Avenue from our apartment, because his mother worked and was rarely home. Sometimes we sat on the floor in his living room playing cards. On at least one occasion Joe and another boy joined us in card games that ended up as strip poker although the game ended when someone got down to their underwear and a lot of teasing, and no one wanted to go any further.

I remember vaguely another neighborhood boy in about 6th grade whose name I cannot recall but who was sick with something that kept him in bed most of the

time. I think it was rheumatic fever, which in the 1950s was a serious childhood disease. I don't remember how I met him but it is likely I played with him and the park and when he did not show up I went by his apartment and finding out that he was sick and in bed. His mother said I could come in and visit him. I remember going over to his apartment several times to play games with him in his room. I remember songs which must have been playing on a record player in another room, in particular "Jimmy Crack Corn" sung by Burl Ives. Whenever I hear that song it brings to mind the scene of the boy lying in bed while we played games.

I started getting a regular allowance to cover my necessary expenses about the time I was in sixth or seventh grade. I do not recall the amount of my allowance initially, but when I was in seventh grade it was $5 per month. There was a condition, which was that I had to learn how to manage and keep track of my money, which I have come to see as a valuable lesson from hindsight. They did not want to give me money every time I said I needed some, so I had to manage or go without.

With that allowance money I had to buy school bus tickets (for riding on DC Transit buses, which I had to take to get to school; a book of 40 tickets, a month's supply, was $1.20), haircuts $.75, and movies $.25 a week, plus anything I spent for candy, and school supplies. I was given a small bound ledger book and was told how to keep records of accounts. There was nothing complicated about the record keeping, just the date, the reason for the expenditure, the amount spent, and the remaining balance. I liked to manage the funds myself and see a cumulative "profit" that I could then spend on birthdays, or Christmas, or myself.

I don't think we had a telephone in those days (at least I don't remember one). I used to walk about two blocks to the High's Ice Cream store around the corner from the movie theater to use the pay phone for a nickel when I wanted to call a friend, which I usually did on weekends. The rest of my money was "put away" in the savings jar in mother's dresser.

I have the impression that Joe was better behaved than I was. He was more dutiful. He argued less about chores that had to be done. He didn't forget to do his chores as often as I did and he did them without stalling. I was inclined to say I would do whatever it was after I finished a chapter in the book I was reading. He was more cooperative on doing things such as participation in memory contests. He knew his multiplication tables better than I did. I always thought of him as smarter than me, I think because early on in elementary schools his grades were better than mine. He got into trouble a lot less than I did.

When I was a child television was new and few people could afford television sets. I had heard about it and I had seen an occasional television set with a small four or five inch black and white screen at a friend or neighbor's house. Television was only broadcast between 5 pm and 11 pm. When I saw a program it was usually "Howdy Doody," which came on in late afternoon. We never had a television set in our house while I was growing up. I did not actually watch a television program until I moved to Falls Church in the 11th grade and watched television sometimes after school at the home of my friend Charles Reynolds.

Another neighborhood kid – Gene (last name unknown) – a tall, thin, pimply faced kid with a drawl, from Waco, Texas, probably in the 10th or 11th grade, age about 16. I was about 12 or 13 years old. He invited me to his apartment to play games and I went with him a few times. He was a strange kid and seemed lonely. There was no one his age around. He soon moved away. It was a very transient community.

It is curious that there were no girls (that I was aware of, anyway) in the neighborhood. I had no "girl" friends that I played with. It is not that there were no girls around, and in fact my classes at school had a very slight preponderance of girls. I was not much curious about girls, but if there were some around in my neighborhood maybe I would have been more interested in them.

Newspaper Delivery Boy

My first paper route came when I was 10 years old. It was a free weekly paper, *The Shopping News*, delivered to each apartment in the area of my route, for which I was paid $1 per week. It took about an hour and a half to deliver the papers. That was a pretty good income for a ten year old in 1946. By the time I was 11 I had acquired a regular daily newspaper route, the *Washington Evening Star*. Another boy and I received our *Star* papers from the distributor at the same corner, after which we went in different directions. The boy was perhaps a year older than me.

Sometimes we were both waiting at the corner before the papers arrived. If it was raining we waited in the hallway of the apartment building on that corner. The boy smoked. I tried a cigarette he offered me and gagged on it. I decided that smoking was not fun.

One day the boy showed me a very strange comic book. It was printed in black and white and it had caricatures of nude men with grotesquely huge sexual organs and they were doing things that I did not understand, but I did not want to say that I did not understand so I just laughed when he laughed. It was my first experience with pornography. The boy had gotten the comic book from a neighbor who was a sailor.

By age 12, I had a larger paper route some distance away from my neighborhood delivering the afternoon edition of the *Times Herald*, and after three or four months I was able to get a morning route for the *Times Herald*. Mornings were preferable (at least for me) because they did not interfere with playing after school or school activities in which I occasionally participated, such as running track during junior high school. The following year I got a morning newspaper route delivering *The Washington Post*.

Each of those daily newspaper delivery routes was a small business. When I took over a new paper route I had to solicit new customers to build my customer base. I bought my papers wholesale from the circulation department. I collected the weekly or monthly amount from customers by going door-to-door. At the end of each month I was given a bill by the newspaper's route manager for the number of papers delivered to me that month and I paid for my papers from the money collected from my customers. I got to keep what was left over, the difference between what I collected from my customers and what I paid for the papers.

I did not like the “collecting” part of the job. I had to go around my route for collections when people were home. With 100 customers it took a long time, and because people were not always home it meant going out several times in the late afternoon or early evening, and even on Saturdays. Sometimes customers moved away without paying and I was stuck with the bill. Sometimes customers refused to pay for all the days because they said they did not get the paper. The company always got its money from me whether or not I was able to collect from the customer so all the risk of nonpayment was on me. These were early lessons in capitalism and the workings of the economic enterprise.

Newsboys were able to purchase specially built heavy-duty newspaper delivery wagons from the newspaper company. They were made of wood and came with high “stake” sides that were removable, red-spoked wooden wheels with a roller-bearing hub and a steel tire tread that made contact with the road or sidewalk. They were fun to ride even when not using them for newspaper delivery. The iron tire tread made a unique noise on the concrete sidewalk. We could kneel on the bed of the wagon and use the other leg to “pump” the wagon just as you would a scooter. They were fast.

The various newspaper companies sponsored frequent contests among the paper boys to stimulate them to get more subscribers, the winners getting tickets to the Ringling Brothers - Barnum and Bailey Circus or to a Washington Senators baseball game or some other attractive event. I remember one contest with the grand prize a trip to New York City. I did not win that prize, but I usually got enough new customers to qualify for tickets to a ball game or to the circus or some lesser prize.

One Saturday while I was on walking to the neighborhood where I delivered newspapers to collect payments from my customers I had to walk quite a distance down Mississippi Avenue, then down the hill on First Street to Atlantic Avenue, then walk about what seemed like a mile up a long hill, where I saw a crowd gather quickly on the road ahead of me and a woman was screaming. A man was lying across the curb at the edge of the road, his chest crushed by the car he had been working on, blood coming from his mouth and nose along with gasps for air that seemingly he could not get. He had been working on the car and its hood was up. The car had slipped its brake and rolled over him as he had tried to stop it and he fell underneath the rolling car. His chest was crushed. It made me sick. I was shaking, but I had to make the collections so I continued on my route. I had trouble sleeping for several days afterward as the gruesome scene repeated itself in my head. That was the first time I had seen someone die.

Another incident about the same time impressed itself into my memory. There was a gas station located about two blocks away that I passed regularly each morning on my newspaper route. Playing outside one afternoon I saw a cloud of smoke surrounding a building that was rising in pieces and literally disintegrating in the air, followed almost immediately by a loud explosion. Fumes in the lubrication bay had ignited, causing the building to blow up. A mechanic working in the garage was killed and there was nothing left of the gas station.

When I had morning paper delivery routes I got up at 5 a.m. so that I could get to the "drop" point where I picked up my newspapers by 5:30 a.m. and get the papers delivered and return home by 7 a.m. Sometimes Chick got up early and made me a cup of hot chocolate on cold wintery days. There was pretty good money to be made from these paper routes. It was not unusual for me to net $45 to $55 per month after I had paid for my newspapers. In those days $50 was a lot of money. Generally I had somewhere between 100 and 150 customers.

I was not allowed to spend the money I earned except occasionally for a special purpose such as Christmas. All the money was put into an old mayonnaise jar in my mother's dresser and a record was kept in the jar of how much money was in it. My earnings were to be saved for college. Whenever my mother or Chick needed money they would take it from the jar and put in an IOU for the amount they had taken. After we moved from Washington to Virginia in 1953 when I was in high school I never saw the jar again, but the last I knew there was more than $1000 in IOU's in the jar. I found the jar one day and counted the money and the IOU's. That was more than enough for two years of tuition at a state university. Mother and Chick always promised to pay back the money they borrowed when times were better, but that time never came.

Congress Heights School

School district boundaries changed periodically. I was re-assigned from Paterson School to Congress Heights School when I was in the fifth grade. The new school was about a mile from where we lived on Wayne Place, about the same distance as Paterson School but in the opposite direction. There were no school buses in D.C., but there was an excellent public transportation system of buses, street cars and trolleys and it was easy to go anywhere you wanted to travel.

On school days, during school hours, students could ride on D.C. Transit for a 3-cent bus ticket, purchased at school in booklets of 40 tickets for $1.20, which would last about a month. Most days while I was attending Congress Heights School I walked to school, since taking the bus required a bit of a walk to the bus stop and didn't save me much time. Later when I attended junior high school I had to take the bus because it was too far to walk to school. [I had to pay for bus tickets from my allowance starting in seventh grade, along with haircuts, movie tickets, etc.]

Congress Heights School was an old two-story building from the 1890s, with a large stone staircase between floors, very large classrooms with an adjoining "cloak room," a long narrow room that extended down the long side of the classroom, with hooks on both sides for hanging coats, a shelf just above floor level for storing overshoes underneath the coats, and an overhead shelf for lunch boxes. The cloak room was also used for storage of classroom supplies.

In the hallway outside the classroom were two doors. One door went directly into the classroom. The other door was for access to the cloak room. At the far end of the cloakroom there was a second access door into the classroom. When we arrived at school we entered the classroom through the cloak room, and we left school at the end of the day by way of the cloak room.

During both fifth and sixth grades my teacher was Mrs. Florence Paterson, whose classroom was adjacent to the Principal's office. Ms. Trudy Trusheim was the Principal, a portly and stern woman with heavy glasses who adopted me as her "pet"—a position that got me out of class a lot to sit in her office and answer her phone or greet guests when she had to leave the office for some reason, as there were no secretaries in elementary schools in those days. Sometimes I had to write "admit" slips for students to get into class if they arrived at school late, perhaps because they had a doctor's appointment early in the day, in which case I signed the Principal's name and my initials under it, and recorded the slip in the log book. I got to play school principal a lot.

I was also a “supply boy” and an audio-visual assistant, both tasks that got me out of class a lot and were a constant source of irritation to Mrs. Paterson. Teachers turned in a “supply list” each week that specified what supplies they wanted or needed for the subsequent week—pencils, chalk, erasers, craft paper, etc., and each week I and others who had the job of supply boy picked up the lists for each classroom and the key to the supply closet, filled a basket with supplies for each teacher, and delivered it to their classroom. Audio visuals were not used that frequently, but when they were needed the boys in the audio visual club would deliver a projector and film to the classroom and operate the projector for the teachers, who were often technologically challenged. Sometimes teachers used “lantern slides”—a large glass slide that was projected onto a screen by means of a projector that loaded one slide at a time.

Another task I had, which also kept me out of class, was distribution of milk cartons daily to each cloakroom before recess, and of course the weekly delivery of a large case of graham crackers, enough for a class of 25 to 30 students for a week, which were distributed to students in each classroom after recess. I would help myself to a few graham crackers when making deliveries—one of the fringe benefits of the job.

Needless to say Mrs. Patterson was less than happy with my constant absences from class as well as with my lack of attention in class, but because I was a pretty good student she did little more than complain.

My mother and Chick were constantly unhappy with the “satisfactory” but not “outstanding” marks I got on my report cards quite regularly throughout elementary school. We received only three academic marks for our work, whether on our daily work in and outside of class, and on our periodic report cards that were issued four times a year—at the end of every semester and at the midpoint of each semester. The grades were “N.R.” (not ready to progress), “S.P.” (satisfactory progress), or “O.P.” (outstanding progress). Sometimes pluses and minuses were used. I got a lot of S.P.s and not very many O.P.s, but my brother, who was much more of a “goody goody” at school always seemed to get better report cards than I did. Chick made many comments about my poor performance compared to my brother and told me often that “Daddy Joe” must look down from heaven and be very ashamed of me. That was typical of the psychological abuse my stepfather used quite regularly.

My report cards during elementary school showed marks that were mostly “satisfactory” with an occasional “outstanding” and sometimes a “not ready” [i.e.,

not ready to progress in that subject]. There were frequent comments from teachers to the effect that I needed to pay more attention to details and to learn my number facts better including the multiplication tables, and in turn there were comments mostly from my stepfather to the effect that he would supervise my work at home and for teachers not to let me get away with sloppiness or poor performance. Teachers occasionally commented about my day dreaming and not paying attention in class. Chick considered me lazy and perhaps I was, but it may be more accurate to say I was bored and disinterested.

My report card at the end of 4th grade was much more positive than my earlier mediocre ones. It reported "outstanding progress" in *Understanding what he reads, Reads independently, Reads well to others, Enjoys reading good books, Shows growth in the use of new words, Expresses ideas well orally, Speaks clearly and distinctly, Expresses ideas well in writing, Contributes intelligently to group discussions, Uses reference materials wisely, Has fund of accurate information,* and *Bases conclusions on facts*. That was the best report I had gotten in elementary school so far and I came home proud of it and said so but Chick could not resist his usual criticism of me, both to me directly (with his comment that I may be able to fool the teacher but I could not fool him) and then with his comment to the teacher on the bottom the report card, which suggest just the opposite of what the teacher had said:

> *Miss Price – Arthur races thru many books and grabs what he wants, but can make only a partial, and poor report on what he has read. He is a good starter of many things but never completes any. I hope he may receive work assignments in his studies to be completed at home and we will work with you to correct these faults.*

In the fall of 1948, my last semester at Congress Heights School some of my grades had fallen from "outstanding" to just "satisfactory," mostly as a result of avoiding class whenever I could. I was bored with school work. The previous spring Chick had written a note to the teacher by separate letter that I did not see, but this time Chick once again wrote a derogatory note:

> *Arthur will never carry through with anything he tires of quickly. We are almost forcing him to really finish a few things and start a habit of being a finisher. We were sorry to have him resign so quickly from a secretary's responsibilities because the office "held more work than glamour"—His words to us.*

I have no idea what he refers to in his comment about resigning from a secretary's responsibilities and the quote attributed to me is something he made up—it is not something I would have said or thought. However it reflects his typical negative and hostile comments about me that I found so humiliating and embarrassing because I could do nothing about them.

Each week the D.C. public library delivered a large collection of books to each classroom in a trunk-like wicker basket with a wooden cover with padlocks at each end. Students could check out books in their classroom and were expected and required to read a book each week. The books could be taken home, but had to be returned to go into the basket on the day books were delivered.

Reading was an important aspect of my life during this period. I read all the time, at home and at school. I was an "escapist" reader. I got lost in the fantasy world of books both at home and at school. My mother would tell me to do a task and I would say, "in a minute," and would keep reading and would eventually be scolded for not doing whatever I had been told to do. At school I escaped from boredom by losing myself in a book, another habit of mine that particularly annoyed and riled Mrs. Paterson.

We used to have to read aloud in class. It would take quite a while, going around a classroom of 25-30 students to get to me, so I would put whatever escapist book I was reading inside the reading skills book so Mrs. Paterson would not see what I was doing, and when she called on me I would never know where we were in the reading book. At other times, such as during math lessons where the teacher was working at the blackboard, I would conceal the book in my desk and pull it out just enough so I could hold it in my lap and read it, but could quickly and easily slide it back into the desk when Mrs. Paterson was moving about the room.

I was an excellent reader with a wide vocabulary, and that counted for a lot, but it did not help me with math where I was not a strong student. I did not know my multiplication tables sufficiently so that I could recall numbers rapidly and I was careless and sloppy in my math work both in class and homework, making lots of stupid errors and getting marked down for it. It was not ability that was lacking, it was lack of interest and focus, not paying attention to detail. Math was boring, a lot of rote memorization, repetition and drill and I did not like it. There were also "word problems" that required thinking and solving and I did not like those either because I could not get through them quickly.

I was often threatened with summer school but I always managed to escape. However each summer during the elementary years mother and Chick required me to spend a part of each day memorizing the multiplication table or number facts, doing mathematic drills, and solving word problems. Joe regularly received good reports from school and never had to do those summer assignments.

I was in love with Betty Cox in grade 6 (2nd row, far right in picture below). She was cute, with freckles and curly hair, always very well dressed with pretty dresses, white ankle-length socks and two-tone oxford shoes. During morning recess the typical social interaction among students not otherwise occupied with playing ball or using the "monkey bars" was the boys chasing the girls, who would run and hide

in the girls' lavatory. The boys would go away with some distraction, perhaps playing ball, the girls would eventually come out of the lavatory and the chasing would continue as before, the girls screaming coyly as they ran. I liked to chase Betty. She and I would talk sometimes and when we had square dancing for a social or physical activity or shared classroom activities I would try to get her to be my partner.

One spring school activity that I looked forward to was the annual May Day Festival, held each year on May 1. A tall pole was set up on the playground. I don't remember whether it was a flagpole or a special pole erected for the occasion. Long colored ribbons were fastened at the top of the pole and hung down so that they would reach the ground about 12 to 15 feet from the base of the pole. Fifth and Sixth grade boys and girls dressed in bright dresses or medieval costumes were taught the Maypole Dance, which consisted of a dancer holding the end of each ribbon, the boys walking around the pole in one direction and the girls in the other direction, but alternately weaving inside and outside the person coming at them from the opposite direction, so that the ribbons were woven around the pole, making an interesting pattern.

The Maypole dance was performed in front of the whole school. Boys and girls sat on the grass around the Maypole while the dancers performed. It was a happy celebration. After the dance we over there was an outdoor picnic on the lawn. I have not heard of these dances being performed in schools today, and I guess that the dance's origins in Celtic and Germanic pagan folk festivals and their association with festivals of spring have caused some religious pressure to eliminate this spring celebration from schools. Too bad. It was a fun spring celebration.

I was used to seeing a lot of airplanes flying overhead, both military and civilian planes. Congress Heights was a hilly area overlooking the Potomac River. Between the Potomac and Congress Heights, directly along the lowlands through which the Potomac flowed, sat Bolling Field, an Air Force base. Immediately adjacent to Bolling Field was the Anacostia Naval Air Station. Both airfields had numerous take-offs and landings every day, and the flight path of planes (mostly fighter planes) coming in for landing often was very low and directly overhead as they cleared the hill, so hearing loud airplane engines and seeing military aircraft flying low was not a particular cause of interest. Washington's National Airport was directly across the Potomac from Bolling Field but commercial aircraft stayed on the other side of the River, generally landing and taking off over the River.

I have witnessed a few horrible events in my lifetime, fortunately only a few and certainly I have not witnessed as much horror as many people. One of those horrible events occurred on a school day in the fall of 1949. I was 13 and in the 6th

grade. I was walking home from school, down South Capitol Street, when I heard the sound of loud aircraft engines and looked up to the sky in the direction of Bolling Field just in time to see a P-38 Lightning (a World War 2 fighter plane) hit a commercial passenger aircraft and cut it in half. Both halves of the passenger plane fell quickly, hitting the River and the ground out of my sight, which was blocked by the hill to the East of where I was walking.

What caused me to look up to the sky? I think it was because the sound of the engines was unusually loud, a "screaming" sound of engines running at full power that was different than planes made when they were landing. The midair collision occurred just before noon on a Tuesday and only 600 feet from the ground, close enough to see clearly what had happened. Why was I coming home from school at that time? Was it a half day? Was I going home sick? I do not remember.

I did not know the details of what had happened until the next day when the newspaper reported that a Bolivian air force pilot was testing the fighter plane, which had been purchased by Bolivia, and he either ignored or did not hear the tower instructions to turn to avoid a collision. Fifty-five people were killed but the Bolivian pilot lived through the crash.

From what I had seen just as I looked up I had been under the impression that the fighter was climbing rapidly when it struck the underbelly of the passenger plane but the newspaper indicated that the fighter was actually landing and went right through the middle of the passenger plane, cutting it in half. The "screaming engines" probably were because the fighter pilot went to full throttle to avoid the collision but was going too fast to pull up in time.

The School Safety Patrol

During my fifth and sixth grade years I was a member of the School Safety Patrol, otherwise known as a "patrol boy." Their primary duty was to act as crossing guards at intersections within two blocks of the school. The School Safety Patrol was a national program sponsored by the American Automobile Association to assist with the safety of school kids going to and from school.

Boys (girls were a later addition, but it was limited to boys in my days at school) wore a white "Sam Browne" belt over their clothes or jacket when they were on duty, a wide white canvas belt that went around the waist, with a second belt connected to it that went over the right shoulder. Each patrol boy had a silver badge that attached to the part of the belt that crossed the chest. Each school had a patrol captain, who had a blue enameled insignia in the middle of his badge, and (at least at my school) there were two lieutenants (who had a red enameled insignia on their badges), one to supervise the boys guarding the streets to the rear of the school, and the other one who supervised streets to the front of the school. In sixth grade I was promoted to lieutenant with responsibility for the boys assigned to the streets at the front of the school.

Congress Heights Elementary School sits in the middle of the block on Nichols Avenue (now called Martin Luther King Avenue), a few blocks off of South Capitol Street. The old school building is gone, having been replaced by a senior center for the surrounding deteriorated neighborhood. It was a busy thoroughfare even back in the 1950s.

A fire station was housed a block down Nichols Avenue, an engine company that also housed an ancient "hook and ladder" truck from the era of solid rubber wheels in the 1920s. The "hook and ladder" was an aerial ladder truck, very advanced in its day, very long, that required a second driver who sat above the rear wheels and steered the truck around corners on narrow city streets. The "hook and ladder" truck looked old in the 1950s, but it was in excellent condition and was taken out for a drive quite often to keep it in top running condition.

In the next block and on the same side of the street as the fire station was a row of small stores. One of them was a hobby store that sold electric trains, kites, model airplane kits, small gasoline engines for propelling tethered model airplanes, games and puzzles, stamp collecting material and pretty much anything else that a kid might want as a hobby or to play with. I spent a lot of time in that store, usually on the way home from school, and occasionally I was able to buy something there.

Nichols Avenue was used by at least four major bus routes (the A-2, A-4, A-6 and A-8 buses) that split into their several routes after they passed the school. Nichols Avenue was one of the major routes heading downtown during rush hour and the rush hour buses added to the student safety concerns at crosswalks. Patrol Boys had to get to school early to arrive at their assigned posts before students began to arrive. Our job was to serve as crossing guards at the intersections closest to the school. We stopped traffic at crosswalks so students could cross the street safely and we held back students who wanted to cross until there was no traffic or we had stopped the traffic.

The Metropolitan Police sometimes helped us. Occasionally cars were parked illegally in the crosswalks that we were supposed to guard. The police gave us books of "courtesy tickets" that we could put on the windshields of offending vehicles that warned motorists that they were in violation of a parking law and next time were likely to get a violation ticket. It was fun to be able to issue real police tickets even if the tickets didn't result in a penalty or a fine. Patrol boys were permitted to stop traffic, which we did during intervals when traffic was slower. Drivers readily heeded our instructions.

Patrol Boys from all over the city marched in an annual parade in the spring at the time of the Cherry Blossom Festival. We also marched in the Inaugural Parade for President Harry S Truman in January 1949 and on some national holidays. We had a regular "uniform" for ceremonial occasions consisting of white long cotton pants and light blue collared sport shirts, which set off nicely our white Sam Browne belts.

I don't remember how we dealt with the fact that it was cold in January in Washington, but we must have done something different with our uniform for the day. Whenever we marched in parades we were responsible for getting to the assembly area downtown behind the U.S. Capitol building by bus or streetcar or a combination of both. From there we marched down Constitution Avenue and back up Independence Avenue to about the same place we started. These were very large parades, two to three hours long, with floats, horse troupes, marching bands from area high schools (including the Maryland and Virginia suburbs) and military units from the various military bases around Washington. We looked forward to parades—they were exciting and fun.

Once I got to Kramer Junior High School (grades 7 through 9), I joined the "K-patrol," hall monitors that were responsible for order in the hallways and for

stopping kids who went “up the down staircase”—to steal a line from a book about the New York public schools at a somewhat later time period. Members of the K-patrol wore blue cloth armbands with a gold “K” on them. We could write detention slips for kids who misbehaved in the halls or stairwells. It was a serious job and it was taken seriously by students and staff. With rare exceptions there was no animosity shown to those of us who assumed the responsibility, surprisingly, because I suspect that today little respect would be shown to kids who crossed that line to help enforce school discipline and order.

Christmas in Washington

I always looked forward to the Christmas season in Washington. Downtown Washington had a number of major department stores located in the main shopping area in the general vicinity of seventh Avenue, north of Constitution and Independence avenues. The major downtown stores at that time were Woodward & Lothrop, Kann's, the Hecht Company and Lansburgh's. There were no suburban shopping malls in the 1950s and there is nothing comparable today. Shopping was done downtown. Each of these department stores was a multi-story building with six or seven floors of merchandise with elevators and escalators to move from one floor to another.

At street level these stores generally covered an entire block. During the Christmas season these stores huge display windows were beautifully decorated and those along Seventh Avenue boasted amazingly spectacular animated displays that changed each year. Each of these giant stores tried to outdo its competitors with their animations and we always came downtown to see them several times during the pre-Christmas shopping season. The downtown shopping area was filled with Christmas music from the loudspeaker systems mounted outside the department stores, and it provided a special ambiance to downtown visits.

Of course each store had its own Santa Claus, set in a quite elaborate display on the toy floor where you had to go past all the toys, of course, since the commercial idea was to put as many suggestions as possible into kids' heads to suggest to Santa Claus. Joe and I would sit on Santa's knee for a photograph and tell him what we wanted for Christmas. I remember being a bit confused about how Santa got into all those stores at the same time while also being outside on the street corners with the Salvation Army kettles with the brass band playing behind him, but mother explained in the face of my skepticism that Santa could not be everywhere at once so he had some helpers that were made up just like him so we could not tell which was the real Santa.

We wrote letters to Santa Claus, which my mother and stepfather cleverly mailed for us. We left out cookies and milk for Santa on Christmas Eve, which of course were gone by Christmas morning. I was a natural skeptic it seems—not only did I have some trouble figuring out how Santa got into our apartment when we had no chimney and I could not fathom how Santa could deliver that many Christmas packages to millions of people all over the world on the same evening. Eventually all such myths collapse on themselves because they become more and more unbelievable as knowledge increases and facts overwhelm the beliefs. When the

Santa story was no longer believable I discovered that Christmas was not any less meaningful despite the loss of the jolly red elf.

In those post-World War 2 days of full employment the post office could not get enough seasonal workers to manage the flood of Christmas cards and packages, so the Army National Guard was pressed into service. They drove heavy troop trucks with canvas tops, the cargo area filled with boxes to distribute. For quite a few years after the war ended the troop trucks were a regular Christmas visitor bearing gifts.

We always had a good Christmas despite being relatively poor. There were lots of packages under the tree. Clothes were always a significant part of the Christmas bonanza. Christmas was the time that we got our new clothes rather than before school started, which in our house at least was largely a time to get new school supplies. Each year Aunt Leona (mother's sister) and Uncle Leon sent us a wheel of cheddar cheese from Cabot Creamery in Vermont, where both my aunt and uncle worked. Leon had a small dairy farm near the creamery, which was a cooperative. Our Connecticut relatives sent us socks, slippers, handkerchiefs, sweaters, anything practical that we could wear. We did not receive gifts from the other Vermont relatives who had hardly enough money for their own kids.

I requested books, and for birthdays and for Christmas I got one or two more volumes in the *Hardy Boys* series and by the time I was 12 I requested and got outdoors, camping, fishing and hunting magazines. Typically we bought our Christmas tree at a lot several blocks away, down Mississippi Avenue, which we brought home on my newspaper delivery wagon.

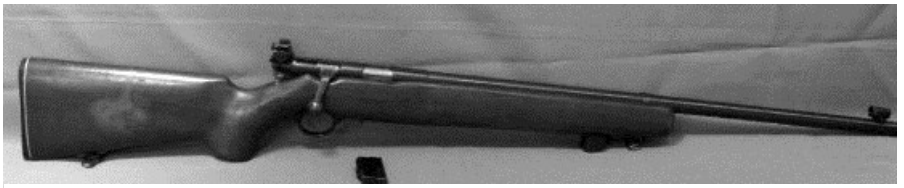
When we were older, which I recall meant about seventh grade, there was typically one special present. The year I got my bicycle, which I think was 6th or 7th grade, there was a card on the tree with string attached that had the instruction "follow the string"—which I did, down several flights of stairs, out the rear door into the back yard of our apartment building and then down the stairs into the basement.

There was my bicycle. It was a Monark and had some interesting characteristics that made it particularly attractive to me: it was sleek and modern in design, with a "tank" enclosure between the frame bars that had a horn integrated into it with a button that could be pushed with my knee while riding, white wall balloon tires that provided good

stability on the road, and a light built into the front fender. Once I learned how to ride a bike I rode it everywhere, from the outer fringes of Washington where some of my friends lived (Oxen Hill, Livingston Manor, Glassmanor), to the area of Anacostia, where my junior high and high school were located.

On the Christmas that I was in the eleventh grade my major gift was an electric Underwood portable typewriter. There is a story behind it. My stepfather had a portable typewriter and always typed with a "hunt and peck" style. I wanted to use his typewriter and he would not let me. Finally he proposed a deal—if I would learn how to type 40 words per minute he would get me a typewriter. That fall I enrolled in a typing class at school (actually designed for future secretaries, very few boys took that class) and by Thanksgiving I had surpassed the 40 wpm and got the typewriter for Christmas. Before the semester ended in January I had reached 60 wpm. That skill subsequently allowed me to pass a Civil Service exam for qualification for a summer government job when I was a high school senior.

Another year, while in the tenth grade and a member of the rifle team in the ROTC program, my major Christmas gift was a .22 cal. Mossberg target rifle. It was a pretty good target rifle with special sights, but not quite the rifle I had really wanted, the Winchester Model 52, the best .22 cal. target rifle for accuracy at that time and for a good many years afterwards.



Mossberg .22cal target rifle with clip

The rifles I used at school on the rifle team were Model 52s, but the training rifle used to teach students to shoot was a U.S. military 1903-A3, generally a .30 caliber military rifle but bored with special .22 cal. barrels and used as a training rifle for the military so as to be able to use cheaper ammunition for practice. I took my Mossberg rifle with me regularly to school on a public bus, carried in a padded rifle case, but looking back it seems rather odd to have carried it on a public bus to school.

That rifle disappeared somehow during the move to Falls Church, Virginia. It was a huge psychological loss for me. Riflery was the one sport I was good at in those days. I do not remember whether I had left the rifle at school in the gun locker, which was possible, or whether my stepfather conveniently saw to it that the rifle disappeared during the move out of spite. That was something he would have done. The shock of the sudden move while I was away at camp and my return to

the new house in Falls Church, Virginia so disoriented me that it was a while before I missed the rifle.

The Trip to Vermont

In the summer of 1947 we (mother, Joe, and I) took the coal-fired steam train *The Montrealer* from Washington's ornate Union Station all the way to White River Junction, Vermont, the closest railroad station to Montpelier. There were Pullman sleeping cars on the train and we traveled in the relative luxury of coach seats by day, which were ingeniously converted into a sleeping compartment at night. Two lower bunks were made up from the lounge seats in the car, which were turned to face each other I think. An upper bunk dropped down from the ceiling. We were separated from other passengers at night by curtains. It was not very private and it was hard to get ready for bed, get dressed in the morning, and use the bathroom at the end of the car.

It was also a fun experience, although I was quite scared during the night when we went through a long tunnel on our way into New York and I realized we were under the Hudson River. The train stopped quite a while in New York city, sometime around midnight I think, before we started again on the trip through Connecticut and then on into Vermont. We arrived at White River Junction very early in the morning, just as dawn was approaching and the first glimmer of light was on the horizon. It was summer but I still remember

how cold it felt when we got off the train in the semi-darkness before the sun came up. From there we boarded a green Vermont Railway bus for the long ride into Montpelier.

We met relatives in Montpelier that Joe and I had not met before, some of whom we had not even heard mentioned before. We stayed for a few days each at the homes of different relatives. We stayed first with Grandma Nettie Sanders Pierce, who lived in a 2nd or 3rd floor walkup in a multi-family house on a hilly shaded street of similar large multi-family homes. [My grandfather Pierce had died before I was born.]

Grandma Pierce's 2nd or 3rd floor apartment was spacious, or so it seemed to me at the time. It was situated on a bluff. The rear of the house overlooked the huge Montpelier railway switching yard and 'roundhouse.'[24] I remember the steam trains belching black smoke from their stacks, clouds of white steam billowing from their pistons with loud puffs, the shriek of their whistles, the creaking of the "round house" and switching yard as trains were moved from one track to another. I can also remember the acrid smell of the smoke from the coal-burning locomotives, a distinct and heavy smoke that was unique to the steam trains and that I did not smell again until I was on a Russian train in the 1970s.

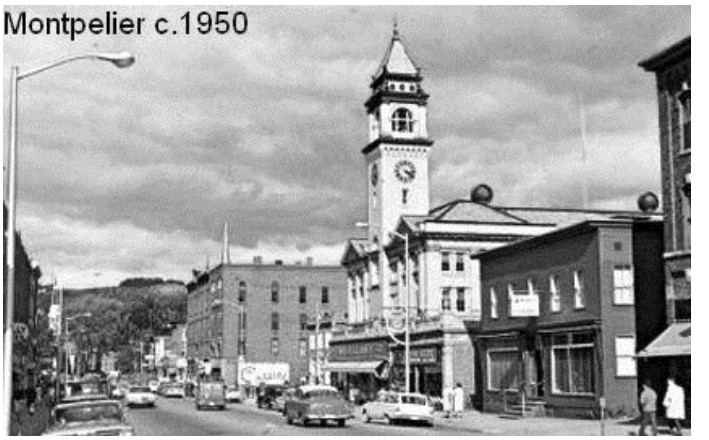
In Grandma Pierce's house I remember the small black round heater in the living room used for taking the chill out of the air that gave off the heavy sweet smell of burning kerosene. Even when the heater was off the smell of kerosene hung heavy in the air.

We spent a few days with Grandma Pierce, then we stayed with Aunt Marian Pecor, who lived in the city in a large white house on a steep and winding road that was a challenge when we walked into town or wherever we went from there. Then we moved on to

[24] The railroad roundhouse in the photo is not the one in Montpelier, but is used here to demonstrate what a roundhouse was. It is from a slightly later period when diesel electrics engines were used. In the Montpelier rail yard there were coal-fired steam engines and fewer switching tracks. Some led into maintenance barns, others led onto various tracks in the yard including main line tracks.

Cabot, Vermont to stay with Uncle Leon and Aunt Leona Lawson. Leon Lawson worked for Cabot Creamery, a dairy cooperative, and we were taken on a tour of its milk and cheese production facilities. I don't remember our Lawson cousins, except that they were older than Joe and I.

While we were in Montpelier we met but did not stay with Aunt Sandy (Elva) and her husband at that time, Danny Kellogg, and our cousin Annette Gregoire (daughter of Elva with a previous husband), who lived in an apartment over a bar where I think Aunt Sandy worked. We were forbidden to enter the bar. The bar and apartment were on a main street in downtown Montpelier. I have a vague recollection that Uncle Danny was a house painter and I remember him with splotched white painter's coveralls and a beer in his hand. He frequently smelled of booze and was sometimes drunk, but he was a happy and harmless drunk as I recall.


Montpelier c.1950

Annette Gregoire Kilbourn
1948

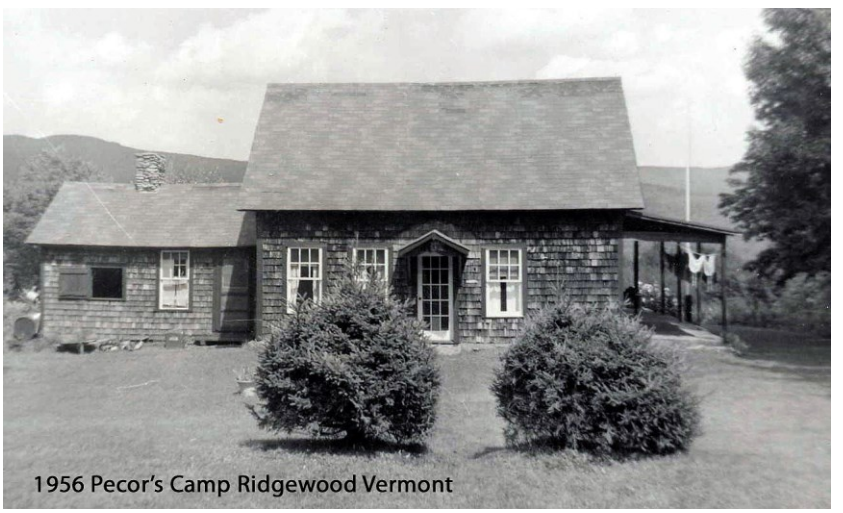
I was a bit afraid of Annette, although she was about my age; she seemed exceptionally mature and daring, so "tough" and street smart and free, and something about her scared me. It was not that she was a girl, but had something to do with being so much more sophisticated, seemingly so much older and more sophisticated than I was, so much a "woman of the world" who was self-confident and bold. I am not sure why I felt that way toward her but it's not something I can clearly remember, just a feeling of unease when I was alone around her.

Someone (probably Uncle Danny) took us to the Friday night stock car races somewhere near Montpelier. They were exciting to watch, particularly the last race where there were quite a few accidents and the winner was whoever managed to finish the race before his car broke down. It was more of a demolition derby than a car race.

As I thought about it through the years the only relatives on my mother's side that I really liked were the Pecors. They lived in a white two story house on a steep hill in Montpelier, at 20 pleasant Street. My memories at that house are mostly smells and sounds – the smell of toast in the morning, and the sounds from a wind-up Victrola (an old record player that did not need electric power) playing some popular tunes of the 1930s and 1940s, and in particular the hit tune, Blue Fedora.

I liked the time we spent with the Pecors. They were obviously relatively poor, but they were fun and friendly. The oldest of the cousins were Joan (a year younger than me) and Carolyn (known as Kernie, a year younger than Joe). The four of us got along well and enjoyed our time together, although at times Joan and I paired off to do things, and Joe paired off with Kernie. The other cousins were younger and we did not do as much with them.

The Pecors had inherited a primitive hunting lodge (known as *Camp Ridgewood*) situated on the top of a large heavily-wooded hill, I think in Fayston, near Waitsfield. The camp was one of my favorite places when I was a child. There was no electricity and no running water. We used kerosene lanterns and candles for light in the evening. We cooked on a wood-burning stove.



1956 Pecor's Camp Ridgewood Vermont

Water came from a shallow well in the front yard that was fed by an underground spring. The wooden barrel that served as the body of the well was covered by a heavy board, which we had to lift off to get water for cooking and bathing. Milk and beer were kept in the well because the water was very cold. There was an "ice box" in

the kitchen, but we had to go into town for ice, so frequently there was no way to keep food cold other than putting it into the well.

The camp had several rooms, including an open area on the second floor that was used as a sleeping loft, a den with a daybed, and a screened porch also with an old day bed that was used at night for sleeping. The very large kitchen had an old iron 6-burner wood-burning stove with a water reservoir at one end next to the firebox for heating water. We would get into trouble for not refilling the reservoir when we took hot water out of it. Keeping the stove burning took a lot of effort for an 11-year old and one of my jobs that week was to split logs into small enough pieces that they would fit into the firebox, and to put more wood into the stove when it was needed. It was a chore that I did with eagerness—this was primitive living but it was exciting and reminded me of what it must have been like living in the early days of our country.

Strung between two trees in the yard was an army surplus "jungle hammock" with canopy and mosquito netting that made a wonderful refuge for reading. I used it frequently.

An outhouse was attached to the house and was reached from the kitchen, passing through the adjoining woodshed to the small room beyond. It was dark in the outhouse but some daylight got through the cracks. After dark it was necessary to take a lantern in with you. It was a typical outhouse – a bench seat across one end with a round hole cut into it. The outhouse door had a wooden latch. There was a wooden cover over the hole in the bench, hinged at the rear so that it could be lifted up while the toilet was being used and lowered when not in use to keep the smell down. There was a bag of lye in the corner. "Flushing" meant taking a scoop of lye and dropping it through the hole in the bench seat into the pit below.

We stayed at the camp for more than a week, and on the weekend other aunts, uncles and cousins came up to the camp. To get to the camp we drove down a long dirt road and past a dairy farm. We would stop at the farm to get "raw" milk, right from the cows. It was warm and rich. These days drinking raw milk is considered high-risk for disease and all milk is now pasteurized but we were never bothered by drinking that milk.

During that week, and especially on the weekend, we played various games including a lot of croquet. Since it was hard to read by kerosene lamp and there

was no television, after some board games we went to bed early, and of course got up at sunrise.

I visited Camp Ridgewood in the summer of 2013 for a Pecor family reunion. In the last few years a number of changes have occurred to “modernize” Camp Ridgewood but it was still recognizable from my visits there many years ago.

Boy Scouts

I joined a Boy Scout troop as soon as I was old enough to do so, having been encouraged by a friend who was already a Boy Scout. The troop met at my church and I already knew several boys in the troop, so it seemed a natural thing to do. It was an active troop with good leadership. I don't remember the Scoutmaster, but there was a young assistant Scoutmaster who was in charge of most of the meetings. I think his name was Norman. There were 7 or 8 boys in each Patrol. The older Scouts who were the Patrol Leaders provided much of the leadership and instruction, since developing leaders was one of Scouting's objectives.

One of our regular Saturday projects was collecting newspapers and magazines throughout the community, filling cars with them, and turning them in at newspaper collection sites and scrap yards located throughout the city. We would go out in groups of two or three in cars and collect old newspapers from the residents of the apartment houses, who had set them aside for us until we came to collect them every week or two. The parent with the car would take hundreds of pounds of newspapers to the collection centers, where they would be weighed, and we would be paid by the hundredweight, money that was plowed back into the youth programs, church camps and various youth activities, but was primarily for use in the Scouting program to pay for camping trips and supplies.

The Boy Scout troop was led by men from the church my brother and I attended, and as it was the only church in the neighborhood, most of the boys in the troop were associated with the church. We went on frequent camping trips. We took trips to Great Falls Park along the upper Potomac River and to the various Civil War Battlefield Parks for picnics and historical trips. There were many such parks and battlefields around Washington and there were many interesting places to visit. We traveled to the Blue Ridge Mountains and to the Shenandoah Valley. We went on occasional camping trips to nearby state parks with several adults (typically a parent along with the Scoutmaster) and occasionally older Scouts driving. The driving age was lower in those days.

It was on these trips into the countryside in Maryland and Virginia that I developed my interest in the Civil War. This was the area in which the major battles of the Civil War were fought. The Battlefield Parks, run by the National Park Service, fascinated

me. Each had a museum with relics taken from the battlefield, photographs, dioramas showing models of the layout of the battles, and a museum brochure that provides history and background. I began to collect the brochures and I put them in a 3-ring binder along with picture postcards from the museum. After I was no longer in the Scouts (after we moved to Falls Church) I still worked on finding opportunities to go to the Battlefields so if the family went on a picnic I suggested going to one of the parks, or if a church group wished an excursion, that was also an opportunity to go to a park I had not visited.

Manassas Battlefield Park VA

We met once a week in the evening. Most of the meetings were instructional, the older more experienced boys working with the newcomers on the skills that were necessary to advance up the leadership ranks. I was an eager participant and soon worked my way from Tenderfoot, through Second Class and up to First Class. Passing through the ranks required learning lots of skills that in those days were geared toward surviving when lost in the woods: first aid for dealing with medical emergencies, managing snake bites, building a campfire, knot tying, identifying harmful plants and edible foods, cold weather survival skills, rescues through the ice on lakes and ponds, tracking, using the compass and the sun for finding your way, etc. These skills developed self-confidence and independence and in that sense were “life” skills as much as they were related to getting out of the woods alive.

After the initial ranks through First Class, a Scout progressed in Scouting by earning “merit badges” for mastering a particular set of skills. I don’t remember much about the merit badges I earned or how many I actually earned (although I had at least a half dozen on my sash) except for three of them that were particularly memorable: Advanced First Aid, Bookbinding and Taxidermy.

To pursue a particular merit badge the Scout (usually with the assistance of the Scoutmaster) was supposed to find a counselor who knew something about the subject at hand to teach the Scout the essentials of that particular skill and guide his progress in meeting the requirements of the merit badge. I completed the requirements for the Advanced First Aid badge first. Then I pursued the badge for Bookbinding, for reasons I do not recall. I could not find anyone who did bookbinding and had no idea where to look, and my Scoutmaster could not help me. From the perspective of today I would have sought out a librarian because

libraries often have to repair bindings on books that are important to them. So I had no option other than to acquire the merit badge instruction book for bookbinding and work on my own. Eventually I successfully disassembled one of my "Hardy Boys" books, sewed the fascicles together, bound it in leather purchased from a hobby and crafts store, and engraved the title on the leather cover with a wood-burning instrument. It was a passable job, but I wondered why anyone would need to know how to do that.

I chose taxidermy as my third badge because the camping, hunting and fishing magazines I read regularly were filled with ads by taxidermists soliciting business for mounting deer heads or other hunting trophies. The merit badge in taxidermy required that I preserve, stuff and mount an animal specimen. Since I didn't know where to find a taxidermist in suburban Washington to teach me taxidermy skills, I had to find books in the library that outlined the steps clearly enough so that I could follow them. The merit badge book on taxidermy assumed I had a large animal to stuff, so it wasn't much help around my neighborhood.

So what sort of animal could I find? There weren't any possums or raccoons in the city and even if there were, I had no way to kill one. I had a Crossman Red Ryder BB gun, but hitting a squirrel with a BB presented too much of a challenge and after a couple of frustrating weeks of trying to hit a squirrel scampering through the trees of the neighborhood I gave up. A BB gun is not very accurate even at 15 feet and not very powerful so it was useless at the greater distances needed to try to hit a squirrel. There weren't any other small animals around, at least so far as I knew. However I saw lots of birds in the neighborhood, mostly sparrows, so I next attempted to hit a bird with a BB, but that too was unsuccessful. They refused to sit still long enough for me to get a good shot.

I was determined to get a bird to stuff and mount, so I tried to be creative. We had a spring-trigger mousetrap around the apartment, so I found it, fastened bread on the trigger mechanism where cheese was customarily attached, and set it out under a tree and waited. Within a few hours I had attracted a couple of sparrows. Eventually one of them went for the bait, the mechanism sprung and I had my bird, or so I thought until I examined the mousetrap and discovered that the spring mechanism that catches the prey by the neck was so powerful that it pretty much decapitated the sparrow and made the bird useless for stuffing. The second attempt also decapitated the bird. Catching a bird with a mousetrap was not a solution.

I tried a different approach. I set an overturned wooden apple crate on the ground, lifted one end of the box about 12 inches off the ground and set the edge of the overturned box on a peg that had been pushed into the ground. At the top of the peg I tied a string, then ran the string across the ground to a hiding spot behind a bush about 50 feet away. I put bread under the raised box. Then when a bird went after the bread I would pull the string, the peg would fall over, and the box would drop over the bird, entrapping it. It worked. I had a live bird. That led to another unanticipated problem: how to get the bird out of the box without it flying away. I couldn't do it. Several tries resulted in the bird escaping.

So, back to the mousetrap. The problem was how to prevent the spring from decapitating the bird, and the answer was actually simple once I thought about it. I glued a small piece of wood ¼" thick to the base of the mousetrap close to the end so that it stopped the spring about ¼" before it hit the base, enough of a hit on the bird to kill it but the spring stopped before it could damage the bird.

I loved the Boy Scouts. I loved camping. I fancied myself a hunter or fisherman and dreamed of doing both. I subscribed to magazines such as *Outdoor Life*, and *Field and Stream* and other similar outdoor magazines for their articles, stories and ads. I asked for magazine subscriptions for Christmas and birthday gifts. I purchased (or received as gifts) a good collection of camping supplies: a military canteen, mess kit, pup tent, sleeping bag, knapsack, hunting knife, hatchet, first aid kit, kerosene lantern, most purchased from military surplus stores that sprang up all over the area to get rid of the military equipment left over from World War Two at cheap prices.

There were about 20 Scouts in our troop, split into 3 Patrols, each headed by a Patrol Leader. It was not very long before I became a Patrol Leader, my first success in establishing my status with other boys. Occasionally I would find myself interested in becoming friends with a particular boy in the troop—or in my class at school—and I became aware that I would have to make a particular effort to develop a friendship. I had not experienced any particular interest in a particular kid previously, they were all just playmates in the neighborhood, but as I think about it from the perspective of later years, I was beginning to discriminate among the boys I wanted to be friends with.

Friends were different than playmates. The boys I liked were intelligent and well-behaved, were friendly and had a positive attitude—basically good kids who were fun to be with, and like me they were in the early stages of puberty. We shared a lot in common. We bonded. We went places together. We went to each

other's houses (although I was now old enough to be reluctant to have them visit at my house because I was embarrassed over the conditions under which we lived in our apartment).

Donald Kirkpatrick - 1949

I do not remember the names of neighborhood kids from before I was 11 or 12 years old because there was not much interaction with them other than pickup softball or football in the park or in the road in front of our apartment, but once I started going to their houses and spending time with them largely on weekends, sometimes traveling significant distances out of my neighborhood to their houses on my bicycle, the names came back to me and now I remember Billy Nelson and Billy Zaner, Donald Kirkpatrick, who became my best friend from 7th grade through high school, and (still unable to remember their surnames) Ralph, Tommy, Frank and David as friends from outside my immediate neighborhood, met either at Boy Scouts or my junior high school.

Camping at Fort Foote

It was the spring of 1949. I was 12 years old, in the 6th grade and had been a Boy Scout for about six months. I knew a few boys in the troop, primarily those who went to my school or church or lived in my neighborhood, but I had very little contact with the other boys in the troop outside of Boy Scout activities. Ralph was both one of my friends and a member of my Scout troop. He lived about a mile from me, not a very difficult walk, but he lived in a different elementary school district so I had not gotten to know him very well until we were in Boy Scouts together. I walked or rode my bike to his house, but we had not been at each other's houses very much and I don't remember anything about his house or whether I met his parents.

Ralph was a nice kid, friendly and easy to spend time with. He was stocky, slightly shorter than me, with thick black hair, a crew cut, dark complexion, and just a wisp of black peach fuzz under his nose. His body was well developed for a 12 year old. He was a better than average student and a decent athlete. He was also a cute kid. He was quiet, easy-going, reserved, gentle, not rambunctious as some of the other kids were, and I liked being with him. We got along well because we had interests in common.

He lived just far enough away so that it was only on occasional weekends that we could get together, traveling to each other's homes on our bikes. We would play board or card games, ride our bicycles, play catch or a pickup game of softball with neighborhood kids, typical kid stuff.

Spring came early to Washington, DC in 1949. Winters are relatively mild and short in the DC area and end with an explosion of new life as buds emerge on the trees, early flowers bloom, and the fresh smells of spring fill the air. It was a welcome change from the cold, gray and damp Washington winters.

I looked forward to April because it not only brought the promise of warm weather but also because one of my favorite pastimes became possible again—camping. I was interested in everything outdoors—fishing, hunting, hiking, and riding horses—and I dreamed of adventures in the woods and on the trail. I thought about becoming a forest ranger. I don't know where that interest in outdoor activities came from since I had never lived in a rural community but it seems to have emerged as something important to me about the time I became a Boy Scout.

Admittedly I had not fished, or hunted, or ridden a horse or any of those other outdoor activities except camping, but camping had become my escape from life in the city. It was something I looked forward to. The Boy Scouts had taught me the fundamentals of life in the woods, camping, how to build a shelter from inclement weather, how to build a fire to keep warm on chilly nights even if the woods were wet and even if I did not have matches, finding my way if lost, caring for routine and serious injuries—so I had a lot of confidence in my ability to handle myself in the woods. Scouting did a lot for my self-confidence. I knew how to take care of myself. I was confident. I was not afraid to be alone in the woods, although I preferred to be with a friend.

Ralph and I decided to go on a camping trip, by ourselves, just the two of us. It was probably my idea. I was not generally a leader in a group of my friends, but when I wanted to do something with a friend I tended to be the initiator. We could be gone only one night because I had a regular morning paper route delivering the *Washington Post*. When I was away, which was a very rare occurrence, I had to get a substitute to cover the route for me, so getting away for even one day was always difficult to arrange. My brother Joe agreed to do the route for me. Ralph and I would leave Saturday morning after I got back from delivering the morning papers. Joe would deliver the Sunday papers. Ralph and I would return home Sunday afternoon.

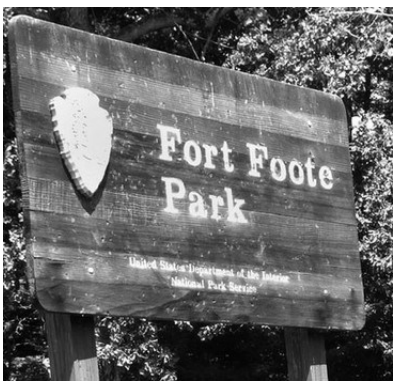
An overnight camping trip appealed to me not only because I liked camping but also because being alone with Ralph would be fun. I would be with him for most of the weekend. I would not have to compete for his attention as I would have to do if there were other boys with us. I thought this would be a good way to build a relationship with him as a friend.

I had learned well the Scouting motto, “be prepared,” and so in the few days before our camping trip we planned our menu and assembled what we would need. I had my own pup tent, military style, obtained from an Army-Navy Surplus Store. World War 2 had not been over long and there were plenty of stores selling surplus military material at cheap prices. I had a sleeping bag, hunting knife, canteen, and an official Boy Scout mess kit that contained everything needed to cook a meal, all packaged in one small compact container with a case and carrying strap.

We settled on hamburgers for dinner on Saturday because they would not need refrigeration in the relatively short time before we would cook them, and a complete Sunday breakfast of eggs, bacon and pancakes. We carried water in canteens strapped to our belts along with our hunting knives. In our knapsacks we

carried the first aid kit, halazone water purification tablets to use if we had to get water from a stream or well (although we expected that the park would have running water available), a change of clothes and our food. We carried our sleeping bags and the pup tent lashed on top of our knapsacks. Ralph carried the trenching shovel and I carried a hatchet. It was a pretty heavy load for a 12-year old on a long hike.

On Saturday morning about 9 a.m. we met on South Capitol Street and headed south toward the city line separating Washington from Maryland. Hiking into Maryland we took the state highway heading south, turned onto Indian Head Highway, then hiked southwest onto the access road to Fort Foote State Park. It was a long hike, about 9 miles each way, and it took us about three hours to hike that distance. We stopped occasionally to rest and drink from our canteens. There was very little traffic after we crossed the city line into Maryland and continued down the highway.



When I thought about it as I was writing about this camping trip this was a pretty audacious excursion for two 12 year olds to undertake. I suspect that parents would not permit their sons to take a trip like that today because of concerns about the ills that could confront kids alone in the woods from accidents to child molesters.

I think that concern is overblown and tends to adversely affect the independence, sense of responsibility and development of kids today. I never had an accident I could not handle. I never heard of child molesters nor had anyone attempted to molest me while I was a kid. Still, if I had sons today I seriously doubt that I would let them go that far away on foot alone and unsupervised to a state park on an overnight trip. Kids had a great deal more freedom in those days than we give our kids today.

We arrived at Fort Foote about noon, set up camp along the shore of the Potomac River, ate lunch, scouted the area, gathered firewood for the evening, dug the fire pit and laid the fire, pitched the tent, arranged our sleeping bags, explored the area (which was an old Civil War fort with cannons still in place)[25] and played in the woods for the rest of the afternoon.

[25] I did not know it at the time but Fort Foote was used as a hospital as well as a defensive fort for Washington and my great-great grandfather Ira Frank Pierce was a Civil War soldier in the Vermont Heavy Artillery, was wounded, and was sent to Fort Foote to recover.

Darkness comes early in April and we wanted to get dinner out of the way while it was still light, so we built our fire and let it burn down to coals so it would make a good hot but steady fire for cooking. In addition to hamburgers, which we ate without buns, we had potatoes and I do not remember what else. We had plenty of firewood, and for safety we had cleared a fire safety zone around the fire pit. The woods served as our latrine, and yes, we were prepared with toilet paper. The stories about using leaves for toilet paper while camping are mostly just stories.

With the darkness came a bit of a chill, so we huddled around the fire and talked and tried to scare each other with ghost stories. That could only last so long, so we let the fire burn down a bit, set up a reflector to send heat into the tent and huddled in our sleeping bags. I had a small battery-powered lantern, which I hung from the tent post by the entrance, and it gave a nice glow into the tent interior.

We knew from our training not to sleep in our clothes, because they get damp and can be very chilly in the morning. We stripped to our underwear, each in our own sleeping bag and put our clothes into our knapsacks. As it got colder outside, and as the fire burned lower and less heat was reflected into the tent, Ralph said he was cold. I proposed that we zip the sleeping bags together into a double sleeping bag. Then we can huddle together and keep warm.

Ralph agreed so we zipped the bags together. Our sleeping bags were designed with a full zipper around three sides specifically so that bags could be zipped together to make a double bag. It is amazing how quickly body heat will warm up a sleeping bag and it was not long before we were comfortably warm. We talked for a short while and told stories. We were comfortable and warm in the soft glow of the lantern. We rubbed each other's backs and eventually, as boys often do in these circumstances, we satisfied our boyish curiosity by playing with each other. We did not know about masturbation and did not go there, but I was feeling uncomfortable and guilty, and was vaguely conscious that this was something I should not be doing. I found myself caught in that awkward space between the hormone-driven desires of a pubescent kid and the consciousness that I was crossing some sort of line that I should not cross.

We never spoke about it again or did anything sexual with each other again. I think we were both uncomfortable with what had happened and did not know what to do about our feelings. It was too awkward to discuss it openly. It was easier to just ignore it and pretend it had not happened. We never had another opportunity to spend the night together, and eventually we drifted apart.

I learned later in a guidance manual for boys provided by my Southern Baptist church that young pubescent boys often go through a period of sex play and mutual exploration with each other that is a normal pattern of adolescent development that does not relate to one's ultimate gender identity. It was accepted that it was a common experience that boys grow out of as they get older, said the guidance books that were distributed pretty widely by churches and schools to guide adolescent boys during this era. I learned that the sex play of adolescent boys was a phase many boys go through as they develop into sexually mature adults. That knowledge helped to assuage the guilt and confusion I had experienced from the incident with Ralph.

We were both tired from the exertions of the day and we fell asleep quickly. I woke up first. It was just getting light, probably about 5:30 a.m. I was shivering in the cold air. I stuck my head outside the tent and was surprised when cold white snowflakes slid off the open tent flap onto my face. Two inches of snow had fallen overnight and covered the ground with a white blanket. I didn't know if I should be excited or annoyed, but I was cold so I pulled my head back inside the tent and lay down again in the sleeping bag but my movement had caused Ralph to wake up. "It snowed during the night," I said. "I'm cold. I think we need to get dressed and get a fire going."

Ralph agreed. Quickly we pulled on our long pants, put on our shirts and sweatshirts, laced up our boots, and stepped out into the wet snow. Our wood had been stacked correctly to keep it dry underneath. We pulled out some small branches to serve as kindling, lit the fire with our paraffin coated matches (to make them waterproof) and soon had a good little fire going, although it was pretty smoky until it got hot enough to completely consume the wet wood.

We soon had breakfast underway—eggs and bacon in my frying pan, pancakes in Ralph's pan. There is nothing like the smoke of a campfire and the smell of bacon intermingled with the smoke to stimulate the appetites of a couple of young campers. We were hungry and it did not take long for us to finish up the breakfast, clean up our pans, put out our fire carefully, and straighten up our campsite.

The April sun warmed the air quickly and the snow melted by ten o'clock. We assembled our gear and began our hike back toward our homes. It was an uneventful return trip. We were tired. The return hike seemed longer and the packs on our backs seemed heavier on the way home.

Return to Norwich

In June of 1949 we went to Connecticut for about two weeks, traveling by car. I remember being confused by roadside stands advertising "submarines" and couldn't figure out why there were submarines when we had not gotten to the sea yet, but eventually I learned the reference was to submarine sandwiches ("subs"), I guess because of their shape. Other roadside stands advertised "grinders" (which I learned was short for "Guinea Grinders," a slang term for Italians combined with another term for "sub" sandwiches. We spent time in Connecticut shifting between Norwich (where Aunt Irene Broadhurst lived) and New London (where Aunt Evon Broadhurst Griswold lived). Mother and Chick did not remain with us in Connecticut, and I assume they went on to Vermont to visit other relatives of mother's. Aunt Irene worked for the city of Norwich, in the electric utility department in the City Hall building, but Uncle Herbert was not working at that time so he was around quite a bit.

Joe remembers that we went to the movies almost every day with great uncle John Manning (brother to Grandma Elizabeth Manning Broadhurst) while we were in Norwich and Uncle John bought us ice cream afterwards. I recall Aunt Hattie's (Harriet Manning Miller) fish chowder, which was apparently the dish known in Nova Scotia as *Finan Haddie*. Joe told me that Evon and Tip were away that summer (but not the whole time we were there, because I remember Tip; he had one leg amputated because of cancer), so Irene was house sitting in New London.

Often I swam in the Thames River, which ran in front of their house at 391 Pequot Avenue. There was a small beach, more of a sandy place along the shore. I learned to swim in the Thames River by lying in shallow water, holding myself up by my hands on the bottom of the river along the shore, and figuring out how to "dog paddle." A 13 year old boy from the neighborhood that I met there on the beach saw me struggling to learn by myself and spent some time teaching me how to swim. I swam awkwardly, with my head out of the water but at least it was a start.

Evon's house on Pequot Avenue had a low ceiling beam at the bottom of the stairway to the second floor. In my usual haste running down the stairs and jumping the last few stairs, I forgot about the low ceiling and hit my head on the top of the door frame, knocking myself out momentarily. Irene was kneeling on the

floor beside me while I was slowly coming back to consciousness. I remember the hit song “Irene, Good Night” (by the Weavers, I think) playing in the background in my semi-conscious state and it struck me as hysterically funny. Whenever I hear that song it brings back the stairway incident.

Many years later I was living in Florida with my young children, when we got the news that Aunt Evon, who had been living close to us in nearby Fort Pierce, Florida, had gone back to that same house to live with my cousin Patty, had fallen down that same stairway to her death. Evon had given that house to her daughter Patty when she moved to Florida.

Our cousin Patty (Evon’s daughter, Patricia Griswold) had a boy friend named Gil, who had a convertible in which he took us for a ride several times. Gil was a photographer and he took the first professional photos of Joe and me. There were docks all along the shore in front of Evon’s house at 391 Pequot Avenue, with boats tied up at berths along the dock, many of them deep sea fishing boats with platforms mounted on the bow that extended ten feet or so over the water. These were specialized tuna boats, and the platform was designed for standing while throwing harpoons to catch the large tuna.

From the front porch of Evon’s house we could see Navy submarines coming and going from Groton, the primary US Navy submarine base which was directly across the Thames River from the house. While we were in New London a young man, probably a friend of Patty, took us on a ride on a very fast mahogany Chris Craft inboard speedboat that could travel 50 mph over water. It was an incredibly powerful (and noisy) boat for that day and it was a

thrilling ride for a 13-year old who had never been in a boat before (other than the slow cruise ship down the Potomac River to Mount Vernon).

I remember taking the bus to downtown Norwich by myself and shopping at Woolworth's "5 and 10 cent store" for souvenir junk and postcards to take back home. I walked all over downtown Norwich. We visited some relatives that I did not know. I did not understand how they were related to us and no one bothered to explain precisely who they were and it did not occur to me to ask. There was John Manning, actually a great uncle, who I learned was the brother of my grandmother Elizabeth Manning. His wife had already died. We visited in the home of two other great aunts, Harriett (Hattie) Manning Miller and her sister Minnie Manning, and had a wonderful meal there, a delicacy from the Maritimes known as Finan Haddie, which I think was cod fish in a sauce and served on mashed potatoes. Why among all the possible memories I recall that fish meal we had for lunch I do not know, but it must have impressed me.

I should have taken the time and asked the questions of how these old people were related to me and my father, but I did not ask and I have no idea why it did not occur to me to find out. I think, but do not know, that my father was not part of my life and so I did not consciously think about him and had repressed the obvious questions

Joe remembers that Irene took him to visit the *Norwich Bulletin*, the newspaper where our father had worked as a reporter and city editor. There were still people working at the paper who remembered him, including Miles Standish, a reporter and managing editor who was a longtime friend of my father. I have no idea why I did not go on that trip to the *Bulletin* office, and it is one of the regrets of my life that I did not find out more about my father and his family while I still had living relatives and while there were still people alive who had known him.

Junior High School

In January 1949 I graduated from *Congress Heights Elementary School* and entered Grade 7A at *Kramer Junior High School*. This was a much larger school that collected seventh graders from several elementary schools in Southeast Washington. It was located close to downtown Washington in the area known as Anacostia, adjacent to the "flats" than ran along the banks of the Anacostia River, which flowed into the Potomac River a few miles away. Kramer was located about two blocks from *Anacostia High School*.

I traveled to and from school on the public buses of DC Transit. For the first time I had to get used to book and coat lockers located down the long hallways, gym lockers (which involved baskets in the changing room with combination locks assigned to each student and steel lockers next to long wooden benches for use during daily gym class), moving from room to room for different classes, figuring out how to get around a large multi-floor building, having six or seven different teachers, keeping to a rigid time schedule, dealing with hundreds of new kids that I did not know, and getting used to a less personal way of schooling.

Education, like styles of dress, is subject to periodic fads in the way that we organize schools and curriculum. As an educator for most of my career I have been fascinated by the arguments about which grades should be aggregated together in schools. In the U.S. education system from early days we had grammar schools that went through 8th grade and were considered sufficient education for most students little more than a hundred years ago, followed by optional high school years in grades 9 through 12.

As the population of urban areas increased the pressure on school buildings together with a changing philosophy of student development came into vogue, with a separation of students into the elementary grades 1-6 with the one teacher per classroom model, followed by the junior high school with grades 7-9 (with subject area specialists), and then the high school with grades 10-12 (with an expanded range of classes offered). Currently the style has changed again, with

grades 1-4 comprising the elementary grades, the middle school with grades 5-8 and the high school with grades 9-12. Of course locally there are variations on these general groupings. It seems apparent (to me at least) that 7th graders are closer to 9th graders in physical/emotional development than 5th graders are to 8th graders and therefore those are the logical groupings of students for school purposes.

The groupings at any given time center around who has won the argument about which levels of maturity are best grouped together. Notwithstanding the fact that "elementary, junior high school, high school" groupings make the most sense from the perspective of the physical and emotional development of children, it seems we will have to wait for another change in educational fads to come back to that sequential breakdown. I grew up in the era of the junior high school.

Junior high school opened up an exciting and expansive new world. Teachers had very different requirements, expectations and teaching styles from each other and from elementary school—and managing those differences took a lot of adjustment. I was expected to act responsibly and to keep up with my work without constant supervision under the eye of the classroom teacher. My previous habit of escaping work by reading and daydreaming was no longer possible.

There were many new activities and clubs. In addition to the standard classes of English, math, science, history and foreign language, we were also required to take some "minor" classes (shop, art, music) that were taken only for a semester or half a semester, apparently to stimulate interest and open up a range of possible academic and career options. The academic program was college preparatory and it was assumed that all students were on a track to attend college. Alternative "trade" schools were available, and if students could not keep up with the program they were reassigned to the local trade school.

At junior high school the academic program was broken down into sections by academic ability and performance. For instance if there were five 7th grade English classes, the best students would be in one class and the worse students in another. Not much was said about it publicly, but it was pretty obvious that English 7A had the best students, 7B the less able, down to English 7E. Each year students were shifted up or down as their performance changed. For college prep students, taking foreign language was mandatory. The choice was French or Spanish. I chose French.

We ate our lunch in a cafeteria that served prepared food rather than eating lunch brought from home in our classroom as we did at elementary school, but many kids

still brought their lunch from home and supplemented the bag lunch with drinks or maybe a dessert. I brought my brown bag lunch from home and rarely purchased anything in the cafeteria. By this age most students had abandoned the metal lunch boxes with the built-in thermos bottles that were customarily used by elementary school students.

Some teachers inspired awe or fear. Most feared at Kramer JHS was the Assistant Principal, "Black John" Koontz (of course only referred to as "Black John" when no teachers were around). [He was not black, our schools were still segregated in Washington; he was called that because he was the disciplinarian and engendered fear in students, something he seemed to enjoy.] He carried a whistle around his neck on a leather lanyard and he would swat kids with it for any number of reasons, including loitering in the hallway having conversations with friends.

Semester classes in non-academic practical courses were required: metal shop, working with sheet metal, metal cutters and soldering irons; wood shop for required woodworking projects of varying sophistication, from book ends to cabinets with drawers; print shop, where we learned to memorize the type case, set type rapidly and run a printing press, where all the school printing was done; and drafting class, where we had to learn to construct proper shop drawings and print our labels according to blueprint standards, something I never mastered. These practical classes were not areas that I liked and I did not perform particularly well. I did just enough to meet the requirements and earn a decent grade.

Unlike most of my classmates I did not like "gym" class (Physical Education). We had to wear a gym uniform, learn what a "jock strap" was and acquire one (and if we were asked "what size" by a store clerk, the phys ed teacher had laughingly instructed us that (to diminish our self-esteem I guess) we were NOT to answer "large"!). We had to memorize our book and gym locker combinations, rush to undress and get into our gym uniform, perform group calisthenics at the beginning of each gym class, learn the rules of various sports (on which we were tested) and take public showers, after which we had to dress quickly to get to the next class on time.

The showers were the worst part. I hated to be nude in front of all those kids in my class. I was physically smaller and not as well developed as many other kids. I was just starting puberty (I was 12 years old) and had little or no pubic hair. I was also conscious of being "different" because I was not circumcised, although I did not know the term at the time or what it meant. Only about five percent of boys were uncircumcised at that time.

The activities or sports in which we participated changed every few weeks, in the fall and spring they were outdoors, in the winter indoors and involved climbing ropes, half-court basketball and at one time a session on wrestling. Generally the wrestling was fine with me. I rather liked wrestling with boys my size and I generally did pretty well. I liked it better than team sports.

One day, however, I was accidentally matched with a boy a lot bigger than me. We had been taught various holds and how to get out of them, and the coaches were conscious enough about safety to have taught us two important ways to end the match, one with a verbal command that I have forgotten and the other was by slapping the mat with one hand. In this particular match I was being held in a hold where my head was bent under my body with my chin tight against my chest. Both arms were pinned. I wanted to end it but I could not speak and I could not move my arms. I felt like my neck was being broken.

I remember the boy I was wrestling with asking me repeatedly if I gave up, and I could not say or do anything or move my arm to slap the mat (which was the signal of giving up). The next thing I knew I woke up in an ambulance on the way to the hospital. I came very close to having my neck broken. Fortunately there was no obvious immediate damage but I learned some years later when I experienced neck pain and had an xray that there was some compression of cervical vertebrae that causes me pain even today.

When I was in the ninth grade I joined the “K-patrol,” hall monitors that were responsible for order in the hallways and for stopping kids who went “up the down staircase”—to steal a line from a book about the New York public schools at a somewhat later time period. Members of the K-patrol wore blue cloth armbands with a gold “K” on them, and could write detention slips for kids who misbehaved in the halls or stairwells. There was little animosity shown to those of us who assumed the responsibility, surprisingly, because I suspect that today little respect would be shown to kids who crossed that line to help enforce school discipline and order.

I was not much good at most sports at that time, never having had an opportunity to play any sports, but I discovered in gym class that I was faster than most other boys. One of my phys ed teachers, who was also the track coach, noticed it also. He encouraged me to join the track team in eighth grade. I came out for practices and shortly discovered that I was very fast to 75 yards, which was one of the competitive events. I had to purchase a pair of track shoes, very light weight shoes

made of very thin kangaroo hide leather, with almost no heel and long spikes in the sole. I did well in competition. In ninth grade I ran competitively against other schools, often winning or taking second place. I also competed in both standing and running broad jump but I did not do as well with that as I did with the dash. I had a lot of ribbons by the end of ninth grade. We had some multi-school meets, which were fun. I also ran "anchor" in a 4-man relay race and had some success in meets against other schools.

I had new friends who lived a long way from me. That presented something of a challenge but I had a bicycle and Washington had good public transportation and I was used to traveling long distances. My best friend during these years was Donald Kirkpatrick ["Kirk"]. He lived reasonably close to Kramer Junior High School, a long walk from school, in a single family house on Ninth Street, just off Naylor Road.

His family had a cottage at a beach community called *Neeld Estate* at Chesapeake Beach and he took me with him and his family on a number of weekends. One of my most vivid memories from the cottage was the time Kirk and I stayed out on the beach for most of the day, much longer than we should have, in a time when there was no sun screen and little awareness of the harmful damage that could be done

by the sun. Both of us got very badly sunburned. It was hard to sleep on my back because it was so painful and by the next day my whole back was one large solid blister. Later in the week I could peel large sheets of skin off my back.

I don't remember much about the cottage except that it had at least two bedrooms and was close to the beach. Kirk had a younger sister but I do not remember her coming to the cottage. Kirk had a double bed in his room. I slept with him in that double bed. I loved going to that cottage. I loved the Chesapeake Bay. I loved the salt water and the beach. As Kirk reminded me in an email a few years ago, I had taught him to swim at that cottage, a fact I had forgotten.

On other weekends I would ride my bicycle over to his house (a pretty long bike ride!). We would fish on the bank of the Potomac and occasionally catch something inedible, usually river bottom catfish that we would throw back or give to "Negroes" [that was the polite term for Blacks in the 1950s] who fished for food along the river. Sometimes we hit tennis balls back and forth at one of the public tennis courts in the park along the Anacostia Flats (neither one of us actually knew how to play tennis but we got pretty good at getting the balls over the net) or swim in the municipal pool; or we would fly kites or model airplanes. It was a pretty good life for a kid, but very much different from today because it did not involve any adults taking us any place or today's "play dates" for kids.

Afterwards I would ride my bicycle home, a trip of five or six miles with much of that distance up hill. But I was in pretty good physical shape between the long paper routes pulling the heavy wagon or carrying the shoulder bag with 100 or more papers to deliver, riding my bike long distances, walking long distances to and from elementary school, and then later from home to the public bus stop and at the other end the long distance from the bus stop to the school--and of course running track.

My academic performance as measured by grades in various subjects improved considerably starting with junior high school, when my periodic report cards showed mostly A-level performance and high honor roll regularly. I think there were two reasons for this change.

First, I suspect that I had become bored with elementary school, which was not very challenging and I was not particularly interested in rote memorization anyway, which was necessary for learning multiplication tables, and with routine perfunctory "busy work" assignments in workbooks.

A second reason that was probably more important in the long run, I was tired of hearing my stepfather constantly criticize me and tell me I would never amount to anything. I was not aware of it at the time (at least not consciously), but I think I

was trying to prove something to myself and him. I had already decided I did not care what he thought, because I had lost respect for him for the mean and petty things he did to me and the constant verbal criticism that was intended to undermine me at every success I had.

To get to school on time I left the apartment by 7:45 a.m. and had to catch a city bus at the corner of Mississippi Avenue and First Avenue, S.E., a long city block away. Buses came along at that time of the morning about every 15-20 minutes and missing the 7:55 bus meant that I would be late for school. The bus did not always come on schedule, and there was some tolerance by school authorities about being late as long as it was occasional.

Kramer Junior High School was a 20-30 minute bus ride away from the apartment. The bus route went down Nichols Avenue (now Martin Luther King Avenue), passed St. Elizabeth's Hospital, whose extensive grounds and facilities extended for almost a mile and which we understood at that time to be a government mental hospital, and then through a heavily Black residential area along South Capitol Street before arriving at the stop where we got off the bus. From there we walked about a mile to the school.

Schools in Washington in the 1950s were segregated. There was an entirely separate school system for Negroes, duplicating the structure of the white schools. I never attended a segregated public school. I was aware that there were schools for Negroes but I only ran into students from Negro schools at the parades during the Cherry Blossom Festival in the spring in which the School Patrol and later the ROTC marched. There were also marching groups from the Negro schools.

Blacks were expected to ride at the back of the bus, but Washington in the late 1940s and 1950s was a cosmopolitan city and this law was largely ignored on local D. C. Transit buses. I had been brought up to believe that it was not polite to sit if women were standing (that was said without reference only to white women) so I always gave up my seat to any woman who was standing. Sometimes I gave it up to a Black woman, who occasionally showed some surprise. Occasionally a white male would make an unpleasant comment but I ignored any such mutterings. One time when I was on a bus with my mother and gave up my seat, my mother told me afterwards that she had not intended to mean Black women when she said I should stand for women, but she also felt that no harm was done and if I wanted to give up my seat, that was ok with her.

In the ninth grade I sang in the school's "Major Chorus" – a performing choir that was a major school activity in which about a third of the ninth grade students participated. It was an invitational chorus for which applicants had to try out, but it was an honor to get in and it counted as a full academic class (unlike other electives that counted only a partial credit). One of the highlights of that year was a performance on the early morning wake-up show on radio station WTOP in Washington.

The studio was downtown and our performing time slot began at 7 a.m. I had to get up at 5 a.m. as usual (with a substitute for my paper route), take an early bus into downtown, and then find the radio station in downtown Washington. The station was a long way from the end of the bus run but I did not know what transfer bus went in that direction so I walked.

Washington is any easy city to find your way around if you know the address, and I knew approximately where the station was located so I did not get lost. En route to the station I had a quick breakfast (hamburger and coffee) at the White Castle, a Washington institution that served tiny hamburgers for ten cents each and was open 24-hours daily, with stores located all over Washington. Fortunately I passed by one that morning on the way to the radio station.

Emerging Sexual Awareness

When I was a young teen, almost 65 years ago, there was almost no talk of sex at home, at church or at school—or among kids that I hung around with. There was an astonishing amount of ignorance about sexual matters even among adults. So while it may seem strange that I could have been so naïve and uninformed as I was in those days, that was the reality of the 1940s and 1950s.

Sex was an uncomfortable topic at our house. I never had any conversation with my mother or with Chick about sex. I remember my mother telling me (for reasons I donʾt remember) that she thought sex was only for the creation of children; she didnʾt like it very much; even though it was necessary for creating children she thought it was disgusting; and she didnʾt want or permit sex in her relation with my stepfather. I recall being extremely uncomfortable at that disclosure and wished that she had not said it. Iʾm not sure why she thought it was something I should know as she had never mentioned sex to me previously. Sex was a topic that was never discussed at home and I never discussed it with friends because it was apparent to me that I was supposed to know about it already and I was too insecure and embarrassed to reveal to my friends that I did not know much about it.

At the time I entered 7th grade at Kramer Junior High School in January 1949 I really was a very innocent child in the full sense of what that means—I was unaware of the basic mechanics of human sexuality and reproduction. My friends did not discuss anything related to sex, probably because it was a topic not discussed in public very much and because most likely they were almost as ignorant about sexual matters as I was. This ignorance extended to not knowing about my own body or the imminent changes that would occur as I entered puberty.

To compound my ignorance, I was not circumcised, one of the few boys at that time in the area where I grew up who had not gone under the knife as an infant. As a consequence of Victorian values, not only was sex a topic that was not discussed, apparently under the questionable

assumption that if it was not discussed sexual behavior would not occur, but also because circumcision was advocated publicly by some public health doctors as a health measure.

A little research will show that public health was not the real reason for advocating circumcision, it was primarily because circumcision reduces the pleasure of masturbation and therefore would likely reduce its frequency, a desirable objective for the prudes of the Victorian Era in the late 1800s. Conveniently the rest of the medical profession in the U.S. (but not in Europe) cooperated with the trend and began to advocate routine circumcision because of its supposed salutary effects on health by increasing cleanliness and reducing disease. Fortunately for boys today this trend has been debunked and reversed in recent years and the number of boys left ‘‘intact’’ has greatly increased in the past two decades.

During Sunday School and when reading the Bible at home (required by my mother) I had come across those Old Testament verses condemning the ‘‘uncircumcised Philistines,’’ so I asked my mother about circumcision. She told me that starting in ancient times the Jews had a ceremony in which they cut off the tip of a boys’ penis in a religious ritual. That seemed an odd, scary and painful custom and I wondered how a boy could pee if the end of his penis was cut off—but I saw no immediate connection with that peculiar custom and my penis and its different appearance from those of other boys that I had seen naked at the swimming pools. That sort of inaccurate information was not unusual.

I had been swimming both at the YMCA and Boys Club swimming pools, mostly with my Boy Scout troop, but sometimes with my church youth group, where swimming in the nude not only was customary but where bathing suits were not permitted in some pools. I also swam occasionally at the indoor swimming pool at the Anacostia Naval Air Station located along the Potomac River across from National Airport, where bathing suits were optional and where some men and boys wore swim suits and others did not. Bathing suits were considered a source of germs, so we were instructed that it was for hygienic reasons that we were required to swim naked. I didn’t like it but everyone had to do it, so we managed to swim and accept it. I found I had to focus to keep from getting an awkward erection in front of other boys, but once I was in the cold pool water that problem disappeared.

I was aware that my penis was different from most others and it was very rare that I saw a penis that looked like mine. I was uncomfortable and embarrassed swimming nude not only because I was shy and small and was not used to being nude in front of other boys, but also because I was aware my penis was different but I did not

know why. That was a difficult fact of life I had to face and it was made more difficult because I had no one I could talk to about it.

At one time I remember asking my mother if my brother and I had been circumcised and she assured me that both of us had been circumcised shortly after birth. Obviously she did not know anything about circumcision or she would have known that my brother and I were not circumcised.

I remained a confused kid for a while longer, until I suddenly realized, by stealthy observation of other boys in the mandatory showers after Physical Education class when I was in the seventh grade, that the difference in other boys' penises and mine must be because I was not circumcised.

I do not know how old I was when I asked my mother how babies were born, but I remember that she brusquely told me that the father plants a seed in the mother and that babies grow in the mother's stomach. She fended off any follow-up questions and it was obvious that she was uncomfortable talking about anything related to sex, so I dropped the subject. I wasted some time contemplating how the seed got into the mother's stomach and how the baby got out. Her answer did not result in any useful information except that I learned from her discomfort that sex was not something I should talk about with her and that I could not trust her to give accurate answers about questions that were important to me. That seems to me to be one of the universal duties of a parent and one that my parents miserably failed; it is also the reason I was determined not to repeat that failure with my children and grandchildren and why I decided to give them an honest and accurate answer to their questions.

The alternatives to parental education are the church, the school and the peer group. In practice none of these is a reliable resource for full, complete and accurate sex education. My church never brought it up—they were too busy teaching bible stories that even to a kid seemed unbelievable or at best stretched one's credulity. Today political views about proper sexual attitudes, concern about parents' reactions, and church politics keep sex education out of the churches. My school made a mess of it, as I will discuss shortly. My friends did not talk about sex and I do not know if I was the only one ignorant of sex, or whether they were equally uninformed, but I was not going to take the risk of finding out they knew stuff I did not know by bringing up the subject first or asking any questions that would promote laughter. So I remained uninformed until well beyond the age I should have known and needed to know about my own development and about the fundamentals of reproduction.

I had a difficult and troubling time during puberty. There was no sex education at home. My mother was not affectionate with me, or with my stepfather, or my brother. She was emotionally distant. She did not connect in any way with her kids and was constantly self-absorbed by her own problems. She is not someone I could have ever approached with a genuine concern or problem. In that sense, she was more like a stranger than a mother, but I did not have enough experience with normal families to know that she was not typical. She was apparently a member of that school of thought that believes that parents should wait until asked a specific question and then give only a vague and unhelpful answer or avoid the question entirely. She volunteered no information and I had no idea what to ask.

The only sex education I received was in science class in the seventh grade. The material taught in the class was biologically correct but less than helpful in helping me understand the fundamentals of sex. Boys got their school sex education, such as it was, in a segregated glass, the girls having been sent to meet with a female physical education teacher. The male science teacher was as uncomfortable talking about sex as we were in listening to him so he made lots of jokes that were met with embarrassed giggles.

The week long session on sex education was clinical and unhelpful. We learned, for example, how male frogs hovered over eggs laid on a stream bottom by female frogs and dropped fertilizer on them so they would grow, and how the flower had both male and female parts and that bees carried the pollen to fertilize the flower so it would produce seeds, and that girls made eggs every month and discarded them every month and that caused girls to bleed during their monthly period, and that boys produced sperm that fertilized the girl's eggs, and that was what made babies. It was left to our imagination as to how the sperm got to the eggs. I didn't know anything about the anatomy of the vagina. My clinical science lesson was true as far as it went but not very helpful to a naïve boy.

When you are very naïve in a conservative culture afraid to talk about sex openly you have a very limited perspective from which to grasp the essentials when they are not explicitly spelled out. There was a lot of nervous laughter during the "lessons" but no one asked any questions—boys at that age do not want to let on that there is something they do not know that their friends might know. I didn't ask any questions. After the session on sex education was over I still did not know how the egg got fertilized. I do not remember the context but I remember a conversation with a group of boys in which the subject came up and one boy said that sex was when a boy sticks his penis into where the girl pees. That seemed

strange and unappealing--a bit closer to the truth, perhaps, but not quite accurate and inadequate for this kid's inquisitive nature.

As an aside and as gratuitous commentary, I worry about political interference with education in our schools by parents and other adults who seem to think that if kids learn about sex they will go out and practice what they learned on each other and that in some sense giving them knowledge about sex is equivalent to giving them permission to engage in sex. It is a silly and patently wrong assumption but it is widely held nevertheless by parents who fight to keep sex education out of schools.

That negative attitude about sex education is misguided, wrong and unhelpful for a number of reasons:

- it is far too late by the time schools get around to sex education and most kids already know about sexual matters well below the grade at which sex education is taught;[26]
- many kids today engage in sexual activity and experimentation (including gay sex) at a far earlier age than adults realize, sometimes with unfortunate results;
- often what purports to be sex education is clinical, essentially a lesson in biological mechanics complete with charts and pictures but does not deal with the actual relational issues and questions on the minds of students;
- some teachers are not comfortable enough with their own sexuality to be relaxed in talking to kids and able to deal honestly with their questions no matter how awkward they may be;
- important topics that kids need to know about such as homosexuality, bisexuality, transgender persons, masturbation, oral and anal sex, incest, abortion, sexually transmitted diseases, safe sex, and proper use of the condom are ignored or forbidden because teachers and school administrators fear ignorant hysterical parents, the school board fears the wrath of the religious and political right that thrives on prohibiting anything that is different than it was in their own day, and everyone fears the ever present community activists with their political agendas.

I was just entering puberty when I entered seventh grade at age 13. I was small for my age. I was required to attend a daily physical education class with mandatory showers after each session. I had to undress in front of my peers, the first time I had

[26] My grandchildren got pretty good sex education in grade 5 (in a private school), which seems to be the time that many boys start puberty these days, although there are still boys who don't start puberty until 15 years old.

been naked in front of other boys except for swimming with friends, but now I was naked in front of a lot of other boys most of whom I did not know, and I did not know how they would react to seeing me naked. I had a small amount of blond pubic hair and an uncircumcised penis—the only boy in the 7th grade that was "uncut." I was scared. I was embarrassed and an object of curiosity to others, who tried not to show they were looking, just as I pretended not to look at their equipment.

The showers were a long way from where the 7th grade athletic lockers were located, so I had to walk past a lot of gym lockers and a lot of boys naked or undressing to get to the showers. Towels were provided as we came out of the showers, sometimes picked up from a table outside the shower and sometimes handed to us by an instructor standing by the entrance, but I had nothing to cover up with on the way to the showers.

A dozen or so shower heads were located along the exterior walls of a large shower room. Sometimes a shower was available and I could get to it without waiting. At other times there were boys standing around in the middle of the room waiting for a vacant shower head to become available. Waiting in a group of other naked boys was uncomfortable, but once in the shower I could face the wall so that others could not easily see me.

While showering and drying off we all followed shower room etiquette and tried hard not to be seen looking at other boys and comparing their equipment with our own, but in practice there was a lot of looking. Other than being uncut, I noticed that I was about average in physical development. My best friend had no pubic hair. I had a little. A few of the bigger boys had quite large equipment and a lot of pubic hair.

After a few weeks I got used to it and being nude in the locker room was no big deal. The embarrassment was over. We just did what we had to do, and there was not much more thought about it. There were a few jokes about the physical education teachers who wandered through the locker room, sometimes snapping a wet towel on the bare butts of kids (which really stung) while making sure every boy showered, and other than noticing that some teachers had their favorite kids with whom they spent time, there was no obvious concern about gays and most of us at that time had no clue what homosexuality was.

Attitudes sure have changed. Boys across the country are refusing to shower at school anymore and their parents have been supporting this new unwillingness of

boys to be seen naked and their schools have quietly quit making them. It is an unusual aspect of our American culture in defiance of common sense and hygiene concerns that as we have gotten so much more exposure to sexual innuendo and female nudity in our movies and books and on our television screens, and as our society has become so much more complacent and tolerant about sexual activity among even middle school kids, that boys have become embarrassed about taking showers nude in physical education or at swimming pools or at summer camp. Boys are refusing to shower after physical education or athletics and parents who should know better from their own school experience are supporting them in this absurd modesty.

A recent *New York Times* article (January 2013) observes that some school systems and administrators are unwilling to enforce shower rules after athletics and physical education classes because it is too politically difficult to enforce against the wishes of kids and parents. The unhappy result is increasing teacher complaints about hot, sweaty, stinky kids coming to their classes after physical education and an increase in various strains of infections. Students interviewed for the article were reported expressing concerns about not wanting to be seen naked by their peers because of their concern about ‘‘comparisons’’ of their relative genital development with classmates or because they were afraid of being in the shower with boys who might be gay. The hypocrisy here is patently obvious at a time when nude sexting is rampant in middle schools, as is oral sex and intercourse among middle schoolers.

My mother had warned me about ‘‘playing with myself’’ or I would go blind, and while in general I was aware that she meant I should not be touching my penis, I had no awareness of masturbation, so like much of what she said, without context it had no meaning. I had experienced erections and was aware they were uncomfortable and awkward to conceal, but I was not aware why I got them. I did not know at that time that they were a natural part of a boy’s development and that during puberty erections would occur regularly and inconveniently for no particular reason other than the body’s need to exercise its equipment and prepare it for future use. Most of the time erections were not a problem because I learned to conceal them, but sometimes they occurred in class or with friends or at other awkward moments where it was harder to disguise them.

At around this time I had my first ‘‘wet dream’’ and it scared me badly. I did not know what had happened. I woke up having experienced an intense need to urinate followed by the sensation that I had wet the bed. But it was not urine that I found, it was a whitish sticky substance in my pajamas and on my sheets. I had not expected it and had no idea what had happened, but it was obvious that it came

from my penis and it must have something to do with the warning that I should not play with myself. I assumed I must be doing something I shouldn't in my sleep. It kept happening several times a week and I was afraid I was committing a serious sin and would go blind if I kept it up. I did not know about ejaculation or that "wet dreams" (like spontaneous erections) were a normal part of puberty and provided an escape for excess semen that had built up.

To try to stop from playing with myself in my sleep I started wearing mittens or socks on my hands. It did not work—they would come off during the night and every few days I would have another nocturnal emission and wake up scared, guilty and sticky.

I slept in the upper bunk of a bunk bed above my younger brother, an old military bunk left over from World War 2 bought at a surplus goods store. It had a sturdy wooden frame painted olive drab, springs and wires stretched across the frame, and a 3-inch thick cotton mattress pad. Finally I tied my hands to the bed post so I could not reach my penis, and still the white sticky stuff came out every few days. In desperation I found a book in the school library about the physical development of boys and it talked about wet dreams, so now at least I knew what they were, and the panic was greatly relieved that it was normal during puberty. So now when they occurred I just enjoyed the sensation and cleaned up the mess.

I still did not understand that I was not doing something in my sleep to cause these "nocturnal emissions"—the official name for these wet dreams—because the book did not tell me what caused the emissions, only that they were normal and most boys got them. Whatever I was doing in my sleep was still something forbidden--but there was also something pleasurable about it that could not overcome the fear and guilt of what I assumed I was doing to myself in my sleep. I still did not know about masturbation.

I remember vividly the first time I ejaculated consciously. I was 15. I was in the bathtub and, as happens frequently with boys, I suddenly got an erection. I played with my penis and it felt good, and the pleasure was stronger than my fear so I continued playing with it. I discovered that I got a lot of pleasure and a tingling sensation if I rubbed the shaft, and as I rubbed the shaft I discovered wonderful

sensations if I slid the foreskin back and forth over the head of the penis—and then suddenly there was a contraction and an ejaculation.

I had masturbated to ejaculation and the glob of sticky white stuff floated on the water and I had to swish it around to get rid of it. I figured this was what kids meant when they talked about "jerking off" and while I still felt guilty about it, I did not feel so guilty that I had any desire to stop doing it. It became a nightly ritual when I went to bed, and sometimes I had the urge during the daytime in our little one bedroom apartment that the four members of our family lived in, so I went into the closet my brother and I shared to ensure some privacy to masturbate guiltily and secretly. This was now my regular secret pleasure.

That experience of early childhood terror is why I spent time with my 11-year old grandson, making sure that he got good and accurate sexual information and that he was fully knowledgeable and prepared for each step of puberty as it came along. He told me that he was glad I had told him about masturbation being ok, because he had masturbated a few times but he thought it was something he shouldn't do and had tried to stop but he couldn't—so he was happy that I had told him that masturbating is normal and pleasurable for boys, is not harmful in any way and that he should enjoy it without fear. He admitted that it was just a bit awkward talking to his grandfather about this stuff, but he was glad that he could talk to me about whatever he wanted to discuss. It is a relationship that I cherish.

Summer Camp

My mother and stepfather sent Joe and me to camp every summer starting in 1949. It appeared to be my stepfather's idea, although he always broke unpleasant news with "your mother and I have decided…." followed by the announcement of whatever unpleasant experience he had in mind. It was never my mother's idea and nothing was ever discussed with Joe and me about our wishes. They never asked whether we wanted to go to camp (I would have said no), never shared their thoughts or plans about something under consideration, and never told us we were, for example, heading off to summer camp until days before we were to leave.

Joe and Art Camp Letts 1949

I'm a bit cynical about my stepfather's motives. He was rarely straight-forward or direct and, in fact, deviousness and secretiveness were among his strongest characteristics. With respect to the reason for sending us to camp he may have been more candid than he realized, because he made no attempt to argue that camp would be fun, or an educational experience, or an opportunity to meet new people and engage in activities that would not have possible if we had stayed at home, or that overnight camping would help us mature and become more independent, all of which would have been true. He told us quite simply that we were being sent away for the better part of the summer because we were so troublesome that my mother needed a rest from us, apparently from the rigors of being an emotionally uninvolved mother for the rest of the year, and he hoped that the order and discipline of camp life would cause a change in our behavior and attitude.

Art with Counselor Camp Letts

It was patently clear that he did not want us around the house over the summer because we inhibited his social activities including dining out every weekend at night clubs around the Washington area. He and my mother also took

quite a few trips during the summer while we were at camp, a fact I discovered in later years when going through old photographs and discovered photos of them at various vacation spots while we were at camp.

That first summer we went to two different camps. First was YMCA Camp Letts in Edgewater, Maryland. In late June of 1949 we packed our military surplus foot lockers, obtained from an Army-Navy store like much of what we owned. After the footlockers were filled with what was required at camp—sheets, blanket, clothing with our names stitched inside—the footlockers were shipped to camp by the Railway Express Agency, the forerunner of today's UPS, with the reasonable expectation that they would arrive in advance of our arrival at camp.

A week later we got into the company car my stepfather drove as a sales representative for Timken Ball Bearings, a black 1946 Ford coupe, and drove out of Washington and onto two-lane rural Maryland roads, across the Conowingo Dam, and then onward to the heavily-wooded camp, which was on a peninsula that jutted into a brackish or salt water estuary, connecting to the Chesapeake Bay and within its tidal basin.

The drive over the Conowingo Dam was a memorable experience since the road went directly over the top of the mile-long hydroelectric dam and power plant. There was a lake formed by the dam on one side of the road, and on the other side we looked down on the cascading water as it passed through the electric generating turbines and emerged through large pipes and then flowed down the concrete slope into the ravine below.

Camp Letts still exists today but with dramatic changes in facilities and programs since I was there in 1949, so much change in fact that I did not recognize anything from the pictures I found on their website.

We stayed in wooden cabins in double bunks, which of course I was used to at that time. Swimming and boating were the major activities. I could "dog paddle" but could not really swim with a crawl stroke. I wanted to go out in the small boats, both rowboats and canoes, that could be checked out during free time and after

dinner in the evening. Swimming classes were mandatory and involved different instructional levels that required learning different skills and strokes. I did not like the classes and I did not like the cold salt water with the stinging jelly fish. The swimming area had a net around it, but some jelly fish managed to get past the net.

In order to use a boat I had to pass a water survival test, either by swimming enough laps across the pool to equal a quarter mile or by treading water for ten minutes. I was not making much progress learning to swim the way they wanted me to, because they kept insisting that I had to keep my face in the water when I swam and turn my head to the side on alternate strokes to breathe, the classic crawl stroke. I did not like to get my head under water. It made me sneeze. I learned later that I had an allergic reaction with symptoms similar to asthma when I put my head under water, so all my life I have avoided swimming under water when possible.

The swimming counselors would not let me swim in my awkward way of keeping my head out of the water. They used the national YMCA swim program that had a series of steps swimmers had to go through, progressing from guppies to sharks. So I chose the option to tread water for ten minutes, and when I finally passed the survival test the color of my swimming "buddy tag" was changed from red to green and I was allowed to take out a rowboat or a canoe or swim in the deep section of the pool. The camp had many boats, rowboats, canoes, and sailboats. I had my first lessons in sailing that summer.

While at Camp Letts I was part of a group of campers that took an overnight trip on a Chesapeake Bay "Skipjack" – a very large sailing boat with a single mast rigged with a mainsail and a jib but with an auxiliary engine for maneuvering in harbors and when there was no wind. Skipjacks were traditional commercial fishing boats in the Chesapeake, but by that time many of the fulltime fishermen were using trawlers. The skipjack was operated by a commercial fisherman who took about 10 of the older

kids from the camp for the sailing trip each week during the summer. It was a fairly large boat but it had a lot of equipment and gear on it. We sailed down the river into the Chesapeake, then into the harbor at Annapolis, Maryland, where we dropped anchor and spent the night. We slept on the deck in sleeping bags wherever we could find a spot. Sleeping on deck under the stars in that great harbor was a pretty exciting experience.

I still have vivid memories of what it was like to be a camper there—the mandatory swimming lessons in the icy-cold river water that every camper had undergo daily whether in a beginner class or an advanced or a junior life saving class, being stung by jelly fish, gulping salty water during swim lessons or free swim and getting water in my nose and thinking I would drown, rest period after lunch during which time I had to write a postcard home that I had to produce as my "ticket" in order to get into the dining hall for dinner, rowing a boat during the free period after dinner sometimes with my brother and other times with a friend, getting a grape soda or an orange creamsicle from the camp store—and being homesick on my first time away from home.

Toward the end of the week the entire camp, staff and campers, played a 24-hour war game, a long and rough game modeled on "Capture the Flag." All campers and counselors were divided into two teams, subdivided again into smaller raiding parties on land or by water, some using canoes for stealth. Each team had a secret headquarters equipped with food and supplies for 24 hours, which of course had to be protected by guards. Each team had tents in the woods to serve as rest and regrouping areas, and scouting parties to determine the "location" of the enemy and to try to find the location of the flag that had to be captured. Over the 24 hours there were lots of injuries—cuts, scratches, insect bites, poison ivy, sprained ankles, etc. I was hit on the forehead with a long flashlight by a counselor on the opposing team who ran past me and caught me by surprise just as I had gotten out of a boat. I had a deep cut on my head that bled a lot and required medical treatment. At one point I was on a canoe raiding party that captured several "enemies" by grabbing their armbands. I was never captured.

Later that summer we went to Camp Sankanac near Pottstown, PA for a week. The camp defines itself as a Bible Camp and still exists pretty much in the same format as it did in 1949, except that it is larger now than it used to be, with more facilities, and from what I can tell from their website they have a much stronger religious emphasis than I experienced long ago, but the cabin I stayed in back

then seems little changed today. The 4 or 5 double bunks in the cabin look the same now as they did then.

The camp did not make much impression on me, I guess, because unlike Camp Letts, I have no vivid memories of anything except for a boy from Latvia who became my best friend that week. I had the lower bunk and the boy from Latvia had the bunk above me. I had heard of Latvia and knew it was somewhere near Russia. Talking with the boy, whose name I cannot remember, I learned that he and his family were *Displaced Persons* [known at the time as DPs], meaning that his family had lost their home and country as a result of Nazi conquests of their homeland during World War 2, they had been sent to an internment camp at the end of the war, and eventually they had been brought to the U.S. to begin a new life. He did not have any accent, he was friendly and he and I became good friends that week. We were both 13 years old. He had a comic book collection and during the rest period after lunch I would climb up into his bunk and we would lie beside each other and read comic books together. Not a very significant event, but it is the only thing I remember about Camp Sankanac.

Joe Mother Art 1949 Sankanac

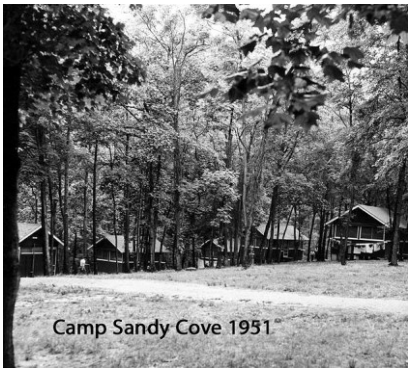
The following year, the summer of 1950, Joe and I were sent to Camp Sandy Cove, located on the shore of the North East River in the town of North East, Maryland. This was a very different type of camping experience. Sandy Cove had horses, which I learned to ride well enough that I was allowed to go on the weekly overnight camping trips on horseback. Camping out under the stars with just a bedroll carried behind the saddle, with one of the horses carrying the common supplies as a pack animal, was a novel and exhilarating experience and I loved it. When we reached the site where we were camping for the night we took care of the horses, watered and fed them, hobbled them and tied them with a long tether line so they could

move about reasonably freely but not get far away, cooked our meal outdoors on an open fire, listened to stories from the staff around the campfire, then spread out in our sleeping bags to sleep under the stars. Fortunately it never rained on any of these overnight trips.

Joe remembers that the camp director's son learned the hard way not to use poison ivy for toilet paper on camping trips. Our memories are very different.

I wanted to go back to Sandy Cove the following year (1951) and I was good enough handling the horses that Miles Strodel, the camp director, offered me the position of "counselor in training" (CIT) for the entire summer, with a regular assignment caring for the horses. I would not get paid, but my summer fees would be cut in half.

Chick allowed me to go back to the camp as a CIT, but he wrote a letter to the director saying that he did not want me to have anything to do with the horses, that I was being sent away for the summer because I was not properly respectful and obedient to my mother, and that letting me work with the horses would feed my tendency to want to be a "show off" and would seem a reward rather than a punishment. Miles Strodel, the director, officially assigned me to help with watercraft but in his wisdom I suspect he did not take the letter from Chick very seriously or he saw through Chick's hostility toward me. He told me in the first days of camp that he was leaving some time unscheduled for me so that I could help with the horses when I wanted to. Joe did not go back to Sandy Cove that summer. I do not remember where he went or why.



An adult "Bible Conference" was associated with the camp, associated with a large church in New Jersey that also operated a daily radio program known as "Morning Cheer." The Bible Conference was located on adjoining property to the camp and was a traditional religious campground with a "tent revival" atmosphere. Each Sunday evening the campers were marched single file after dinner to the Conference grounds for an evening church service.

If I remember correctly (always a question for memories so long ago), the Sunday night meeting was actually held in a very large tent like a circus tent. (Joe remembers that this was a strictly religious camp where one couldn't go around without a shirt even when swimming.) The camp program director, Joe Cosgrove, a student at Wheaton College, was also the director of radio programs for the Bible Conference, which had a regular Sunday evening live radio broadcast in Philadelphia and on other radio stations.

For reasons I do not know or remember, maybe because I was an older camper and reasonably agreeable, I was asked to be the announcer on the radio show one Sunday evening early in the summer. I was shocked that I was asked to be an announcer on a real radio shoe but I was excited and readily agreed. I was quite nervous but I managed to conceal my emotions. I followed the radio script and apparently it went well. Joe Cosgrove told me I had the voice and the talent for announcing and he let me serve as announcer for the rest of the weeks I was at camp that summer. I was a good reader and had lots of experience being in front of a group to read, and of course I had listened to lots of radio shows, so I had an idea of how an announcer should sound. It was an exhilarating experience.

I felt an emotional fervor, warmth and excitement in this group that I had not experienced before, and I suspect from hindsight that a lot of what I felt was confidence, approval and emotional support for doing something successfully. It was certainly an unusual experience for a 14-year old to be a radio announcer. I was excited to see how a radio show operated and to be able to work with a radio script with sound effects and a producer, and in its own way this experience was one of several key events that led me gradually toward a career interest in religion.

Art - Rifle Award - Camp 1949-50

The Second Trip to Vermont

In the summer of 1952 Joe and I went once more to Vermont, this time for most of the summer. I was now sixteen years old. Joe was fourteen. We went on the *Montrealer*[27], just as we had 5 years earlier, but this time we had a bedroom compartment on the train, with its own tiny bathroom and its crowded but private accommodations.

We spent most of the time with the Pecors and a lot of that time was spent at the Pecor "Camp Ridgwood" in the mountains near Waitsfield, Vermont that we had first visited in 1947. I loved being at the camp. It was a very casual and relaxed place, isolated and very rustic. We had lots of games and we played badminton and croquet. We hiked the old lumbering trails through the woods. There were porch swings on the rustic covered porch and there was a large screened jungle hammock hanging between the trees.

In the front yard there was a shallow well, not very deep, shallow enough so that we put some items in the well to keep them cold. It was a spring fed well and the water was crystal clear and ice cold. In the kitchen there was a large old cast iron wood burning stove with a water reservoir for constant hot water so long as we kept filling it as it was used and so long as we kept it supplied with firewood, which I found a challenge because I had to spend a lot of time splitting logs to get them small enough to go into the firebox! I loved every minute of it--being the man of the house, swinging the axe, cutting firewood.

[27] The *Montrealer* ran from Union Station in Washington, DC, to Montreal; the return train was called the *Washingtonian*. The northern part of the route was operated, as best I can tell, by the Canadian National Railway (CNR) and the southern part of the route was operated by the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad (B&O). I believe the locomotives and crews were changed in New York. The closest station to Montpelier was White River Junction. We disembarked there and took a Vermont Railway bus to Montpelier.

Pecor cousins: top row: Sherry, Randy, Sandy; front row: Kathy, Steve, Brenda. c.1956. Joan and Carolyn missing.

I remember one weekend with the aunts and uncles all there, the men drinking beer and bourbon in the front yard, the women in the kitchen making a huge batch of spaghetti on the old stove. Of course the spaghetti sauce was homemade, starting with olive oil in the large pan in which garlic was simmering with what I assume was red pepper. I do not know the rest of the ingredients but it was the best spaghetti I had ever eaten.

Camp Ridgwood had been a hunting lodge and apparently our uncles and their friends still used it for deer hunting in the fall season. There were several guns in a wall-mounted gun rack in the den. One of them was a 16-gauge shotgun, together with a box of shotgun shells. There was also a .22 caliber rifle and boxes of "long rifle" cartridges. One of my uncles told me I could use whatever guns I wanted. He was only there for the weekend and returned back to Montpelier to work.

Joan, Kernie (Carolyn), Joe and I would take long walks in the woods together and I usually carried one of the guns with me. I was careful with guns and had a lot of experience with them but I was also excited to be in the woods with a gun because it gave me an opportunity that I had not had before—pretend to be hunting. I was a pretty good shot with a rifle, having had lots of good training at paper targets at summer camp, although I had not used a shotgun before and I had never actually hunted.

Joan Pecor with antique muzzleloader at Ridgwood 1954

I shot at just about anything that moved. I

was not used to moving targets. Mostly I carried the .22 cal. Rifle and mostly I missed whatever I shot at, but one afternoon we came across a chipmunk sitting on a log some distance away and I took a shot and was lucky enough to hit it—or maybe unlucky enough to hit it, because neither Joe nor the girls would speak to me for several days afterward.

After that I took walks in the woods by myself. I decided it was better not to get the cousins angry at me and I still wanted to use the guns. One time I saw a deer, which was about as scared as I was, the deer choosing to disappear very quickly. I had no interest in shooting a deer and I was aware that it was illegal to shoot them out of hunting season.

On another walk I came across a mountain lion standing on the path in front of me about 25 yards away. Mountain lions in Vermont are not very big, only about the size of a large dog, but they can be pretty scary when you are alone and have never faced one before. I was carrying a single shot 16-gauge shotgun, so I realized I would only get one shot and I was fully aware that at that distance a shotgun would not do much damage. We stared at each other for a moment, then I raised the shotgun and fired at the mountain lion; both of us turned and ran as fast as we could in opposite directions.

At one point during that week there was a scream from the direction of the outhouse. One of the women had opened the door to the outhouse and discovered a porcupine sitting on the wooden seat. Someone had left the lid off the hole in the seat and a very large porcupine had crawled up from below the house and somehow managed to climb into the outhouse. At close range a porcupine can be quite dangerous. They can literally throw their quills when they are angry or frightened and they are barbed, so they are difficult to remove.

It was up to me as the oldest male around at the time to deal with the problem. I grabbed the shotgun, loaded it with buckshot (which was the most powerful

shotgun cartridge we had, containing dozens of pellets about the size of a bb), peeked around the door cautiously to see where the porcupine was sitting, and fired at close range. The porcupine swung his tail violently unleashing a barrage of quills all over the inside of the outhouse from walls to ceiling—but I had hit him cleanly with one shot. The porcupine was dead.

I learned to my dismay that when you shot something you had to clean up the mess and bury the corpse. I found a shovel in the shed and used it to carry the carcass outside and bury it. Cleaning up the wooden bench we sat on to use the latrine was a lot harder, but I managed a passable job with a brush and bleach. But I was a hero for a day or so. I was the man around the house until the uncles came up at the end of the week.

There was a military surplus jungle hammock hanging between two trees in the front yard. Jungle hammocks have a canopy to protect from sun and mosquito netting along the sides that zip up to the canopy to keep out mosquitoes and other flying insects. It was fun to lie in the hammock, particularly with my cousin Joan, whom I decided I was in love with. We would lie there together reading or talking, seemingly for hours. My mother told me I should not spend so much time with Joan. But that advice or command, whichever it was intended to be, did not have much effect on either of us and Joan and I continued to spend innocent time together in the hammock.

When I think back over summer holidays, this one was the best that I remembered—the cabin, the woods, the adventures with pesky wildlife, and the fun with my cousins all contributed to a great vacation.

Henry T Fowler: Con Man and Fraud

I could have included this chapter anywhere in this collection of stories but I placed it here because it may help to explain some of the background leading up to the final dissolution of our family that will be described later and to provide me with an opportunity and outlet to explain my smoldering anger toward my stepfather, Chick Fowler.

I never knew my father. From my earliest childhood I was consciously aware that I did not have a father and that the man who lived with us, Henry Thompson Fowler, whom we knew as "Chick," was my *de facto* stepfather. As far back as I can remember I was always aware that my father was dead. In our household my father was referred to as "Daddy Joe" and my mother said that he had died when I was a baby and was in heaven watching me—so I had better be good so that he was not ashamed of me.

Chick never pretended to be a father to me and he never acted like a father was supposed to act. He never held me, he never told me he loved me, and he never expressed any affection for me. In turn I don't ever remember hugging him or telling him I loved him. He was emotionally distant. He was not hostile—just absent emotionally. There was no warmth or affection. I never sat on his lap. He never told or read a bedtime story to me. His relationship to me was more like that of a school principal than a parent. He was the authority figure in our household but he was never referred to as my father or by any designation other than "Chick." But since Chick was such a significant factor in my early life and such a destructive force in my teen years it is incumbent upon me to say something about him and the strange relationship I had with him during my childhood and adolescence.

There didn't seem to be any friendship, warmth, tenderness or intimacy between my mother and Chick and very little if any public display of affection that I ever saw. There were times when he was complimentary of mother, particularly with regard to her cooking. She was an excellent cook.

Chick was never physically cruel or abusive to me, with a few exceptions from when I was in lower elementary school when he used a leather belt on my bare butt; but he was very skilled at ways to undermine my self-confidence and he practiced deliberate mental cruelty. He used to make comments about my father, such as

that I walked like my father, I looked like my father, or that my father would be disappointed in me, and he always managed to say them in a disparaging way.

On one occasion when I was 15 years old and in the eighth grade I talked back to him for some reason not worth remembering. He hit me (something that he rarely did) and I lost control for the first time in my life and I hit him back, fighting him with years of pent-up rage, knocking him down and getting on top of him, hitting him as hard as I could. He was surprised and stunned. My mother dragged me off him. I went to my room and lost myself in a book. He never hit me again and he never said a word about it afterwards. Sometime later that day my mother said something, the details of which I do not recall, but it was to the effect that she understood why I was angry but that was not the way to deal with it.

We lived in the apartment on Wayne Place from 1944 until the summer of 1953. Chick used one of the wooden storage lockers in the basement of our apartment building to store files and boxes of old records, as well as Christmas decorations, our footlockers for camp, old suitcases and other items we did not have room for in our apartment. It was kept locked and I did not know where he kept the keys. He was always very secretive. I was curious as to what was in that locker that he was so secretive about.

In the late spring of 1953, just before we moved away from that apartment I saw some papers and letters on top of a file cabinet in the storage locker. He must have set the papers down and forgotten about them. I reached through the wooden slats of the storage room and was able with difficulty and a scratched up arm to get hold of the papers. I was stunned to discover a very disturbing letter that Chick had written about me. I was determined to get into that storage room to see what else was in that file cabinet. It did not take me long to figure out that I could unscrew the clasp that held the padlock and then could open the door without unlocking it.

Chick typed his letters on an old portable typewriter. He used carbon paper (the origin of the term “carbon copies”) to make copies of every letter he wrote. There was a folder with my name on it containing some letters.

One was a copy of a letter from Chick to Miles Strodel, the camp director of Sandy Cove Boys Camp, in which Chick said that he did not want me involved with the horses at camp because it was something that I liked to do but that I did not deserve and just because I appeared to be a good boy at camp I should not be rewarded for my unspecified misbehavior at home.

Another letter was to the Principal of Anacostia High School, written a few weeks before I discovered it and just after I had received a promotion in the Cadet Corps ROTC unit to First Lieutenant of the First Platoon of A Company, the lead platoon of the lead company when we were on parade. That was a significant honor that carried a lot of prestige and that involved wearing an officer's sabre (a curved dress sword) with my officer's dress uniform with gold epaulets. Chick's letter advised the school principal that I was unworthy of such an honor and he would not let me have the honor or hold the rank. I had wondered why my promotion had been suddenly withdrawn without explanation by the corps' military adviser, a regular Army officer assigned to the school, a few weeks after I had won the promotion and just a few days before I discovered that letter. I was to remain a sergeant in C Company. I was stunned and in tears. This was not only a crushing blow to me, it was a humiliating affront to me in front of my peers at school.

I also discovered Chick's military papers. They showed he had been drafted into the army and then discharged as a private within six months "for the convenience of the service" because the war was over and he was no longer needed. He was not a captain, as he had always claimed. He was only a recruit with rank of private. (My father was a lieutenant and Chick had wanted to better him by one rank.) Chick did not serve overseas. He had not been in combat. He had not been gassed in the war. He had not seen any battles. He had not been wounded in combat. He did not earn a purple heart.

I took the evidence of his lies and the treacherous letters upstairs to my mother, angry, shaking, upset and crying, and threw them on the table. She read them with surprise but did not say anything at first. Then she made me put them back and told me not to mention that I had ever seen them. She said it would be better for me that way; otherwise I would make a bad situation worse. I was confused and hurt. She did not care. She did not want to get involved. She wanted to ignore what he had done and move on as if nothing had happened.

She betrayed her duties as a mother when she decided to pretend that she did not know what Chick had done. But I knew and it hurt me more than I can say, both that Chick would do such mean-spirited and destructive things and that my mother would let him get away with it. It left me feeling powerless and very alone. I think it was at that moment that I detached myself from both of them emotionally. I just would not let them hurt me again. I was so hurt that I was not even aware of anger but I had no feeling for either of them from that time on.

Chick was a gifted liar. He told stories about his adventures in the First World War, being gassed in the trenches with mustard gas, about being sent to China and leading charges against the enemy with Chaing Kai-Shek (the leader of the Republic of China) and his dinners with his friend Chaing Kai-Shek and Madame Chaing Kai-Shek, his adventures with Emperor Haile Selassie of Ethiopia, his service on the Russian Front, and his friendship with other world leaders. They were grand stories told with flair and were believable until you had been around him for a while, and then it became obvious that some of the events that he talked about could not have happened as he told them because it would have put him in several places at the same time.

My friends, who had heard different and conflicting stories from him at different times, began to pick up the ring of untruth and occasionally commented on it. I found his stories a huge embarrassment and hoped that Chick would not be around when I had friends over to play ping pong or billiards in our basement.

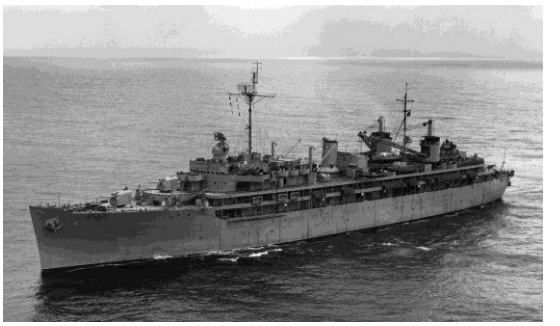
He told of graduating from Yale University and obtaining a Ph.D. from there, and of attending the Sorbonne in Paris. A check with Yale alumni records determined that they had no record of him attending there or obtaining any degree. With arrogant presumption, he always signed his name, Henry T Fowler, Ph.D.

Chick also told stories about his son Dick, that he had attended Hampden Sydney College in Virginia (which may have been true since there was a Navy program there during the War), that he was on a submarine in the Pacific that was torpedoed, and that during a Japanese destroyer attack on his sub he had to slam shut the bulkhead door to the torpedo room to save the sub but which resulted in the drowning of his shipmates who were trapped in the torpedo room.

During my genealogical research I discovered that Dick's son Dwight Fowler, Chick's grandson, had also been researching the story of his father and grandfather, and in an email to me in 2007 he wrote (excerpted):

> *About 10 years ago I spent some time researching Dick's military days. He was assigned to the USS Silversides, a Gato class sub that sunk the second most tonnage of Japanese freight in WWII…. I did a road trip to New London and spent time in the museum going through the muster logs and deck logs of the Silversides. He was on the muster logs, but not on the deck logs.*
>
> *I have his Navy scrapbooks, and there are references to the USS Sperry, a sub tender. Dick was a radio man. Ginger said she knows he was overseas and in*

the Marianas during the Pacific excursions. I know he sailed out of Pearl, and so far, all I can piece together is that he was assigned to Silversides by way of Sperry and he was responsible for refitting the radio room. He shows up on no deck logs for any of the Silversides patrols…. Therefore, I doubt the story Chick told you is true. Sounds like another fabrication.



We can reasonably conclude from the available evidence that Dick was a member of the crew of the USS Sperry, a "submarine tender." The USS Sperry a large ship with a crew of 1300 that served as a supply ship (carrying torpedoes, food, fuel and mail for the submarines) and a repair depot capable of repairing a badly damaged submarine at sea. Each group of submarines was assigned a submarine tender as a sort of mother ship to keep it supplied and repaired. The USS Sperry was active throughout the Pacific, supporting quite a few submarines that were engaged in sinking Japanese warships. When the submarine Silversides was damaged (it was in quite a few battles in which it suffered substantial damage), Dick was assigned to the Silversides temporarily in order to rebuild the radio room. The Sperry had a very distinguished record, serving in many Pacific theaters of war during the fight against the Japanese, from Pearl Harbor to the Philippines.

During some of my research I learned from records of the Adjutant General's Office of the State of Connecticut, Roster of Service Records for World War I, that Henry T Fowler was inducted into the Army on May 20, 1918 and assigned to Signal Company D, 424th Telegraph Battalion at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, where he was promoted to Private First Class on November 15, 1918 (4 days after the War ended), and discharged on January 24, 1919, with no foreign service. This was the same information I had discovered in his discharge papers. He had not been in combat. He did not earn a Purple Heart for war wounds. He had been in the Army for only 8 months.

Two anecdotes about Chick will illustrate his tendency to make up grandiose stories about himself.

At one time there was a Secretary of the Treasury named Henry Fowler. His name appeared in the newspaper periodically and Chick proudly showed off these articles. One day while delivering the *Washington Post* on my newspaper delivery route I saw an article about Secretary of the Treasury Henry Fowler with a photo of

him together with his family. It was clearly not Chick. I showed the article to my mother. She said little other than it must have been a mistake, the paper must have used the wrong photo.

Out of curiosity while writing this story about Chick I looked up some biographical information on the Henry Fowler who had been Secretary of the Treasury and discovered that during the war years he was assistant legal counsel to the *War Production Board*. That previously unknown factoid raised some doubt in my mind as to whether Chick was prevaricating when he told us that he had worked for the War Production Board.

Chick claimed to be an industrial engineer and that he worked in that field with the War Production Board. Isn't it odd that a man whose previous jobs had been as Boy Scout Executive and as a teacher in the use of Stenotype Machines, was hired by the War Production Board as an industrial engineer to manage factory production of essential war materials? Or did he discover the other Henry Fowler worked for the War Production Board and pretend to be him? Is it merely coincidental that two men named Henry Fowler worked for the War Production Board during the 1940s? The problem with lying is that no one can tell if and when you are telling the truth. I do not know whether or not he worked for the War Production Board, or if he did, in what capacity.

Since his stories about attending Yale, having a doctoral degree, and attending the famous Sorbonne in Paris, are all obvious fabrications, I have now concluded that it is likely he did not even attend college. There was no record in his files of attending any college--and since he was meticulous with records and files, shouldn't there have been a record of a college if in fact he attended one?

Dwight Fowler emailed me [January 2015] that Chick's daughter Ginger is 91 and living in an assisted living facility in Glastonbury, Connecticut. Ginger gave Dwight some newspaper clippings (of unknown origin) about various far eastern recognitions of Henry Fowler during wartime. She wondered why the newspaper clippings consisted of individual sentences rather than an article. Dwight searched the internet using those individual sentences and was able to track down an obituary of a Henry Fowler who died in 1923, an accomplished New England diplomat from World War 1. All of the sentences in the clipping about recognitions of achievements in the Far East were directly lifted from that obituary of a different Henry Fowler.

Chick wanted Ginger to believe these recognitions were about him. Another newspaper clipping in Dwight's hands about Henry's departure from his job as an Executive with the Boy Scouts of America in Vermont references these same recognitions, indicating that someone (most likely Chick himself) was providing false information for his biography.

In that same email cited earlier in which he acknowledges Chick's fabrications, Dwight expresses a forgiving and charitable attitude toward him and concludes:

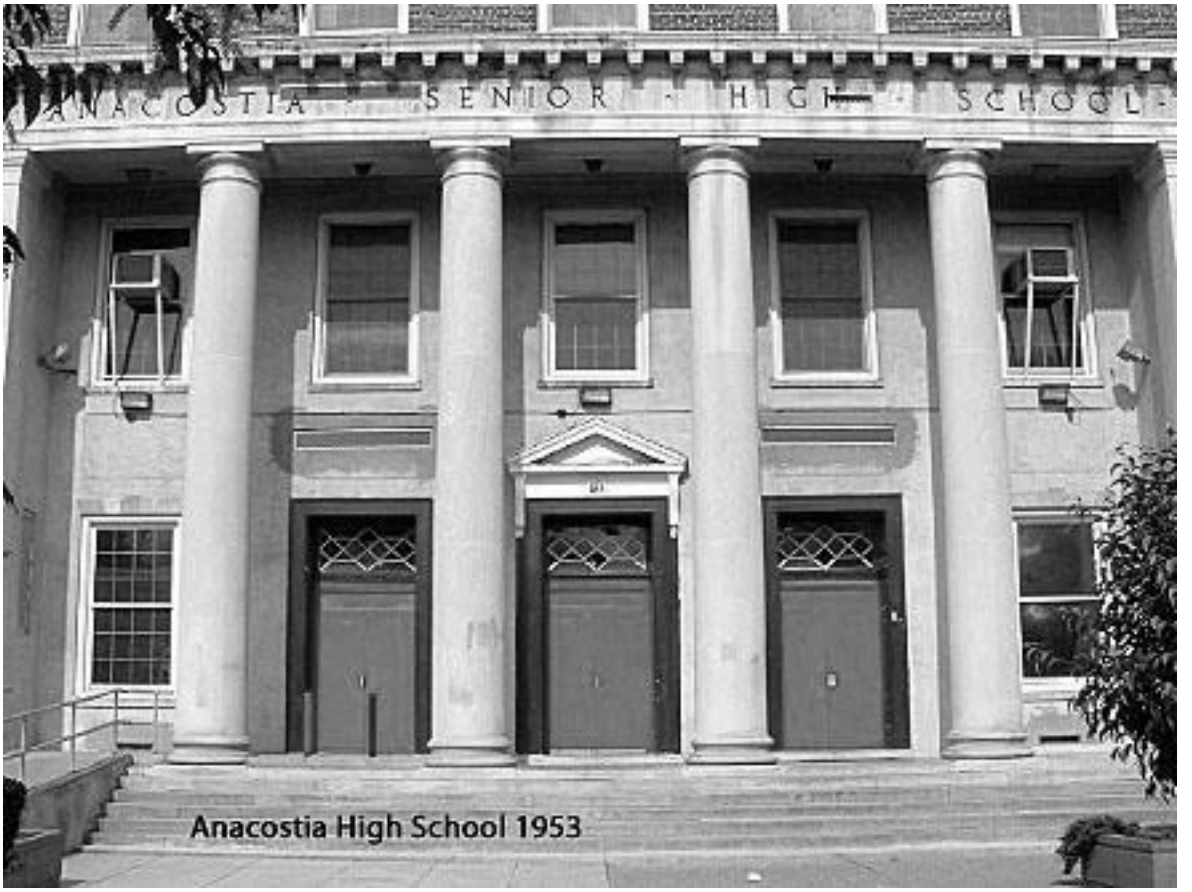
> *My grandfather sounds like he was an odd character. We all have lots of skeletons in our closets I have come to believe, but I prefer to see them as 'the fabric of life.' It's a variable weave, with texture, and color, some dark, some light, some frayed, but it all holds together. Family ties and familial love are hard to fathom…. There's good in all of us, and I am sure Chick at times was probably a decent dad to Ginger, Dick and I suspect to you and Joe.*

I don't think I can be that understanding or forgiving. I lived with Chick until I was 16. He told these stories so often and so persuasively that he may have come to believe that his stories were true. Not only was Chick a constant liar and braggart, he was intentionally cruel to me in many ways that he may not have recognized and my mother tolerated to my disgust. Reflections of that cruelty will surface in some of the chapters in this collection of childhood stories.

I am surprised that I am not more bitter about my mother and Chick than I am, but I seem to have survived serious damage by closing off my emotional side during my childhood by not letting myself feel the emotional pain that must have occurred as a result of his emotional abuse. Writing the story of these childhood years has helped me to deal with these unhappy times which without doubt have left scars on my personality and emotional development of which I am not fully aware.

Anacostia High School

In January 1952 I completed the ninth grade at Kramer and graduated to Anacostia High School, to begin the first semester of the sophomore year. Anacostia H.S. was located about two blocks from Kramer J.H.S. and closer to my D.C. Transit bus stop on South Capitol Street. It was a slightly shorter walk to and from school, but it was a world away socially and educationally.



Anacostia High School 1953

High school brought some significant academic changes and some new activities. My tenth grade English class was taught by a demanding and stern woman with a Ph. D. in classics who was the school's lone and unhappy Latin teacher. Dr. Cantrell was not happy to be teaching English. She wanted to teach only Latin but classical languages were already in their decline so her schedule was fleshed out with English classes.

My English class with her was large, about 50 students, seated in formal rows in chairs with tablet arms. She was a very formal teacher. Dr. Cantrell controlled the class with an iron fist and ruled with intimidation and fear. She believed that

teaching English meant teaching grammar (she had no interest in literature or writing) and she was a stickler for detail. Each student got one chance to get the correct answer to whatever question she asked the student each day, as she went around the room one student after another in order, reviewing the answers from the homework assignments, giving either a check or an F. She instilled fear but we learned grammar!

There were numerous activities and clubs for students. I joined the photography club. I learned how to develop black and white film and print and enlarge photos. The school had a well-equipped dark room. I bought my first 35mm camera that fall

(a used Argus C3), much more complex than the Kodak "Brownie" box camera I had used up to that time. I had to learn how to use a light meter, understand the function of shutter speed (necessary for action shots) and "f-stops" to control light, the "speed" of film, the use of filters, and the other technical factors necessary to take good photos.

The school had a dark room for photography, located adjacent to the chemistry lab. The club advisor was the chemistry teacher. Students were taught, usually by older students, how to use the chemicals—the developer, the fixer—as well as how to use the photo enlarger and the photo drying equipment. I developed my own film. In the photo club I learned quite a lot about photography.

I became a staff photographer for the school newspaper and I was assigned to take photos at athletic events. That got me into school events that I might not otherwise have attended including football and basketball games.

I was taking chemistry that semester and there was a chemistry club for those interested. Since I was in the chemistry lab after school and already knew a few students in the chemistry club, I joined that club also. Neither club was particularly well supervised. I was encouraged to pursue some particular project in which I had an interest, so I developed an interest in chemical explosives. [These days that would probably get me on a terrorist watch list!]

There was a lot of useful information about explosives in reference and chemistry books in the lab and it was easy to get formulas and instructions for some basic sensitive "trigger" chemicals for setting off an explosion — and I made a few of them including basic "black powder" used in earlier days in muzzle loading guns. Most of the explosives I made did not work or I did not make them properly, and in

any event they were not particularly dangerous mixtures and they were made in very small quantities.

However I managed to create an unintended explosion in the lab one day after school. In class we had performed various experiments using a variety of different chemicals and we had been clearly instructed that both the metals *sodium* and *potassium* were dangerously explosive if they were not handled carefully and were allowed to dry out. They were kept in identical glass jars, only the label to distinguish them from each other, but one was kept in a water solution and the other was stored in kerosene. It was extremely important that when one of these chemicals was needed for an experiment that it remain submerged in its particular solution while the necessary quantity was cut and removed from the container.

Somehow I mixed up the cutting requirements for sodium and potassium in my memory and erroneously put a large chunk of sodium into the water-filled cutting tank, creating an instant explosion that showered the lab with flaming pieces of sodium, some of which were embedded in the ceiling. It was awkward to explain to the teacher what I had done in her absence to make such a mess, but she did not do anything by way of discipline other than comment that maybe next time I would be more careful to remember the particular chemical rules that applied to each metal. I had learned the lesson.

The quality of education at Anacostia High School was very good. Requirements were firm, classroom presentation was good and for the most part real teaching went on, class misbehavior or disruption was rare, most students got C's, you had to earn A's and B's, and students regularly "failed" and had to repeat or drop courses.

Social attitudes were conservative by any of today's standards: there were girls "who did" and those that "did not" and everyone knew—or thought they knew--"who did…." There was no sex culture as such, there were no drugs, and use of alcohol was confined to a few kids who were "punks" or trouble-makers. Most of them dropped out of school before graduation. There was some cheating on tests or homework, but those who were caught were punished by an "F" in whatever test or assignment was involved. My academic record continued to consist almost entirely of A's.

At Anacostia I went out for track again, but at that level the competitive "dash" event was 100 yards. I was disappointed to discover that my speed allowed me to beat most kids to about 70 yards because I had very quick acceleration out of the

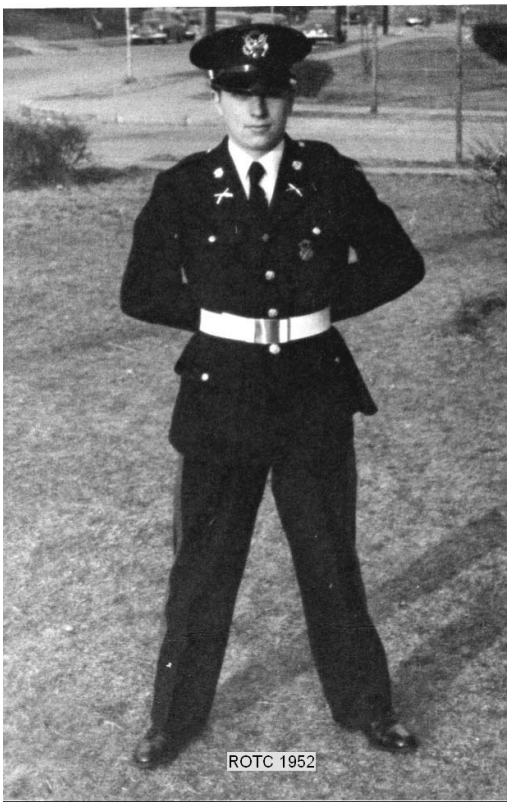
starting block, but after 70 yards I reached my maximum speed and was often overtaken by those who started slower but were still accelerating when they passed me. I was not as competitive at 100 yards as I had been at 70 yards. So I dropped track. That was the last sport in which I participated at school.

My friends were pretty much the same ones I was friends with in junior high school. We all just moved up to the high school about two blocks away. Nothing much changed. None of my friends, my close friends anyway, played any sports. “Kirk” was still my best friend. Unfortunately most of my friends lived quite a distance away so I could only get together with them on weekends.

Art and Joe September 1951 Mount Vernon Parkway DC

ROTC

When I entered Anacostia High School I joined the Jr-ROTC (Reserve Officer Training Corps) program, which in those days was a program operated in every Washington public high school at the direction of Congress. This was shortly after World War 2 had ended and during the time of the Korean War. There was fear of nuclear war. In Washington we were used to hearing the air raid sirens go off every week during tests. We were very conscious of the need for a trained military. Congress wanted the Nation's capital to set the example. Conveniently, students who joined the ROTC program (which we called the "cadet corps") did not have to take physical education, a bonus for me since I still did not like to take common showers in the locker room.


ROTC 1952

I had to buy my cadet uniform from one of the many Army-Navy surplus goods stores downtown. The choice was for a new uniform (which was quite expensive) or a surplus army khaki dress uniform that had been dyed the required dark navy blue used by ROTC cadets.

I bought the dyed surplus uniform, as did most of the boys in my class. It was worn with a white belt over the "blouse" (the official name for the military jacket) at waist level, with white cotton gloves and an officer style navy blue hat. During the spring and fall when the weather was warmer, we shifted to "summer uniforms" of khaki dress pants and shirts, black ties and black belts. Black shoes and socks were required with either uniform.

Uniforms were worn to school every Tuesday and Thursday for "parade drill" and on the other days we wore regular school clothes, and either had a classroom session on military history and tactics or we drilled outside with rifles but without uniforms.

We marched with military rifles, the Springfield 03-A3 standard issue army bolt action 30-caliber rifle from which the firing pins had been removed. We learned many of the same things that recruits learned in regular army basic training: how to

march; military formations; how to take apart our rifles, clean and reassemble them; military nomenclature; and basic infantry patrol and field tactics.

We learned operational military tactics for a rifle company and practiced patrol formations with weapons for a 9-man rifle squad that included a 3-man rapid fire weapons team that carried a BAR (Browning Automatic Rifle), a light machine gun. A regular military officer and several non-commissioned officers were assigned to each school; our assigned officer was Captain Robert Thompson, a retired infantry officer from WW2. He was assisted by two enlisted men.

The Anacostia High School ROTC regiment was quite large and when in its formal dress parade formation consisted of (as I remember it), two battalions, six or eight companies of two platoons, each platoon with about 18 men, plus a headquarters company and the marching band. The total was about 500 in the regiment. In parade formation it was an impressive sight.

Anacostia High School's military facilities were located in the school's basement and included an armory where hundreds of rifles were stored in locked cabinets, offices for the military staff, a classroom for military use, a gun and ammunition storage locker for the target weapons and cases of live ammunition (each wooden case held 10,000 rounds), and a target firing range for live fire practice with .22-caliber long rifle target weapons. The rifle range was as good a range as I have seen, well-designed with safety features including an electric target retrieval system. Firing weapons in an enclosed concrete and steel room is very noisy, and we had to wear ear protection when the range was in use.

Since we were officially a unit of the armed forces we had typical military signs posted in the ROTC facilities. One sign which puzzled me had the slogan "gunpowder and alcohol don't mix." I thought it was strange that anyone would even try to mix them and didn't see how it was relevant. It was years later when I learned that the sign meant don't use alcohol and handle guns while you are under the influence, which made the sign rather funny since there was almost no alcohol use by students in those days.

About once a month we went on a field trip to a military reservation or base in the Washington area or within 100 miles. Most interesting of the various trips were to the Patuxent Naval Air Station (in Maryland) and to the Quantico Marine Base (in Virginia), although we visited other military facilities also (Dahlgren naval weapons

testing center and Fort Belvoir) where demonstrations were held and heavy weapons were fired. At Patuxent we saw naval and marine fighter aircraft called in to attack a simulated tank formation located in a field a quarter-mile away from where we were observing. They hit the targets! It's amazing how close a quarter-mile is when they are shooting with live ammo! We ate with the enlisted personnel in the mess hall and saw first-hand what sailors complained about. The navy food was plentiful but unappetizing and not something to enlist for.

At Quantico we saw live fire artillery demonstrations targeting buildings and trucks that obviously had been attacked previously. We saw two marine fighter pilots each put a rocket dead center in a 10 x 10 foot white sheet spread out on the ground as a target. These demonstrations were designed to keep us interested in military life and to encourage us to go into Officer Candidate School at some later point.

I was very interested in riflery and marksmanship, which I had been introduced to in summer camp and in the Boy Scouts and was able to demonstrate expert marksmanship fairly quickly. As my skill grew (I was on the firing range many days after school) I learned to put five consecutive shots into the same hole the diameter of a pencil and to shoot at and ignite a "kitchen match" mounted on the bull's-eye of the target. For that I was awarded a 'sharpshooter' rating that came with a medal that I could wear on my cadet uniform. About the same time I obtained a rating as a qualified NRA rifle instructor. I was 16 years old. I was selected for the school's rifle team, which competed with other high school ROTC units in competitive matches.

More important to me, in the next semester not only was I a member of the school's competitive rifle team, I was also given the responsibility as "range officer" of the rifle range. That meant that I was the officer in charge of the rifle range whenever it was open and being used for target practice. Whenever cadets were on the rifle range I was the officer in charge regardless of the individual rank of the cadet using the range. Some of that rifle range use was during the classroom instruction period, but most of it was after school. Often Captain Thompson was not present in the area, and he was almost never actually in the rifle range itself, although sometimes he was in his office nearby.

I operated the rifle range most days after school when I did not have another activity to go to. I had keys to the armory, the rifles and the ammunition locker. I was required to fill out standard military daily reports detailing who used the range and the amount of ammunition used, just as in any other military facility. It was good training. But in today's social climate that level of authority and responsibility for weapons in a school would just not be possible and it seems incredible that I had that much responsibility and access to weapons at age 16.

Our Seventh Regiment ROTC unit marched in all significant parades in Washington. There were quite a few of them. We marched in the presidential inaugural parade for Dwight Eisenhower in January 1953. When we marched in full parade formation it was an impressive sight—the 8 companies in the regiment plus the color guard, the drill team, the regimental command staff, and the regimental band. Combined with other regiments from Washington's high schools, the ROTC units made quite an impressive show. We thought we were ready for war.

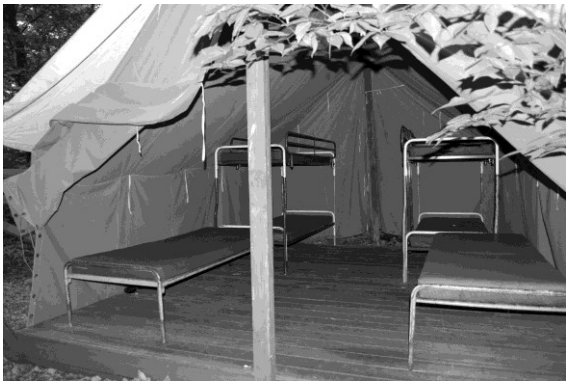
Camp Wampanoag

In the summer of 1952 when I was 16 years old Chick sent Joe and me to Camp Wampanoag located on Buzzard's Bay, on Cape Cod, Massachusetts. I was a Counselor in Training. That summer Joe was a camper in the Senior Unit. Camp counselors were generally students from the private colleges in New England and many had been campers who came back as counselors when they were in college.

Joe and I were put on an intercity bus (probably Greyhound) in Washington that was headed to Boston via New York and Providence, Rhode Island. We had instructions to get off the bus in Providence and to find the bus headed to Cape Cod, where we were to get off at Buzzard's Bay. We were probably met at the bus station and taken to camp by station wagon.

Shortly after arriving at camp and meeting the Camp Directors (there were two co-directors, Bill Mulliken and Dorothy Taylor, who also owned the camp), I learned the staff was one counselor short and there was a need for an additional junior counselor. I was invited to take that position. There were several CIT's that summer and fortunately I was chosen the job, maybe because of my previous camping experience. Instead of being charged half the camping rate for the 8-week session, I actually earned a $100 salary for the season.

The camp specialized in sailing, but I was a novice at sailing, not having had much previous experience. I was put in charge of canoeing and had to develop a program to teach the basics of canoeing to the campers, including safety and self-rescue skills. I took the Red Cross canoeing instruction program and was certified as an instructor.



I was also counselor to a tent group of six campers, all ten years old. I was responsible for their well-being (some kids got sick or homesick), their health and safety, performing a daily inspection (about which more will be said later) for poison ivy, tick bites, injuries, etc., supervising the making of beds and cleanup of the tent for inspection each morning, supervising the rest period after lunch, and getting them to bed by the time the bugle played "Taps" which signaled "lights out." This was a new experience for me. I took to it well and enjoyed the

responsibility and being looked up to by the younger kids, who treated me as an adult.

The daily inspection was a new experience for me, although I remembered that my prior camps, at least one of them, had a similar daily inspection. Each evening the boys were sent to the shower building for shower, brushing their teeth, etc., and when they were back at the tent they were required to line up nude so I could inspect them for ticks (and it was stressed by the administration that tick bites were dangerous and we had to check their ears, their hair and elsewhere on their body that could host ticks, and send them to the nurse immediately if we found any), for insect bites, for sores or injuries, etc. It felt awkward at first, but the kids didn't seem to be bothered by it, so it was just a routine event thereafter. However I think such a procedure might be questioned in our current climate of suspicion and fear, and I wonder whether such an inspection process, however desirable and necessary, can actually be done today.

There was an occasional bed wetter among the ten-year old campers, and part of the challenge was keeping that information from the other campers so that the bed wetters were not uncomfortable or made fun of by their tent mates. The parents of bed wetters were required to inform the counselor and provide several extra sets of sheets, and we found discreet ways of changing the sheets when they were wet so that other boys would not know. I usually sent the boys off to breakfast and hurriedly changed the sheets before following them to breakfast. Some of the other boys were aware of the bed wetting, but they did not make life uncomfortable for the unfortunate boy.

Peter Fritz was a cute and charming blond-headed ten-year-old happy kid from Long Island who was in my tent unit that summer. Most kids came for the full 8-week period, but some only came for half-sessions of 4-weeks. Peter's parents were wealthy. During the summer when Mr. Fritz visited his son, he made a point of talking with me about Peter and finding out how he was doing, and he always gave me a $20 tip when he left. I had not known that counselors in private camps got tips, but it was a welcome surprise.

At the end of the summer when the Fritzes came to pick up their son, Peter's grandfather came with them and gave me a $100 tip. I was overwhelmed. I had never seen a $100 bill before. That was equal to my pay for the entire summer. Other counselors were a bit envious, but that gave me wages that were equivalent to theirs, since most of them were experienced and were paid a larger summer salary. I thought this was a pretty neat way to spend the summer and I determined to come back the next year.

Wampanoag was a great experience, and even though I was sent to camp against my will to get me away from home, I decided about this time that I really liked camp. It was valuable for two reasons in particular: it provided an opportunity for me to develop self-confidence and it helped me to discover that I liked working at camps and with kids. Some of the counselors had attended prep schools in the Boston area and some of the camp administration were independent school teachers. As I thought about college and career objectives I began to think of camp and recreation administration as a possible career option, or even teaching in an independent school.

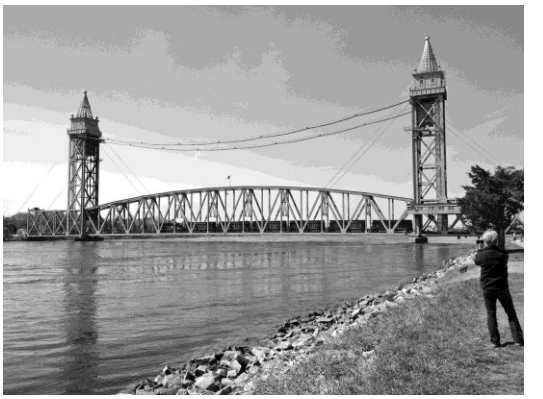
That summer Aunt Irene Broadhurst drove up to Massachusetts from her home in Norwich to visit me at camp. I wanted to learn how to drive. We did not have a car at home at that time. In those days a learner's permit was not necessary. A 16 year old could drive as a learner so long as an adult licensed driver was in the front seat. So I prevailed on Irene to let me drive her car, and I had a lot of fun (although I don't think it was as much fun for Irene!) driving around the area near the camp on the country roads. We drove down to Falmouth one afternoon and on another later visit to camp we drove all the way to Provincetown. I had already done a lot of driving that summer--one of the older counselors (an older school teacher from somewhere in Massachusetts) had a 1941 red Chevrolet convertible and he let me drive his car whenever we went into town on our days off. At the end of that summer, when I returned to Falls Church, I obtained my driver's license.

I went back to Camp Wampanoag as a counselor in the summers of 1953 and 1954. The owners of the camp were Dorothy Taylor, a strong woman in her 60s who had been an owner of Wampanoag for a long time and who lived most of the year in Newton, Massachusetts, and William E. Mulliken, who was headmaster of Friends Academy, a private junior school in North Dartmouth, Massachusetts, who had

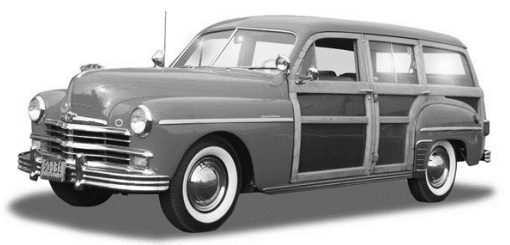
become an owner in recent years. They were enthusiastic and very able directors and they had a loyal following of parents largely from independent schools who sent their kids year after year. The program director was Lee Pattison, a tall and lanky 40-year old, a teacher at Cincinnati Country Day School, an enthusiastic and charismatic leader and a great story teller, who organized the camp's daily program and directed the staff.

Most of the counselor staff were college students from the better small private colleges around New England, and most of them also returned each year during their college years and most had previously gone to independent schools. From these counselors I got to know something both about private camps and about the world of selective independent schools and colleges, and I liked the camaraderie very much.

Every Wednesday afternoon a hike was scheduled. The counselors carried box lunches and drinks for the campers in a back pack. Each counselor led his tent group on the hike. The camp administration had an ulterior purpose for the hike—the kitchen staff had a night off. Sometimes I took my campers on a trail that led to the famous railroad bridge over the Cape Cod Canal. We would sit along the bank of the Canal and watch the ships go through the locks.



On one of the hikes we passed a small country store and stopped so the boys could buy sodas if they wished. I saw a newspaper on the counter with a front page story of U.S. troops landing in South Korea to stop an invasion. Since we did not have radios at camp I had been unaware that South Korea had been invaded and we were at war again. The war had been underway for several weeks before I heard anything about it.



In my later years of camp I talked the camp director into letting me take the camp station wagon (a "woodie" Plymouth station wagon, with wood paneled sides) to a nearby town to attend church. I do not know whether my motive was the desire to attend church so much as it was the opportunity to

drive a car. I was a careful driver and enjoyed the drive and being away from camp for a few hours.

In the evening, after lights out, there was a gathering of off duty counselors in the old house that was the center of camp activities, where many of the counselors played bridge. Although I was younger than the other counselors (I was 16, most of them were 18-24), they treated me with respect and among other things taught me the elements of bridge and introduced me to my first beer. I didn't like it very much but had an occasional beer over the summer. On some nights one of the counselors would take orders for hand-packed half pints of ice cream and pick them up at an ice cream shop near the Bourne Bridge or at a nearby Howard Johnsons. The camp experience at Wampanoag played a major role in my later decision to pursue a career in teaching in independent schools.

Falls Church

In the summer of 1953 we moved—without my prior knowledge and to my considerable surprise and consternation—from our apartment in southeast Washington to a small 2-bedroom brick rented house at 216 Lawrence Drive in Falls Church, Virginia. I would have been in the second semester of my junior year at Anacostia High School that fall.

Neither Chick nor my mother had said anything about moving and I did not learn about it until I was met by Chick at the Greyhound bus station in Washington when I returned from Camp Wampanoag at the end of August. I don't remember if Joe was with me at camp that summer, but I don't think so. Chick casually told me that we had moved over the summer and we would be going directly to our new house.

We traveled to our new home in Falls Church by taxi. We still did not have a car. It was certainly an odd way to discover that we had moved, and it was a shock to learn that I would not return to the apartment that had been my home since the second grade, and that I would be separated from my school and my friends with no opportunity to say goodbye. It was devastating, but it was also symptomatic of our very dysfunctional family relationships.

Several weeks later I enrolled at Falls Church High School. That was a very different experience from Anacostia. I had completed 11A, the first half of the junior year, at Anacostia. Falls Church did not use the half year system, so I had to start the junior year over again. Falls Church High School was much less demanding than Anacostia H.S. There was a more casual attitude toward academics among students at Falls Church and I had the impression that not only was the school less demanding but the teachers were not in control to the same degree that they were at Anacostia. There was more disorder and rowdiness than I was used to. In part that was because

Falls Church had students that ranged from eighth graders through seniors, whereas Anacostia had no students below tenth grade. That made a very big difference in the emotional and social climate of the school.

For the first time I had to ride a school bus to school. I was surprised to discover that most school buses in Falls Church were driven by senior students. Without public transportation I could not participate as easily in school activities, clubs or sports, since I had no way to get home after school if I did not ride the bus. We still did not have a car, though we lived in the suburbs where virtually everyone else had a car. There were some public buses in Falls Church but they were used primarily by commuters going into downtown Washington and they were not practical for transportation to and from school.

Previously when I had attended Anacostia High School I had always used public transport, which was frequent and cheap, so transportation had never been an issue as to whether or not I participated in school activities or was able to go to the homes of school friends. Those buses in Washington gave me freedom that I did not have in Falls Church.

The back yard of our rented house on Lawrence Drive in Falls Church adjoined the athletic fields behind National Gardens Baptist Church, which very conveniently became our new church. Chick was away much of the time presumably traveling on business. My mother attended church with us occasionally, but Joe and I attended regularly. It was an active Southern Baptist church and it made my mother uncomfortable. Mother didn't like southern people very much and she seemed put off by the informality and friendliness of the church people. I participated in a variety of church activities, from the church softball team to youth conferences at far away places, including a trip to Natural Bridge, Virginia, by Trailways bus with my friend Charles Reynolds.

The trip to Natural Bridge was an 8-hour trip on an inter-city bus. In those days Virginia law required Negros[28] to ride in the back of the bus, but Charlie and I regularly rode the school bus together and sat in the back because we were among the first to get on the bus in the morning. Ignorant and naïve about policies on public transportation, we went to the back of the Trailways bus as we were used to doing in the school bus. After we had been on the bus for quite some time it

[28] I used the term Negros intentionally, because it was the polite term used in those days; the terms "Blacks" and "African-Americans" became politically correct many years later.

became evident to us that we were being stared at by both the Negros and the white folks and we eventually realized that we were not supposed to sit in the back of the bus, which was reserved for Negros, so we sheepishly moved toward seats in the front of the bus.

In the early spring of 1954 during my junior year our nuclear family had suddenly disintegrated. We had lived in Falls Church for about nine months. Apparently Chick became unemployed shortly after we moved to Falls Church. There is a difference of memory between Joe and me about whether and when we knew that he was unemployed. I have no memory of knowing it. Family business was never discussed with Joe or me. I think my mother was also in the dark most of the time.

There was no unemployment benefit in those days and years later I learned from friends in Falls Church that Chick had borrowed money from just about everyone he knew. That may have extended to people in our church. Somehow people in the church became aware that we were having hard times. Joe remembers that we had a gift basket of food left at our front door at Thanksgiving or Christmas. He thought that I had told people we were in a state of poverty and he felt humiliated and angry at me, so he told me many decades later in one of the few letters he wrote to me. I did not know there was a problem so I could not have told our friends. I knew there was a problem with Chick, but I did not know it was a financial problem.

I remember that Chick was around that fall more of the time than we were used to. Chick was a compulsive liar and braggart. I had gotten used to it and I did not bring friends home if I knew he was there because he embarrassed me with his stories, which became increasingly unbelievable if you listened to him very long. That became a significant problem for me, since whenever we had friends in the house, usually in the basement area where we had a ping pong table and dart board and other games to occupy us, Chick would join us while we were with our friends and tell war stories or tall tales of his exploits around the world—being gassed in the trenches in France during World War I, his travels throughout China working with Chaing Kai Shek, dinner with Madam Chaing Kai Shek, or his friendship with Haile Selassie, the emperor of Ethiopia, or other adventures that could not all have been true since they all occurred during the same post-World War I period of time.

Chick also talked to church officials about sizable contributions to the church he could arrange but he always hinted darkly that these sources were criminals and gangsters who wanted to do some good to repair their reputations, and he seemed annoyed when people at the church had some reservations about accepting tainted money from characters with the shady background of the supposed contributors.

Apparently Chick's tall tales raised some suspicions in the community about his propensity for telling untruths, but what I did not know was that while Chick pretended to have a job and left the house each morning as if he was going to work, he apparently had not worked for some time and had not paid household bills including rent for the house we lived in.

Chick's odd behavior and difficulty with the truth had attracted the attention of some church leaders. On a Sunday in the spring of 1954 after the church service I was called into the office of the Rev. J Harvey Nichols, and there were some deacons there including Leonard O'Neal and Vernon Reynolds. Rev. Nichols told me that they had learned that our family was about to be evicted from our rented house on Lawrence Drive, that Leonard O'Neal had followed Chick when he left the house in the morning, presumably to go to work, and discovered that he generally sat on a bench in a downtown park and went to the downtown post office and checked a post box. [Mr. O'Neal was a U.S. Capitol policeman and apparently took his detective work seriously.] As a result of what he found, Mr. O'Neal did some checking around and found that an eviction order had been issued to be carried out on Monday, the next day.

I was told to go home with Joe and we—including mother—were to pack quickly because they were sending my mother to her family in Montpelier, Vermont by train that afternoon and they had arranged for Joe and me to live at the home of church members. We were given just enough time to go home and pack a suitcase. When I got home I told mother directly to pack and get ready to go in a few minutes, that we were being evicted from the house, that we had to leave right away, that she was being sent to her home in Montpelier.

I had never spoken to her or any adult previously with the authority and urgency that I displayed then. She obeyed without resistance or question. I was surprised that she did not resist and did not ask any questions. She must have known already or at least sensed that something was very wrong. I became suddenly aware at age 17 of being in charge and she accepted it. All of us packed hurriedly, and within the hour we were in Rev. Nichols car, speeding down Arlington Boulevard headed toward Washington and Union Station to make the late afternoon train. There was not much time. Reverend Nichols bought a ticket for mother and put her on the train to Vermont.

We had to abandon everything in the house on Lawrence Drive that we could not carry in our suitcases. I saved whatever occurred to me at the moment, including

my United States stamp collection and some photos and awards and a few other things. Our departure happened so quickly that I had no time to think about what to take, but speed was impressed on me because of the departure schedule of the train that mother was to take to Vermont.

I have no idea what happened to my rifle or some of my other possessions, or even what I owned at that time. I have no memory of items moved from Washington to suburban Virginia. I do not know if my rifle or my bicycle were left in the house in Falls Church, but Joe told me that he had taken his rifle and had it until some years later when he accidentally left it under his bed in Mexico on one of his stops on an extended trip. If it had been in Falls Church surely I would have taken it with me to the Reynolds. I suspect that I may have left it in the gun locker at Anacostia High School in the spring of 1953, of course expecting it to be there when I returned to school in the fall.[29]

In a telephone conversation Joe told me recently that he had assumed our sudden abandonment of the house was something mother and I had planned with the church people. Joe assumed that I must have told the church people about our financial troubles, because he had not done so. He said he had no inkling that anything was going on until he came home from church that Sunday and was told to hurry and pack, that he was going to live with the Collins. He said that mother always blamed the church people for the breakup, but someone had to have told them about our situation. Joe said he assumed that I told the church people since he never discussed family business with anyone, not his friends, not church people, about our financial situation.

Joe said that he was confronted by teachers at Falls Church High School about the trouble and had always assumed I had told school personnel to gain sympathy. I admitted to Joe that I had told school administrators that we were on our own now and that I needed a job in order to support myself, but Joe had the timing wrong because this occurred after the family breakup when I had tried to withdraw from school to take a job as a stock clerk at Sears and the school had talked me out of it. I assume that school personnel also talked to Mrs. Reynolds, because she talked to

[29] I had abandoned all my books. I had a large collection including all of the Hardy Boys books and other series popular at the time. A few years ago, more than 50 years later, I received an email from a young lady in the Maryland suburbs of Washington who had come across one of my Hardy Boys books, with my name plate on it and she decided to try to look me up. An internet search produced my name and a current email address, she contacted me, and long story short she sent me that book, which I have now passed along to one of my grandsons.

me when I got home about staying in school, and somewhat later she invited me to live with them.

In that same conversation Joe told me something else I did not know that indicates just how dysfunctional and bizarre our family really was. Mother had gone first to Vermont on the train, but a few months afterwards she went to live with her sister Lorraine in upstate New York. She lived there for a short while and sometime later she moved back to Washington to live with Chick in an apartment on Q St near Dupont Circle. I do not know the timing of these moves, only their sequence. I do not understand why mother did not tell me that she was back in Washington. I found out about her return to Washington almost 50 years later.

During the summer of 1955 mother moved to an apartment in the Jefferson Village Apartments area of Falls Church, almost adjacent to the drug store in which I had worked. Joe left the Collins house and joined her there. I remember being in that apartment and I must have stayed there sometime on one of my trips home from college during my freshman year, but I have no memory of either mother or Chick being there.

I was now in my junior year and I had to begin to think about a career and college. I had been considering becoming a physical education teacher or full-time camp director, since I had gone to summer camp every year since I was 13 years old, and making a career out of something I liked so much seemed quite a wonderful life.

I had flirted briefly with the idea of a career in aeronautical engineering, since that was a hot new area of study at the time but the math and chemistry requirements specified in the Georgia Tech and University of Maryland School of Engineering course catalogs looked formidable and daunting and scared me off. There was no “college counseling” as such. Guidance counselors directed students to the college catalog section of the school library, which was quite good and had catalogs or at least picture books promoting facilities and programs, of most private colleges and many public universities. I spent a lot of time browsing catalogs and looking at requirements to see what I thought I could handle and what I might like to do. I needed guidance and encouragement that I did not get.

Sometime late in my junior year I gave up on those career options. I was interested in religion and read a lot about it, and because at the time there was considerable public debate about biblical literalism and the believability of religion, I read a lot of “apologetic” literature that was designed to defend the believability of the Bible and the fundamental tents of the Christian faith, arguably so that I could defend

against objections to faith but I think also to help convince myself that these articles of faith could be believed by a rational thinking person. Even at this early stage I began to become familiar with the philosophy of religion.

I had an excellent academic record both transferred in from Anacostia High School and earned at Falls Church High School, with mostly A's and an occasional B. I was in a college prep program that was academically rigorous and those courses were weighted more heavily than standard marks to determine class standings.

Despite the lack of regular college guidance at school (I never had a formal college guidance session with a counselor or even a conversation about options), one of the counselors sought me out and suggested that I take the competitive exam for the University of Virginia, the flagship university of the State. So in the fall of my senior year I took the exam—and won a 4-year $4,000 scholarship. I applied to UVA and was accepted. It was pretty automatic.

Because of my increasing interest in religion I was encouraged by my church and minister to consider ministry as a career option, with the carrot that financial aid would be available both from my church and from the denomination (the Virginia Baptist Convention) if I went that route. Already on my own financially I determined that practical concerns dictated that I consider the ministry. The minister of my church, the Reverend J. Harvey Nichols, promised scholarship money if I went to the University of Richmond, a college affiliated with the Virginia Baptist Convention. It seemed at the time a good option.

I was uncertain about what to do. The University of Virginia was a better university than Richmond, at least at that time. I had won a prestigious scholarship to Virginia and $4,000 was a lot of money. When I looked at the fee schedules in their respective catalogs, the overall cost of Virginia was higher, primarily because of the "room and board" component. I convinced myself that Richmond was the better choice financially because my church would take care of me and see that I had the resources I needed.

Eventually and reluctantly, I decided to turn down the University of Virginia scholarship. I was afraid that $1000 was not enough to cover my expenses for the year because the University of Virginia (despite being a state school) was a considerably more expensive school than the University of Richmond.

At the time I was not particularly disappointed at having to give up the scholarship, because I was fearful that Virginia might be more competitive than I was used to. I

lacked confidence in my ability to compete academically. My stepfather had constantly drummed into me that I was not a very good student and I think his repeated berating of me had undermined my confidence. Although I had a superior academic record and was the valedictorian of my high school graduating class, I had no idea how I compared academically with students elsewhere. I was conscious that the quality of education at Falls Church was not as good as at Anacostia High School, but after I was in college I became aware that my high school preparation was pretty good and I was at least as prepared as other students in my college class. I rarely got a grade below an A in college and was selected for *Phi Beta Kappa* toward the end of my junior year. I finished first in my college class.

I think there were several other considerations running through my confused head that were probably just as important factors in my decision as the financial consideration. In addition to lacking self-confidence about my scholastic ability I think I was beginning to worry about going to a secular university where religious values might not be taken seriously, and based on what I know about myself now that I did not let myself think about at the time, I felt that I would be more comfortable religiously at Richmond. There would be fewer challenges to faith and fewer challenges to my academic prowess.

As I have reflected on my decision I think a significant factor was the breakup in the family and seeking an alternative family in the church. I was seeking comfort, not challenge. The final decision: I rejected Virginia and went to Richmond. It is a decision that I came to regret years later.

The Reynolds Family

After the forced breakup of our family Joe went to live with Buddy Collins and his mother, a single parent who lived about a block from the church. I was assigned to live with the O'Neals, who also lived about a block from the church, in the other direction. The O'Neals had four children, Charles, who was a senior; Jackie and Janet, who were already in college; and Elsie, who was in my class. I was never comfortable with the O'Neals. They were a good and kind family, but they were from the deep rural south of Mississippi and their customs and style of life were very different from what I was used to and I had a very difficult time trying to adjust to it.

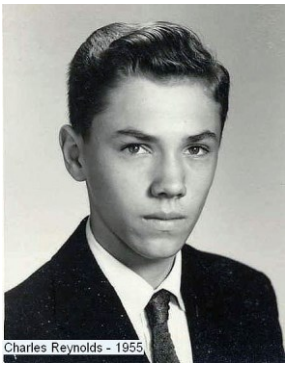
Spring 1955 Art with O'Neals
Chas, Dorothy, Elsie, RosaLee

For example, the O'Neals had fried chicken every Sunday dinner after church and I could not get used to the fact that often the chicken we ate for dinner had not long before been running loose in their backyard. Mr. O'Neal told me that it was time I learned some of the basics of living including how to obtain the chicken for the Sunday dinner. He demonstrated the art of "ringing the neck" of the chicken, which involved holding the chicken by its head, rotating it slowly and then jerking the head suddenly while it was being rotated, which caused the head to snap off and the now headless chicken to spurt blood from its neck as it ran around the yard. I felt sick when I saw this. They thought my distress was funny. Apparently the other children had to go through the same instruction.

The following Sunday Mr. O'Neal suggested kindly that if it would be easier for me I could kill the chicken with a butcher knife by cutting off its head, but he obviously felt it a duty to teach this city kid an essential life skill. I could not bring myself to do it. It was obvious to me, and I guess to them, that this was not a good match. I began to spend more time with the Reynolds family. I went to the Reynolds' house after school and hung around there until dinner time. They had a small black and white television set in the living room, and we often watched "Howdy Doody" after school. Charles and Steve Reynolds were my closest friends.

The O'Neals had a black Studebaker which Charles O'Neal drove to school. He was a senior, I was a junior. Sometimes he let me drive it. I didn't need a drivers' license so long as there was a licensed driver in the front seat. The following year Charles was attending Bluefield College, in Bluefield, Virginia, in the farthest southwestern

tip of Virginia on the border of West Virginia, a very long distance from Falls Church. In the spring Mr. O'Neal suggested I visit the college and stay with Charles in his room while his roommate was away. He told me to take the car, so I left Falls Church on a Friday, spent Saturday at the college and returned back to Falls Church on Sunday. I think I was sent there with the hope that I might also consider attending there with Charles. Bluefield College was a junior college affiliated with the Virginia Baptists.


Charles Reynolds - 1955

My best friend was Charles Reynolds. [Both Charles O'Neal and Charles Reynolds went by 'Charles' with no nicknames, so to avoid confusion we had to use their full names to avoid confusion.] I spent a lot of time at the Reynolds' house after school and on weekends. Charles had been my friend for a year, ever since I had moved to Falls Church. I was very comfortable with the Reynolds, and they picked up pretty quickly on the fact that I was not happy at the O'Neals, so Mrs. Reynolds invited me to live with them. I was very happy and grateful at the opportunity to live with them. The departure from the O'Neals was on friendly terms. They understood my discomfort.

Charles Reynolds' room was small, with just room enough for his bed and an upright dresser on which he kept his 45rpm record player, a collection of popular hit records of the 1950s which he played constantly, and an aquarium in which he kept an interesting collection of tropical fish. His younger brother Steve, who I think was in the 8th grade, had a larger room with twin beds. I stayed in Steve's room.

Steve Reynolds October 1954

The Reynolds quickly became my new family. Charles was about my age. His brother Steve was a couple years younger. Brother Mike was a baby and Ginny was not yet born. Vernon Reynolds worked at National Airport as a lead aircraft mechanic for Capital Airlines. For the first time I experienced what it was like to be in a real family, where there was love and caring and conversation. It was different than anything I had experienced in my obviously dysfunctional family. They made me feel that I was really part of their family. I was with them for holidays and even went on short vacations with them to their relatives' homes in Roanoke, Virginia.

During this time I rarely heard from my mother; I received only an occasional letter from her. She did not come to my high school graduation. The Reynolds did. I find it interesting and a bit sad that it did not occur to me to wonder what my mother was doing and where she was and why I did not hear from her, but I did not feel her loss so much as I felt that I had at last found a family with the Reynolds. I was hungry for love and affection and I had finally found it. For the first time I experienced what it meant to be part of a family.

After the family breakup in the spring of my junior year I became aware that I was now on my own. I had no money and no job. I did not want to be a burden to the Reynolds and I was determined to help pay my way. I saw an advertisement in the newspaper for a stock clerk at Sears Roebuck in Arlington so I went down to the Sears store to apply for the job. The personnel manager heard my story and hired me right away but told me I had to get an approval from my school. I'm not sure why he imposed that requirement since I was old enough to quit school, but I think he was wise enough to figure out that someone had to talk me out of what I was doing.

I don't remember the details of what happened next, but I went to the school guidance counselor to get permission and whatever else happened I remember the Reynolds sitting me down that evening and encouraging me not to quit school, they understood that I wanted to carry my own weight but it was not necessary, things would work out just fine and I was not a burden to them.

So I stayed in school but I obtained a part-time job as a "soda jerk" at Jefferson Village Pharmacy, a drug store about 4 or 5 blocks away. The pharmacy had a lunch counter[30] that served hot and cold sandwiches, hamburgers and hot dogs, ice cream, and other short order items. I worked 5 days a week, 4 hours a day, 5 pm to 9 pm, and sometimes on Saturday. After working for a week with one of the regular counter women to get trained, I worked alone most evenings and had to "close" on week nights, which involved cleaning the

[30] The photo is not of Jefferson Village Pharmacy but one very similar from the same time period.

counter, the grill and food serving equipment and putting away the food. The women who worked the day shift were responsible for seeing that regular sandwich items like ham salad and chicken salad were freshly made before their shift ended because I would not have time to make those items during the dinner hour, when the counter was often very busy and I had to work quickly to get everyone served.

Eddie Citron, the pharmacist-owner, closed down the cash register and counted the money while I was cleaning up. Mr. Citron let me eat whatever I wanted (within reason) at the counter during my break mid-way through the evening, which I could take only if business was slow enough so that I could sit down at the counter. I was not allowed to eat if there was anyone seated at the counter but by 8 pm business was sporadic. Most evenings I cooked myself a hamburger or made a chocolate milk shake. That was dinner.

Most nights I worked alone. Sometimes I had to work on Saturdays, either day or evening, and then often one of the day women worked with me. I got the standard wage at that time of $.75 per hour, which gave me enough money that I could contribute something to the Reynolds, although they rarely let me pay anything. But I was able to buy my own clothes and had some spending money, so I was doing fine financially. [A year or so later in an interesting coincidence Joe worked at Graham Road Pharmacy, a few blocks farther away, owned by Elliott Citron, brother of Eddie Citron. Joe tells me that Elliott was a lot nicer than Eddie. I think that was true as Eddie was pretty grumpy and stern most of the time.]

People in the church were apparently more aware of my needs than my mother was. I did not have leather dress shoes; someone in the church became aware of that, believed that I should have them, and took me shopping for black Florsheim dress shoes, which I still have 60 years later and they look as good as new. Someone else (actually the mother of my “girl friend” Linda Stevens) observed that I could not see as well as I should, and made arrangements through the local welfare bureau for me to have an eye exam and to obtain my first eyeglasses.

One day while running in the front yard, I think I was chasing Steve Reynolds, I fell over a bicycle that was on the walkway and landed on my head on the flagstone sidewalk in front of the Reynolds’ house. I was cut badly on my face and lip, my front tooth had penetrated through my upper lip and I needed stitches. They took me to their doctor and he stitched it up, but there was never a bill that I was aware of. If there was, Mrs. Reynolds paid it without saying anything.

I have fond memories of the Reynolds house at 218 Strathmeade Street (later the number was changed to 2954). In the basement of the house Charles had a collection of model trains which he was constantly expanding. I think, but cannot recall clearly, that he collected both the larger Lionel engines as well as the smaller HO gauge trains. [I had an American Flyer train, set up in the basement at the Lawrence Drive house, but that was abandoned along with everything else.] He also had a collection of mechanical banks. There was a heating stove in the basement into which we could put almost anything that would burn including cardboard and wadded up newspapers and it would heat up the basement very quickly. Sometimes it became too hot. We spent a lot of time in the basement.

Vernon Reynolds was a lead mechanic for Capital Airlines (which I think merged with National Airlines later) at National Airport. He drove a green 1937 Plymouth with a floor mounted gearshift and wide running boards, a car that I always admired. It was a classic, but to them it was merely an old car that was the family vehicle. We affectionately called it *The Green Hornet*. He kept that car in first-rate mechanical condition. I always hoped that when they were ready to dispose of that car that I could buy it, but I was away at college when they finally decided to sell it, and my brother Joe bought it. He managed to wreck it within a few months of getting it and I was quite angry with Joe for destroying the car that I had always wanted.

Sometime during my senior year Joe and I each received a check for $1000 from the estate of my great-uncle John Manning (brother of my grandmother Elizabeth Manning Broadhurst). I had heard his name mentioned but we did not keep regular contact with the Broadhursts and at that time I did not know exactly who he was, but I was grateful to get the check and used it to purchase my first car.

1950 Dodge Meadowbrook

Vernon took me to the local Chrysler dealer and helped me select a four-door 1950 Dodge Meadowbrook Sedan, shiny black, with “fluid drive”—an experimental hybrid transmission that preceded the automatic transmission that we use today. It had a gear shift lever on the steering column, three forward gears and a clutch. It could be operated as a regular standard transmission

car. However shifting gears or using the clutch when stopped or slowing down was not necessary. A fluid torque converter between the engine and the clutch prevented damage to the engine when the clutch was not used. When approaching a stop light, you used the brakes to come to a stop without pushing in the clutch pedal, leaving the car in third gear, and then you could start off again by pressing on the accelerator without using the clutch. You would pick up speed very slowly because the car was still in third gear. This was supposed to be an impressive automotive break-through but it was not very practical and we jokingly called it the "slush-a-matic" transmission. Most often I drove it was a regular manual shift car.

Vernon Reynolds thought I should learn to take care of my car and be able to perform routine maintenance on it including changing the oil; and since I did not have much money, I thought that was a good idea also. One day in the spring of my senior year he taught me how change the oil and oil filter and I had just completed that task. He had been working on his car at the same time and was in the basement working on something. He asked me to go out to my car and bring him the air cleaner and he would show me how to clean it.

I didn't know what an air cleaner was, but I looked around for something that could be an air cleaner and I brought him the cap to the oil filler pipe, which had steel mesh inside the cover that was not quite as fine as steel wool but it was the only thing I could see that looked like it could be what he wanted. So I brought it to him. He took it from me, looked at it, and asked me what I wanted him to do with it. I said he had asked me to get the air cleaner. He broke into laughter, and said, "you know, for a kid as smart as you are, you sure are dumb!"

I had learned the hard way that the air filter is a large round filter located inside the round steel casing that covers the carburetor that keeps dirt and dust from getting into the carburetor along with the air mixture, and that it needs to be vacuumed out periodically and eventually replaced. But he treated me just as he would one of his own kids, and while I was embarrassed by that incident I took it as a fatherly thing for him to have done. That phrase stuck with me and it served as a reminder to me through the years that my academic and intellectual accomplishments and interests could not be an excuse for not being able to do the ordinary things of life and I would still be "dumb" if I did not learn to do routine car maintenance or home repair or even computer maintenance. It was an important lesson.

In the middle of my senior year, during the two week Christmas vacation, I worked as a mail carrier. I had to take a competitive Federal civil service exam and scored high enough to get one of the available jobs. The Post Office hired temporary

workers to help deliver the mail at Christmas time to supplement the regular mailmen[31]. Postal workers were paid pretty well, and even as a temporary worker I got pretty good wages. I delivered mail on a regular mail route. The mailman on that route spent much of his time at the Post Office sorting mail and organizing it for delivery, which was then delivered to mail storage boxes along the route.

In those days there were two mail deliveries each day. The heavy volume of mail required more time to sort and organize than the regular carrier could handle, so temporary workers handled one of the daily deliveries. I was fortunate enough to get one of those jobs and even more fortunate to get the route that included the Reynolds' house so on cold and snowy days I had a place along the route to thaw out and get some hot chocolate. I continued to do that job for two subsequent years when I was a college student in Richmond but came home to the Reynolds for Christmas.

On days when I remember coming home some days cold and wet or exhausted from tramping through the snow all day and thinking that the mail carrier's slogan that rain, snow, sleet or cold did not deter them from their daily rounds was not such a good idea after all.

I had been working at summer camps for several years prior to my graduation, and I had come to love the experience, which I believe had a lot to do with helping me mature socially and acquire the independence and leadership that proved invaluable later; but now that I was graduating and was headed off to college, I thought I needed to get a "real" summer job. On the advice of Malvin E. McGaha, a member of my church who worked for the Federal government in the U.S. Department of Agriculture, I took the Civil Service Examination for clerk-typists and placed high enough on the list to land a GS-3 job at the Agriculture Department, again with the help of Mr. McGaha. I worked in the Fruit and Vegetable Division of the Agricultural Marketing Service. My job was to type marketing orders and correspondence from the Department for the signature of the Secretary or Under-Secretary of Agriculture. I worked there for three summers (1955-1957).

Working for the Agriculture Department was an interesting and enlightening experience. The building I worked in was on the Mall, so all the major government buildings were within walking distance. Particularly interesting to me was that my building was directly adjacent to the Smithsonian's many buildings so I

[31] The term *mailman*, however politically incorrect it may be by today's standard, was the term used for letter carriers at that time.

spent most of my lunch hours walking through the exhibits. I can't imagine a more interesting location.

The Army Medical Museum was also within walking distance and during the Cold War era with its fear of imminent attack by Russia, not only did I have to deal with the eerie weekly air raid siren tests, but I was also captivated by the exhibits in the Army Medical Museum, which showed bodies and parties of bodies that had been at Nagasaki or Hiroshima during the nuclear bomb blasts, and there were many exhibits showing what had happened during those blasts in quite specific detail. There were also general medical exhibits of all sorts of abberrations in human anatomy, effects on the body of various illnesses, and grotesque babies. No wonder that the exhibits were eventually ruled to be too gruesome for people to see and so the collection was moved to a nearby military base where it was no longer open to public viewing.

During the first summer I worked there, I went to work on my motorcycle and fortunately I was allowed to park inside the building. While I did not have a parking permit the police did not mind if I parked in an area too small for a car. In later years, after I no longer had my motorcycle, I parked my car on Haines Point, a substantial walk across the 14th Street Bridge and then on a side street where parking was permitted, but it was a 15-minute walk from there to the office. During my last summer I had the use of a station wagon belonging to the Baptist Student Union at Richmond. I was the caretaker of the car, and taking it home for the summer was permitted at my expense so that the car would be driven during the summer and the oil changed regularly—it was a fair and reasonable tradeoff.

Driving from the Agriculture Department to the Reynolds' house in Falls Church was quite a challenge, particularly on my under-powered motorcycle. I had to cross the 14th Street Bridge with its many lanes, then cross the Shirley Highway, which even in those days was 5 or 6 traffic lanes. This was the most bizarre traffic pattern I can remember. Two major highways intersected and crossed each other with no traffic lights. I had to completely cross multiple moving lanes on Shirley Highway in order to get to the highway I needed to get to Falls Church. Cars slowed down but did not stop short of an accident or a traffic jam, so it was necessary to just weave my way across lines of moving traffic. It was a daily headache. For some reason it was a lot easier to navigate this mess in the morning than it was during the evening rush hour.

One of the strange procedural aspects of Southern Baptist churches is that each church is very much independent of the denomination, either at the state level

(Virginia Baptist Convention) or national (Southern Baptist Convention), so that each church makes up its own rules and policies. Regardless the churches in the Washington—Northern Virginia area recognized two levels of ministers, those with "license to preach" and those who had been "ordained." The "license to preach" recognized a "call" to the ministry, but at least as my church understood it, it recognized a student's decision to go into the ministry as a "vocation" (which literally means a calling) and did not imply hearing a voice from god in the night.

So, having decided to go into the ministry, I was officially granted a "license" as a minister by my church, which was a necessary step in obtaining funds to assist in ministerial training. It was generally accepted practice that in order to be ordained it was necessary to obtain a 4-year college degree, then a 3-year graduate degree from a recognized theological seminary. However, that process could be circumvented by any church that chose to ignore it, and some did, with the result that some churches, particularly in the deep south, ordained just about anyone without regard to any theological or college education or ministerial training. That set the stage for an increasingly uneducated ministry, which has had a good deal to do with the anti-science anti-modernity stance of many of the Southern Baptist churches today.

My church and my minister were "soft evangelicals." There was not a lot of evangelical doctrine taught in the church or spoken about from the pulpit. If pushed, the minister confessed typical evangelical doctrines about the Bible, about heaven and hell, about salvation, but there was no focus on it. I had become something of a "hard evangelical"—I thought my church was missing the mark both in terms of focus and from the standpoint of energy. At Falls Church High School I had gotten caught up in the Bible Club and that in turn had connected me with the Youth for Christ movement, which met in a high school auditorium in Alexandria, Virginia, every Saturday night. I used to drive there on evenings when I didn't have to work, and sometimes went with other high school kids. I loved the evangelical fervor of the meetings, its appeal to youth, and its great modern gospel music, quite a different musical genre than I experienced singing old hymns out of a hymnal at my local church.

Only recently did I associate my interest in "apologetics"[32] with this simultaneous interest in evangelical Christianity. My academic interest at school was in the sciences, and I had taken all the science that my school offered. I became

[32] Apologetics is the intellectual exercise and the field of study which has as its goal the formal defense of the Christian faith.

consciously aware of the need to reconcile science with my evangelical views. It never occurred to me to frame the argument as one between science and religion so that there had to be a winner that would lead to the result that one was right and the other was wrong. I had assumed they were both right, and my job was to understand both and then to figure out how to integrate them in a unified vision. I did a lot of reading and thinking. I think it was at this time that the first doubts began to emerge in the back of my mind about some of the fundamental tenets of Evangelical Christianity, and I became increasingly dissatisfied with the way some in the field of religion dismissed evidence that tended to undermine their views. My commitment to religious studies from here on had a large component of trying to satisfy myself that Christianity made intellectual sense.

My church had a softball team that competed in a church softball league comprised of area churches. I played on the church team, mostly at 3rd base (the best fielding place for a left hander), but sometimes at left field or catcher. I did not have baseball cleats, but my track shoes were useful in running (but uncomfortable standing because they do not have a heel). One time while I was playing left field I ran in to catch a fly over the head of the shortstop, but Charles O'Neal who was playing center field, called for it so I stopped quickly. Charles ran by me, wearing his track shoes also, and punctured my big toe with his spikes as he ran by. The top of my track shoes was very thin leather such as gloves are made with, and my toe was bleeding profusely. That ended the game prematurely, as several of the men took me by car to the Reynolds house, about a block away, where we got the shoe off, and my foot was bandaged up as well as could be under the circumstances.

In June 1955 I graduated from Falls Church High School. Our graduation ceremony was held at the Lisner Auditorium of George Washington University. I delivered the valedictory address from memory—I was not permitted to use notes or a written text. Lisner was a huge auditorium used for many large public events and as I sat on the stage during the ceremony waiting for my turn at the microphone I was very nervous. As I got up to the podium and started the speech my legs were shaking but somehow I kept myself calm and my voice under control and got through it. Mother was not present at my graduation. According to Joe, and unknown to me until a few years ago, my mother was living with Chick in Washington at the time of my graduation, making her absence from my graduation even more disappointing and incomprehensible.

I did not have a high school yearbook for my senior year. I couldn't afford one. I did not know that I had been selected "most likely to succeed" by my classmates until I saw a yearbook sent to me while I was gathering materials and creating the website for our class 50th Reunion in 2005. It was quite a pleasant surprise.

Richmond

In September 1955 I enrolled in Richmond College, the undergraduate division for men at the University of Richmond. The trip from Falls Church, Virginia, where I was living with the Reynolds, was about 110 miles and the drive took about 2½ hours by car down US Route 1.

My first dormitory was one of the "temporary" buildings that had been built quickly during World War 2 as barracks for military officers being trained at the University. They were poorly built pre-fabricated buildings constructed in the early 1940s because they were expected to be taken down at the end of the war, but the University decided to keep them for use as freshman dorms. By 1955 they had used up their useful lives but that did not seem to matter much to University officials. These temporary barracks buildings were not air conditioned and were always uncomfortable: too hot in the Richmond summers and too drafty and cold during the winters. We survived. Barely.

My introduction to college life was something of a shock. Upperclassmen conducted a freshman initiation hazing ritual starting the first few days of college with the freshmen being rousted out of bed at 4 a.m. in our pajamas, marched to the athletic fields and forced to do calisthenics, running laps, pushups, etc. until we were exhausted. It was a particularly cold September that year in Richmond. I had asthma and between the cool air, the ragweed and the exercise I had trouble breathing. No excuses were tolerated. So I just had to put up with it.

After a week or so that part of the hazing stopped, but we were given little beanies, which we had to wear everywhere, I think as a sign of humiliation, and we were required to learn all the cheers, yells and slogans that were supposed to be shouted at football or basketball games. We had to memorize a long poem that ended with some sarcastic cracks about our arch rival, the College of William and Mary. The unpleasantness ended on Thanksgiving Day, on the occasion of the annual football game against William and Mary. Freshmen were not allowed to go home for the holiday until after that game was over.

In the spring of my freshman year there was construction going on near the cluster of men's dorms as a new dormitory was being built. Spring must bring out the worst in college students. One very warm evening after dinner a lot of students were outside on the grass or wandering around—and someone got the idea that it

would be fun to start up a bulldozer that was sitting in front of one of the dorms. It was easily started, since it had no key, and the student was obviously familiar with bulldozers and drove it out onto one of the practice fields.

Hundreds of students gathered to watch, yelling and encouraging him on. Campus police arrived and seemed unsure what to do at first, but then they began to chase the bulldozer. As the police closed in, the student jumped off the bulldozer and ran, leaving it in gear so it lumbered on until it ran into a pile of construction debris. The bulldozer stopped, its engine continued running, the treads continued to chew up the dirt, the students continued to laugh and shout, and the police clustered to see if any of them had any idea how to shut it off. None did. Eventually a student walked up to them laughing and volunteered to shut it down. He did. The police left. The students had a bit of a break from studying.

Fortunately for my sophomore year I got a room in a real dorm, Thomas Hall. That year there was a very serious flu epidemic that affected the entire college. Many students and faculty were ill. Classes were suspended. I did not get ill, at least not immediately. So I volunteered at the infirmary. At first I was sent around with meals, largely soup, for ill students, and took temperatures. By the next day the nurse decided that I could be better used by giving shots, so I was trained how to do it, and sent around to the dorms giving shots. After another two days the worst of it was over. Finally I got the flu and was down for a few days, but it was not a bad case and it was soon over.

The financial aid program I was provided by the university required me to work in the kitchen in exchange for meals. An older student in my dorm gave me what turned out to be good advice--to try to get on the dishwashing crew at Westhampton College, the women's college of the university. Westhampton was located on the other side of the campus, across the lake and up a winding hilly path, past the Chapel, then upward to the women's quadrangle. The reason was clear and welcome—the food was better at Westhampton. There were 8 men on the dishwashing crew and I managed to get one of the slots. The job was hot and unpleasant and Westhampton was a long walk from Richmond College, but was counterbalanced by the significantly better quality of the food so it was probably a fair trade.

It is difficult for me to explain how I felt as a college student at a private college where many if not most of the students came from middle or upper income families. My basic school costs were covered with financial aid from the college and private sources but there were costs that were not covered including essentials such as books and supplies at the college book store. I had never much thought about being poor or comparing my situation with others who had much more than I did, but being a freshman at a private college brought the issue of "the haves and the have-nots" into play. I did not have much money for clothes, even for such basics as socks and underwear. I was very careful with clothes so I did not need much. I had a good pair of shoes provided by someone from my church, and I remember being taken shopping by someone else from my church who bought me a new suit.

The money issue became clear to me pretty quickly. Some guys in my dorm would get together to go out to a local restaurant for dinner on weekends. I had to make an excuse why I couldn't go, and pretty soon they stopped asking. I couldn't get a coke or a milkshake at the campus store with guys in my dorm or run off campus for coffee and a donut. Even attending athletic events was something of a problem, because while tickets to some games were free to students, most were not, and I could not afford to buy tickets.

I discovered that some classmates were members of country clubs and participated in frequent social events were held there, taking dates from Westhampton College. I soon learned what "FFV" meant both literally and socially--the *First Families of Virginia*, those families descended from the aristocracy of Virginia, the landed gentry, the lawyers, the doctors, the politicians, the connected families. The University of Richmond was where they went to college, developed their own web of connections, and maintained their status among the elite. It was not much talked about, but it was obvious in so many small ways that I came from a different cultural world.

Despite difficult financial circumstances I did not think much about it. I said in an earlier chapter while talking about my childhood that I was aware that I did not have as much as some others did but I did not think much about it then, and now that I was in college, where my financial circumstances were more of an issue for me I still do not think a lot about it other than that I needed to be careful and wise in my spending, but I certainly did not resent others who had more than I did. I just accepted it as a fact of life, something to deal with, and I dealt with it as best I could. I didn't spend money for anything I did not need, and while I was sometimes

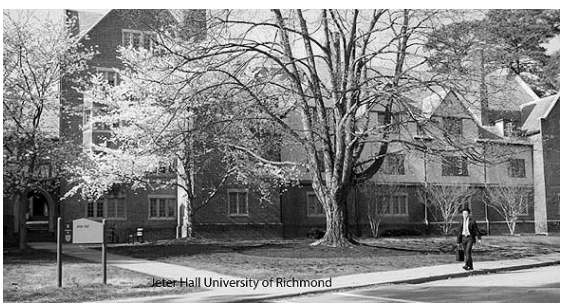
disappointed that I could not go get a soda at the store, I really was not very much troubled over it.

When I started writing about my youth my instinct was not to talk about this issue and it was only when I read an article in the Boston Globe while I was writing this chapter, about what it means to be poor in an Ivy League school, that I began to think about the implications of what some of the low income students in these prestigious schools face, that their reactions and experiences were similar to my own, that social class was worth mentioning because it was a factor in my college experience that I had unconsciously suppressed, and I decided it was worth mentioning because social class is not a new issue in education or society but it was more pronounced and obvious there. I experienced much of the same problems in the 1950s that current students face in attending college particularly at elite schools.

It occurred to me that in a way that I had not thought about before, the University of Richmond was an elite school at least for residents of Virginia. Westhampton College in particular was a prestigious upper class institution, and most of the young women there came from families with connections and money. That was a formidable emotional and financial barrier to me when I thought about dating a girl from Westhampton, particularly because I was kitchen help, a dishwasher, at their elegant dining room.

More problematic for me was that I had no practical way of meeting Westhampton girls since the only co-ed classes were in advanced areas (such as upper level physics and chemistry, which I did not take) where economics dictated that separate classes were not warranted, and I was not a member of a fraternity, which was the primary social focus on the campus. The initiation fees and the hefty monthly fees of social fraternities were simply out of the range of possibility even if I had been interested in them.

I became aloof from much of the social interaction on campus, partly because my family circumstances created some emotional withdrawal and insecurity, but also because my financial situation proved a barrier to participation in much of the campus social life and activities. My primary social and psychological support came from the Reynolds, the Woods and from church social activities.



Jeter Hall University of Richmond

I am sure there were other young men at Richmond who had similar financial circumstances, but I did not meet any. My college roommates were all from upper middle income professional families, nice kids, but all with supportive families and comfortable financial circumstances.

However there was one group of students who were a distinct group on campus, older than the rest of us and attending college under the G.I. Bill, a Federal government program that paid veterans of World War 2 and the Korean War to go to college for a degree, a program that covered all their college expenses and provided a salary as well, but these older guys tended not to mix with the traditional college age students. Some of them were serious students, some were there because it was a free ride at government expense.

The faculty had attitudes toward veterans ranging from support to contempt. My freshman professor of English showed open hostility to veterans. Professor Ball, who was also a columnist for the Baltimore *Sun*, was asked in class one day why he was so hostile to veterans, and after a look of surprise at the question, told the story of his military experience. At the beginning of World War 2 he had been drafted. He had just completed his doctoral degree and had expected a deferment on the grounds that academics were an essential profession. His request was denied and he was ordered to report for induction and testing. At the testing center he was handed a standardized test to determine reading ability. He was contemptuous of the test, and just wrote on the front of the test, Louis Ball, Ph.D., Johns Hopkins, and turned it in assuming that was sufficient indication that he could read and all they needed to know. The military did not have much interest in those who did not follow instructions no matter how stupid those orders seemed, so they graded him with a zero, and put him on duty peeling potatoes and scrubbing garbage cans for the war. He did not like the Army or anything connected to it.

It snowed occasionally in Richmond, and when it did sleds appeared as if from nowhere and the hill that sloped downward from Westhampton College to the lake was a favorite place for students to sled. One of my friends from my dorm had a short sled with open runners in the rear (unlike sleds today, where the runner curves upward in the rear and connects to the sled body). That open runner proved dangerous and nearly fatal. My friend had taken one of the girls down the hill lying on his back, but with her on his back there was too much weight for him to steer, and he hit a large tree. The open blade of the runner went right through his abdomen, impaling him. I didn't hear about the accident until several hours later,

but went to the hospital to see him. He was ok and got out of the hospital in a week but he was very lucky he was not killed.

I did not do much with sports at Richmond, probably because I had very little previous experience with sports. However I played intramural basketball during my freshman and sophomore years—and in both years I broke a bone in my foot, an outside bone across from the ball of the foot, once on the left side and then on the right. Both times it was the result of a sudden stop and a change of direction, as the shoe gripped the floor without slipping. I used a crutch for a couple of weeks and after the second break I gave up on basketball.

In the sophomore or junior year at Christmas break I drove to Boston with my brother Joe, who had become a student at the University, of course without telling me in advance, and he was only there one year. [Quite a few years later Joe went to the University of Virginia, and I believe he graduated from there.] Whichever year it was I drove with Joe to Boston to visit mother and Chick for Christmas.

It was a very long trip driving up US 1 through numerous small towns, with the only real highway the New Jersey Turnpike until we got into Massachusetts and hit the Mass Pike just west of Boston. Otherwise it was mostly a 2-lane road with slow traffic and lots of traffic lights. We only stopped for bathroom, gas and food—which late in the night meant stopping for coffee frequently to try to stay awake. The most difficult stretch of road I have ever driven was going east on the Mass Pike just after sunrise driving directly into the sun, my eyes trying to shut from being awake all night with me trying to keep them open long enough to reach our destination. It had taken about 24 hours to drive that distance.

Mother and Chick had an apartment in a small building in Alston. I don't remember much about our stay in Alston except that it was civil, no fights or arguments that I recall. The weather was pleasant, generally cold or drizzly, sometimes sunny, but no snow. I was still on crutches, since the broken foot bone had occurred a week before that trip, and it was very difficult to drive a manual shift car with a broken foot bone, but I managed. That was the last time I saw Chick. He died a few years later.

I went "home" to Falls Church to the Reynolds house as many weekends as I could every two or three weeks. Their home had become my home and I felt better there and more comfortable with the Reynolds than I ever felt with mother and Chick. I spent most Christmas vacations there. I had the black Dodge Meadowbrook sedan I had acquired in the summer after my senior year in high school, so I could go home

when I wanted. Sometimes other students from northern Virginia rode with me and helped out with gas. Insurance cost me about $100 a year and gasoline was widely available for about 30 cents per gallon—except in the areas along US 1 north of Fredericksburg where the constant gasoline price wars sometimes kept the prices as low as 15 cents per gallon.

In Richmond I met Dick Wood and his family. I struggled in recent years to remember how that meeting came about. As I recall it was a complicated story. National Gardens Baptist Church sponsored an organization for boys known as Royal Ambassadors. They were similar to Boy Scouts in two ways. They had ranks that could be achieved by passing various steps and camping was a component of their program, but the steps to be attained for promotion in rank were church related. They did not have an actual uniform, but they had armbands with insignia of rank. I was a member of Royal Ambassadors at my church and a youth leader.

There were two significant regional activities of Royal Ambassadors—a camping trip held at Prince William Park in Fauquier County, south of Falls Church, and an annual conference at Natural Bridge in southwest Virginia. My church participated in both events. On one of those trips Charles Reynolds, Buddy Collins and I went to that conference and drove down Skyline Drive in the Blue Ridge Mountains.

Mr. Percy Smith was a statewide leader of the Royal Ambassadors, so he was involved in running both the Prince William camping event and the state conference at Natural Bridge. I ran into him at both events. He was a member of Ginter Park Baptist Church in Richmond.

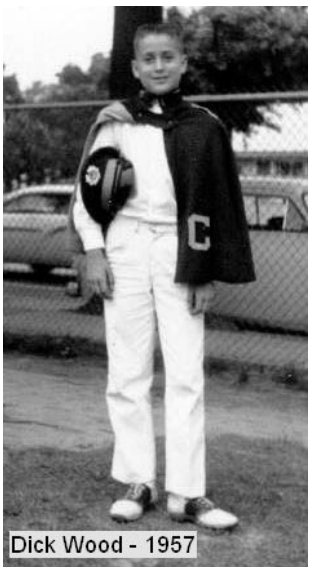
In the fall of my first year at Richmond College I had to choose where I would attend church. There was an interesting competition among some of the larger Baptist churches in Richmond to attract students that reminded me of a fraternity "rush" for members. The churches sent around invitations to social events and one church in particular attracted me, Tabernacle Baptist Church in downtown Richmond—it had some nice social events, it seemed eager to attract students, it was very large and it had a very comfortable bus for transport to church and back.

There were three ministers, Raymond Brown, the senior minister, and two young ministers who were recent graduates of Southeastern Baptist Theological Seminary in North Carolina. The ministers did not wear pulpit robes, they wore very formal black dress suits known as Prince Albert coat and tails, with grey vests. They were impressive. I had never seen ministers dress like that before. It was not an evangelical church. The choir was largely paid rather than volunteer, the music was very classical, the service very stiff and formal. I joined that church because I think I was overwhelmed by it but I was never very comfortable there. They utilized me as a leader in the youth program with responsibility for the Royal Ambassadors. (I had been a leader of the Royal Ambassadors at National Gardens Baptist Church so I assume that was why I had been given that assignment.)

The church owned a pretty impressive bus, a *Flxible*, a sleek cross-country type bus with an air scoop over the rear of the bus that fed air to the rear-mounted Buick Roadmaster engine. I got to drive the bus twice. Usually one of the assistant ministers drove it, but apparently he wasn't available that Sunday so I got the opportunity to drive it back and forth from the university to the church. It had a very smooth transmission with some sort of electric assist, but it was not a very powerful vehicle and it started off pretty slowly from a stop.

Tabernacle Baptist Church sent its delegation to the annual conference at Natural Bridge but my car was not large enough to take the entourage, and since the minister's son was a member of Royal Ambassadors, the minister volunteered the use of his new large station wagon for the weekend. Once again I ran into Percy Smith and his group of Royal Ambassadors and we talked and he invited me to join him at Ginter Park Baptist Church and assist in that program. So I visited Ginter Park. It was friendly, relaxed, natural and comfortable and immediately I felt at home there. I still had my duties at Tabernacle Baptist Church, so I decided

that I would make the shift to the Ginter Park church the following academic year, so it was a fresh start.


Dick Wood - 1957

I remembered meeting Dick Wood at the Prince William camp weekend while talking with Percy Smith and others from the Ginter Park church. So when I ran into Dick and his family at Ginter Park, I already knew Dick and a few other boys from the church. The Woods quickly "adopted" me into their family. In addition to Charles and Dot Wood there were three children: Dick, the oldest; Betty, a year or two younger; and Jack, who was probably in first or second grade when I met him. Over the next few years I spent a lot of time with the Woods and went on frequent weekend trips with them to their summer home near Bertrand, Virginia on the Rappahannock River near its mouth where it enters the Chesapeake Bay. I learned to water ski there. There was a boat ramp on the James River a short ways out of Richmond where the River was flat and wide and Dick and I went water skiing there several times when I was staying with them in Richmond, towing their boat behind their station wagon.

I decided sometime during the 1956-57 school year that I could no longer afford a car. The financial pressure was too great. I sold the car. Then, in the spring of that year I purchased a 1957 Harley Davidson motorcycle, a two-cycle 125cc. machine known as the "Harley Hummer." I had seen it advertised in the newspaper and it seemed just what I needed. It had a top speed of 60 mph (going downhill or with the wind behind me!) but it got 100 miles per gallon and insurance was not required, so my cost for transportation back to Falls Church, and around Richmond, became significantly less than with a car.

I don't remember how I got to the Harley dealer, but I think another student at Richmond dropped me off there on his way downtown. I bought the motorcycle, but then had to drive it off the lot and back to the university. I had never driven a motorcycle before, but it did not look difficult. After a 5 minute lesson on how to start it (with a manual choke) and how to shift gears, the salesman had me drive it around the lot, and when he thought I had figured it out, he sent me

on my way. I had never been in that part of Richmond before and had no idea where I was, so I drove around until I came across a street whose name I recognized, and eventually got back to the university. It was not a smooth trip. I had to contend with both upshifting and downshifting, managing to coordinate the clutch with the gear shift, and figure out where I was on roads I was not familiar with.

I had that motorcycle for the rest of my time in Richmond, and when I graduated and headed north for graduate school, I gave the motorcycle to Dick.

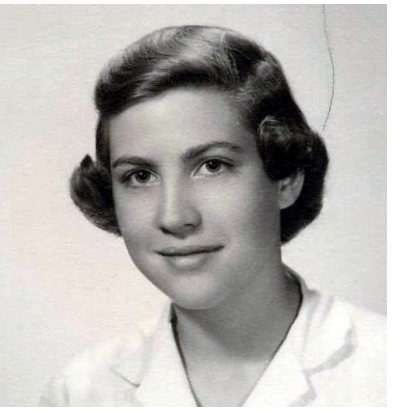
Charlie Wood owned a couple medium-size supermarkets, Wood's Market. They were much smaller than supermarkets today but larger than the typical city grocery store. He also owned a tractor-trailer truck that went to a wholesale distributor, where it was left overnight and then driven to the markets early in the morning to drop off everything from bread and milk, to canned goods and vegetables, that had been loaded during the night. At least twice I was sent to the wholesale market to pick up the truck and deliver it to the store, where staff unloaded it. But my regular job when I stayed with the Woods was recording daily sales by category and reconciling the ledger with the bank deposits, so I had my first experience with business accounting. Everything had to balance, so there was little chance of making a mistake.

One summer while I was still at the University of Richmond I spent a few weeks at the Wood's cottage while Dick was away at camp. Charlie Wood asked me if I thought I could put a new roof on the cottage and after thinking about it for a few minutes I told him that I did not think it would be very difficult to do and that I could manage it, so Charlie had new shingles, tar paper and roofing nails delivered to the cottage.

The family went to "the river" the next weekend and then left me there during the week to do the roofing. I had the use of their boat, which was tied up at their dock, and a little red International Farmall cub tractor[33] for transportation (there was a country store about two miles away that I could get to with the

[33] The tractor was pretty much an antique even then and I was delighted to hear from Dick that it had been refurbished and painted and is still running as well now as it did then.

tractor) and enough food for a week. They came back the following weekend to find the new roof had been installed. It was hot work, but the time by myself was enjoyable and more relaxing then it sounds. I worked from morning until early afternoon, then spent my free hours fishing, taking the boat out for a spin, mowing the fields with the tractor, or hiking along the old country road. I took the tractor off the premises twice, once to the country store and the other time to Bertrand, where there was a dock, I assume for commercial fisherman.



One of the families I was close to from the Ginter Park church had a daughter, Carol Thornhill. She was a senior in high school. Her father asked me to tutor her in math since she was apparently having trouble in her math class, so I spent the better part of a semester working with her, and as might be expected under the circumstances she was cute and smart and I started dating her. However that relationship soured after a while, and we did not keep in touch. I think I was clumsy at dating and went too far too fast with her.

In my early years in Richmond I had two auto accidents, one presumably my fault, the other a situation when I was hit by another car that ran a stop sign. Neither accident was very damaging. The first accident occurred on the trip back from Richmond to Falls Church at Christmas time during my freshman year. I was traveling north on US Route 1 shortly after passing Fredericksburg, on a 4-lane undivided highway. I was traveling after dark in a light cold rain. I had just passed a car and was still in the passing lane as I came over the crest of a hill and immediately in front of me a car was stopped, his turn signal on indicating a left turn. I tried to go around him but my car skidded sideways on the wet pavement and I hit the other car with my left rear fender, bounced off that car and then skidded into the ditch at the right side of the highway, the car resting on its right side.

I was scared but not hurt. The other car was not damaged, and neither was a new bicycle sticking out of the trunk that had been purchased for Christmas. I had hit that car on his rear bumper and somehow avoided hitting the bicycle. The driver inspected his car, saw there was no damage and drove off. I had a hard time getting out of my car because it was on its side and I had to push the door open and climb up and out. There was a gas station across the street and the guys working there inspected my car and said they could get it back on the road. They got their tow

truck out, tied a cable to my car, and pulled it back onto its wheels. Fortunately cars in those days were heavy and rugged, and made of steel. The side of the car was scratched up but it was not seriously damaged, the fender was pushed in but not against the wheel, so I was able to drive it home to the Reynolds' house. Later in the week Mr. Reynolds got out his tools and showed me how to fix a banged up fender.

The other accident occurred later in the spring while I was driving down Monument Avenue toward downtown. A woman came out of a side street, hit my car, and then drove off quickly without stopping. I chased her a few blocks and she drove into the driveway of her house. Her husband came out and threatened me. I demanded her license and registration. He threatened me again and told me to leave, saying I couldn't prove she hit me. People gathered while we argued. There were no cell phones so I could not call the police, but I asked one of the neighbors to call the police, and they arrived shortly. They did not ticket her for leaving the scene of the accident but made her produce her license and registration.

Her insurance company told me they would take care of it but I had to take the car to a specific garage. I did. They repaired it but the paint job was awful, black lacquer that did not match the enamel finish of the car, but I did not know better and in those days the customer did not have much choice about how repairs were handled.

I graduated from the University of Richmond in June 1959, first in my graduating class once again.

In the summer following graduation from Richmond I obtained a job as a program administrator and rifle range director at the YMCA camp for Richmond (I think it was called Camp Richmond), which was located east of Richmond on the James River. Later that summer Dick went to Camp Seagull on the Neuse River on the coast of North Carolina. I went with Dot Wood to help drive Dick to camp.

In those days summer camps often utilized canvas sidewall tents installed on wood tent platforms, with metal camp beds or bunk beds for sleeping, just about the same type of tents used at Camp Wampanoag. Dick was in high school and played trumpet in the band. He was a pretty good trumpeter so I arranged for him to be camp bugler for a few weeks until he went to Camp Seagull. He bunked in my tent. The tent platform was level with the ground at the front, but the ground was gently sloped and the back of the platform was about a foot above the ground. One night I woke up to the sound of leaves rustling under the tent platform and a faint smell of

skunk. There was no doubt that there was a skunk under the tent platform and after a brief moment of panic it was clear to me that if the skunk fired off his powerfully smelly weapon that everything in the tent would be ruined.

I decided I had one chance to resolve the problem—a shot to the head of the skunk that killed it instantly. If I missed—well, if I missed I guess we would both be shopping for some new clothes! I wished that I had a rifle in the tent, a rifle is much more accurate than a pistol, but of course I didn't—but I had my Ruger automatic .22 cal. pistol in my footlocker. I woke Dick and got him out of the tent, grabbed my pistol, shoved the clip into it, picked up my flashlight from the floor beside my bed, and headed outside.

When I shined the light on the skunk he froze. I asked Dick to hold the flashlight, keeping the beam on the skunk's eyes, then I slowly squeezed off one shot from 12 feet away. The bullet hit him in the head and killed him instantly. He had no time to release his scent. The shot seemed loud in the stillness of the night but oddly no one around us woke up, or at least no one came out of nearby tents. I decided we should wait until morning to remove the skunk so we would not disturb anyone.

Now that I was heading north to Rochester, New York for graduate school it was obvious that I needed a car. The Harley motorcycle would not do in the snow and the cold. Sometime that summer I bought a dark green 1956 Plymouth Savoy sedan with automatic transmission. By this time transmissions really were automatic. That car served me well for the next several years.

Colgate Rochester Divinity School

I needed that summer break after college graduation in order to get my head clear before heading to Rochester, New York, to begin graduate theological school to pursue a career about which I had some serious doubts. I was uneasy about the path I was pursuing and had some doubts about whether it was the right career for me but I did not know how to deal with those doubts. I had come to believe that the die had been cast and the ministry was my future and it was too late to do anything about it. What became clear to me over that summer and was confirmed by my first few weeks at Colgate Rochester Divinity School, was that I should modify my career path somewhat to become a professor and teacher of religion at the university level. The academic life had more appeal to me than being minister of a church.

In September right after Labor Day I drove north from Richmond, stopping in Falls Church to visit the Reynolds, then headed up US 15 on the long trek to Rochester. It was early fall and it was increasingly cold as I drove north. The days were now shorter than they were in Virginia, the trees were rapidly losing their bright fall color and the leaves were already dropping in great heaps on the sidewalks. It was symbolic of what was to come. Falls is short, winter is long and cold, and it appears as if summer will never return.

I was just as lost that first fall semester at Colgate Rochester as I was during my first semester at Richmond College. The campus was very compact. I was housed in a dorm that had suites of rooms—two small bedrooms and a sitting room. The faculty was first rate. Classes during that first year were intellectually vigorous and seemed designed to undermine various preconceived notions of faith, ostensibly to build a stronger faith. It was a tough academic environment with a focus on creativity, research and long papers rather than tests of specific factual knowledge, and it was an environment I liked. The most rewarding classes were under the tutelage of James A. Sanders (Professor of Old Testament), William Hamilton (Professor of Theology), and Harmon Holcomb (Professor of Philosophy of Religion). All were well known in their respective fields.

All students were required to take a field work or internship assignment. My assignment was as intern at First Presbyterian Church in downtown Rochester, which was adjacent to the campus of Rochester Institute of Technology and served as its chapel. The minister was also chaplain to RIT. In addition to assisting the minister in the Sunday morning service, my primary responsibility was as youth director. The service was formal, the members were aloof but polite, the minister was distant and I found the experience not much to my liking.

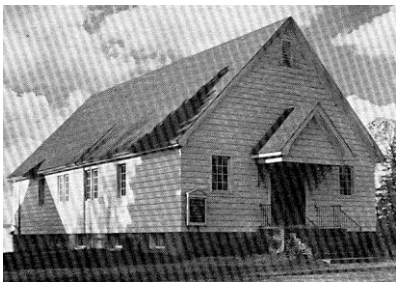
Fortuitously in the spring of 1960 I was asked by one of the faculty, the professor of New Testament James Rodney Branton, to work with him as co-pastor of a rural church about 35 miles west of Rochester in the Town of Gaines. I do not have any idea why he selected me other than that I was a student in his New Testament class and he respected my intellectual ability. Dr. Branton did not have time to assume that responsibility alone, and it seemed like a much better position for me than the downtown Rochester church where I had few serious responsibilities and a lot of unhappiness, so I accepted the offer with pleasure.

Dr. Branton and I worked well together, alternating the duties so that they fit into our respective academic schedules. In the spring of 1961 Dr. Branton and I had prepared for Good Friday and Easter services. I had driven out to Gaines on Thursday afternoon to stay in the home of a parishioner. I think it was at the home of Winton and Nina Hatch. Our Good Friday service was scheduled for Friday afternoon, and shortly before the service was to begin I got a phone call from Rochester that Dr. Branton had suffered a massive heart attack a short time previously and had died suddenly. That was a shock in more ways than one—I not only lost my mentor, but I had to carry on with the most important services of the year by myself. I had an easier time with the events of Good Friday (crucifixion and death) than I did with Easter Sunday (resurrection), but I managed to get through the weekend without any major blunders and was able to create the necessary sermons “on the fly” to my amazement.

I was now the solo minister. For the next two years I commuted from Rochester to Gaines on weekends, staying at the home of one of the parishioners each time.

They were wonderful people, tradesmen, farmers, school teachers, small business owners, some landed gentry whose income source was not apparent, factory workers, blue collar folks for the most part, in other words, a typical protestant congregation whose members attended church regularly but did not want to take their religion too seriously or think much about it.

Gaines is a rural community situated along New York's Route 104, the ridge road roughly paralleling the south side of Lake Ontario that stretches out between Rochester and Buffalo, just north of the Village of Albion in Orleans County. The church building, which had been built literally by the members of the church from timber that had been cut locally, was located adjacent to the Grange Hall and a quaint country store. Life and modernity had largely bypassed Gaines then, and even now the town has not changed much in the more than 40 years since 1961 when I became the student minister at the Gaines Congregational Church.



The Gaines Congregational Church was a rural church in a largely farming community. Sometimes I went out there for the day, but most often I was hosted in the home of one of the church members. I stayed in quite a few different homes over the time I was at Gaines. Fay and Esther Hollenbeck were key players in the church and in the community. Fay was getting on in years but he still played on the softball team and did some farming on his land. Fay was a remarkable man not least for his house, which he built himself from lumber milled on his land. I stayed with quite a few different families during my time in Gaines and I learned pretty early in my stay that I had to be careful what I said because almost everyone in the community was related to Fay Hollenbeck in one way or another and the tangled web of relationships would take a chart to keep track of.

Many of the homes I stayed in were working farms, but most of the farmers held a part time or even a full time job for wages because they were unable to support themselves on their farm income alone. Relatively few were full time farms. Some were dairy farms, but most grow cash crops, particularly corn or tomatoes. Lipton and Hunt were important industrial companies in nearby Albion and Hunt was a large buyer of tomatoes. Sometimes when I stayed at one of the farms I spent a little time helping on a Saturday afternoon, typically with the tractor spreading manure or cutting hay. As a city boy I thought I needed to show in some way that I understood what farm country life was like.

One of the homes in which I stayed from time to time was that of Edward and Marguerite Hamilton. Ed was the Sunday school superintendent. Both Ed and Marguerite were community leaders, active in both church and PTA. They had a daughter, Carol Sue, who was away at college, and a son Richard, who was a member of the youth group. Ed and Marguerite invited me to stay at their home one weekend when Sue was home for the weekend. Sue (she didn't use his first name, Carol) was pretty, charming and fun. I invited her to help me with the youth group. After some initial confusion over whether our first date was actually a "date" and a few weeks after our first casual meeting at her home, Sue and I began to date for real, and we were married on June 15, 1963.

Graduate theological education requires three years of study beyond the undergraduate baccalaureate degree. It is a long road. Summers provided some relief from the combined pressure of school and church. Fortunately the Gaines church was used to having theological students as ministers, so they were accustomed to their minister being away during the summer months.

Manatoc Scout Reservation

Now that I was at Colgate Rochester I knew I would need a summer job and the rifle range director/counselor job at the Richmond YMCA Camp did not pay enough to meet my needs. While I earned some money as an intern at a church (most internships paid a stipend, but not all did) I would still need to earn additional income over the summer if I were to have any hope of meeting my school expenses. Anyway I needed to be somewhere within driving distance to Rochester because my internship assignment at a local church might require that I be available to conduct services on Sundays.

During the spring of 1960 I scanned the job notices posted outside the field work office pretty much every day. One day I discovered a job posting for a chaplain for the Manatoc Scout Reservation in Peninsula, Ohio, close to Akron. It was about a six hour drive from Rochester to Manatoc, a pretty straight run down the New York State Thruway so it was possible for me to get back to the Rochester area on weekends. I applied for the job with a resume outlining my previous camp counselor experience and was offered the job and a contract by return mail without an interview.

The Manatoc Scout Reservation covered several hundred acres of forest, a very large land area with two quite different types of programs at opposite ends of the Reservation. At one end was the Boy Scout camp, where I worked, which was structured as a regular camp, with a full staff that operated program areas and activities (from swimming and crafts, to archery and riflery) under the direction of professional staff from the regional Scout district headquarters, and counselors (generally school teachers or college students) to operate various specialized activities.

The facilities at Manatoc were quite good and included a large dining building, a few staff cabins, and various tent areas where Troops from all over the Akron area could come for a week or more. The Scout troops did not have to bring tents with them—large group tents holding 6-8 boys each were set on wooden platforms, and were outfitted with metal bunks and plain cotton mattresses. The troops brought their own staff (Scout Master, assistant scout masters, and patrol leaders) to supervise the younger Scouts.

It was not a very demanding job, essentially requiring me to conduct the weekly chapel service each Sunday morning and to be available to staff or Scouts for counseling as needed. It was rarely needed. However there were some young staff

members whom I corralled into helping me with the Sunday services, which were held on Sunday evenings, usually doing a reading, not because I needed help with the service but because it was an opportunity to get to know some of the staff and to build a relationship with them and to co-op them into leadership of the chapel program. That relationship with the older Scouts provided me an opportunity to discuss their reactions and to gauge the effectiveness of the chapel talks.

I did not fit the model of a typical chaplain. The services were largely non-sectarian, in respect for the wide backgrounds of troops with various sponsoring organizations and diverse religious backgrounds—put another way I didn't use the Bible or prayer very much in the chapel services. Even at this stage in my education and career I was leery of using the Bible in services or in trying to build a talk off of biblical stories—it was simply too hard to talk about the familiar biblical stories to kids that age without creating the impression that I believed those stories were actual events.

It would probably be more accurate to say that my chapel talks were parables. I used stories to get across the point of the day. Boy Scouts had a tradition of interest in American Indian folklore so I used traditional Indian stories with their context of respect for nature and wildlife, their focus on character development and growing up, the spiritual nature of their attitude toward bravery and wisdom, and the ease with which the stories carried their own moral values without me having to hammer the point home. It seemed to work pretty well.

I wore the typical uniform of a scoutmaster or scout executive—short pants (it was summer!), short sleeve collared shirt with a neckerchief, long socks, etc. I had a rustic cabin all to myself, equipped with a camp bed, desk with a light, a chair, and not much else. It was very minimally equipped, reminding me of the quarters of a medieval monk, but it was adequate and comfortable, and served its intended purpose.

During the day I spent a lot of time walking around the camp, observing at the various activity areas, and talking to staff and kids. In the evenings I spent time in the tent areas and frequently told stories—usually ghost stories—around the campfires held at the Troop camp sites. The evening programs were generally the responsibility of the local troops, although on some evenings there were camp-wide special events, award ceremonies, or camp fires.

One of the staff members, Captain Thompson, a Korean War veteran who was director of the rifle range the first year I was at Manatoc, talked with me a lot and

sometimes came to the Sunday services, which were actually non-sectarian non-religious services with a focus on a moral theme. He took issue with me sometimes and I often thought he did it for just to argue because he liked the verbal jousting. We got to be pretty good friends over the summer. On one occasion I had said something in a chapel talk that he took issue with. I have long forgotten the subject of the talk or what his objection was—but not his response to it. He told me two things I will not forget: (a) there are no heroes in war; everyone is scared and the only difference between a hero and a coward is which way they run when the shells hit; and (b) there are times when you have to forget about your simplistic values and do what the situation requires, including killing if necessary.

He offered a specific example. His commanded an artillery unit that was back from the front lines but often enemy soldiers got through the lines. He and some of his soldiers had captured two North Korean soldiers. The North Koreans, which were noted for their mass suicide attacks on American troops, were known by military intelligence to be planning an imminent attack. The Americans, who were substantially outnumbered, needed to know when and where an attack would occur. Through an interpreter he asked one of the soldiers when the attack would occur. The soldier refused to answer. He put a .45 automatic to the captive's head and asked him again. The North Korean soldier still refused. Captain Thompson pulled the trigger. He then put the gun to the other captive's head and asked him the same question. He got the answer he needed.

We had a lengthy and heated discussion, but I was never sure whether he told that story for effect and argument or whether it actually happened the way he described.

The chaplain's job bored me. I liked the camp and wanted to return the following summer but I did not want to return as chaplain. It should probably have been obvious to me that my lack of interest in the role of chaplain foreshadowed disenchantment with the ministry as a career. I was much more comfortable as a camp counselor and instructor, and at a later point in my career I would make a similarly instructive decision to be an independent school teacher and administrator rather than school chaplain—it was closer to the action of where real life was lived and seemed to me to provide opportunities for affecting lives in a way that was more difficult to accomplish with the baggage of religion.

As it happened Captain Thompson did not return Manatoc, so the position as rifle range director and instructor became available and I took that job for the next two years until I graduated from Colgate Rochester. It was a very well-constructed firing

range with firing positions for about a dozen Scouts at a time built against the side of a hill, with a heavy wooden barrier built of timbers, most likely railroad ties I think, but heavy enough to stop bullets after they went through or past the targets. I ran very tight controls. There were old cot mattresses at each firing position. Scouts were instructed very carefully in firing position lying on the mats and on range procedure. After the preliminary instruction, which included not touching the rifles or the ammunition until told they could do so, five .22 cal. cartridges were placed on each mat, and when everything was ready the boys were told to load and fire their five shots, then open the bolt and lay the rifle on the mat, not touching it again.

No matter how safe the firing range is built and how carefully the range is managed, sometimes an accident will occur. After years of shooting and managing rifle ranges with no accidents occurring, one afternoon while sitting on the rail behind the shooters observing and giving instruction I felt a sharp stinging sensation on my calf and noticed blood running down my leg. A bullet had ricocheted off the dirt mound behind the wooden barrier, probably hitting a stone in the dirt, and improbably managed to hit me. It was not a serious wound, just in the calf, so I bound it up with a handkerchief with the assistance of a Scout and a Scoutmaster (who obviously were training in first aid) and finished the session before heading to the nurse to get it bandaged. The bullet did not have much energy left by the time it hit my calf, so it did not penetrate very far. It was a superficial wound that was easily managed.

Since I had become a senior member of the staff, I was involved with opening and closing of camp and had other responsibilities. The camp was eligible for surplus military equipment, and it got some of its vehicles from the Army, including two jeeps and a dump truck. I had always liked driving different sorts of vehicles and had driven heavy vehicles in the past (at Tabernacle Baptist Church in Richmond, which had a large highway bus with 4-5 forward speeds and a two-speed rear end with electric shift, which I drove sometimes between the University and the Church; and while staying at the Wood's in Richmond, who had a tractor-trailer rig used to supply his grocery stores), so I was familiar with different types of transmissions that required double-clutching and dual speed shifting. [I think heavy

truck drivers today have a much easier job than in the 1950s and 60s because today all the big rigs have automatic transmissions. No need to remember complicated shift patterns and double-clutching to synchronize the transmission gears.]

The camp director needed the dump truck to pick up something in the nearby city of Akron, what I do not recall, but I was available and volunteered to drive if someone who knew the area went with me as guide so that I did not get lost in the City. Driving that dump truck was a bit tricky and I did not want the additional complication of dealing with being lost at the same time. The truck had six forward speeds and a three-speed rear axle, a bit more complexity than I was used to, so it took a few miles to adjust to the series of steps needed to shift gears going up and down hill and to remember which of the 18 possible combinations I was in. I drove it several more times during the summer, usually to the dump. I thought it was fun to drive big trucks, but did not have the opportunity again until I went to Cardigan Mountain School, where I sometimes drove the ski bus from the campus to the Pinnacle, a nearby ski hill.

There were two jeeps at Manatoc, one used by the camp director. Eventually I was able to get the second jeep assigned to me, the precipitating event occurring when the program director got it stuck on the side of a ravine in the woods showing off to his friends and almost turned it over—so for the rest of that summer it was assigned to me and stayed at my cabin when not being used by other staff. I used it for evening patrol through the tent areas, for hauling gear for scoutmasters and their troops at the beginning and end of each week (using a trailer) to and from the parking lot, and on occasion for emergencies.

One such emergency came up when a sudden thunderstorm hit, with very high winds and cascades of rain. Tents were always in danger of coming down when we got a sudden storm, and so I rushed out of my cabin to head toward my jeep when a lightning bolt struck a tree about 20 feet from me, knocking me down and stunning me for a few moments, but as soon as I recovered I headed into the tent areas to help lash down tents with extra rope. A few tents blew down during the storm but were quickly set back up again.

The camp week ended on Saturday morning, when the Troops left, and began again on Sunday evening when the new Troops arrived. Most Saturdays I drove back to Albion but on other Saturdays I would go home with one of the staff for the

weekend. One weekend I went home with a young staff member, Dick McCombs, who lived in Silver Lake, Ohio and whose father was a manager at Roadway Express, a trucking company. I was having trouble with my car at that time, an old Renault Dauphine whose starter had failed and fortunately it had a hand crank which I used to start it. I had been thinking of buying another used car in the belief that was all I could afford but Mr. McCombs convinced me, using financial formulas and hard data, that it was actually more economical to buy a new car and armed with that data I negotiated a trade of my Renault for a new Plymouth Valiant. It turned out to be a wise decision.

Most weekends I drove back to Albion. Sometimes I stayed at the home of Winton and Nina Hatch, who had several sons and a daughter. They had a very large attic room in their house where the boys slept, and I stayed in their room. Other times I stayed at the home of Dick and Marge Rustay, who had several sons but the ones I knew best were Bruce and Steve, who were in the youth group at church. It was a short weekend, arriving in Gaines on Saturday, conducting the service on Sunday morning, then after church heading back to Camp Manatoc.

The *Order of the Arrow* is an honor society for Scout leaders. They had special ceremonies occasionally for various purposes including inducting new members. I was honored to be elected to the *Order* at Camp Manatoc and received my ceremonial white sash with the red arrow. [That is something I should have kept, along with my Scout uniform. I have no idea what happened to them but I suspect they were destroyed in the fire that engulfed my mobile home in the fall of 1962, but that's another story.]

My last summer at Camp Manatoc was in 1962, the year I graduated from Colgate Rochester. At the end of that summer the camp wanted to dispose of an old green Chevrolet pickup truck that had been used year round at the camp for maintenance, including putting salt on the camp roads. The bed of the truck was largely eaten away by the salt, but otherwise the truck was in good condition. I decided I could use a pickup truck around Gaines so I bought it for $100 (an subsequently installed a plywood floor on the truck bed). I do not remember how I got the truck back to Albion. Someone from Gaines went to camp with me to pick it up but I do not remember who. I did not

need the truck but it was a fun and useful vehicle to have around rural western New York. I used it to pull a boat trailer and a large utility trailer that I had purchased to go to the dump and to haul materials to my house on Lake Ontario.

Rural Western New York

In June 1962 I graduated from Colgate Rochester. I decided to remain at the Gaines Church while I figured out where to pursue the doctorate and how to finance it, or alternatively until I found a larger suburban church that could provide a better living and that was tolerant of my progressive religious outlook. Anyway I was tired of the academic pressure of seven long years since I had entered college and wanted a year off.

I was now a minister in a rural parish. My formal theological education had ended and my practical theological education had begun.

Gaines Congregational Church 1963

Gaines wanted a full-time minister but could not really afford it yet. They offered to pay me $35 per week, not much more than I was getting as a student minister. I could not have lived on that even in those days. Fortunately an opportunity came along that provided the means to remain at Gaines as their minister. One of the church elders, Lester Canham, was the current chair of the Board of Commissioners of Orleans County. New York State had recently implemented a change in their judicial system that mandated counseling services be provided by the Family Court in each county, and in Orleans County it was decided that the service would be provided under the jurisdiction of the Probation Department.

Lester Canham asked me for help in writing the job description for the position. The more I learned about it, the more it was obvious that I had the background and training necessary for family counseling, so I indicated my interest in doing the job myself. He agreed it made sense and got the position approved by the Supreme Court judge responsible for the Family Court and by the Board of Commissioners.

I was made an officer of the Probation Department, earning about $65 per week, with primary responsibility for youth and marriage counseling. I discovered that the job came with powers as an officer of the court, including the power of arrest and

the authority (and duty) to carry a concealed weapon. The job actually involved counseling with juveniles as ordered by the court as part of a probation order, marital counseling in family disputes that came under the jurisdiction of the court, special investigations for the court in adoption and termination of parents' rights proceedings and background reports for the judge about the circumstances of the crime and the background of the offender preparatory to sentencing in criminal convictions.

Once I was part of the judicial system I was surprised that public defenders sometimes advised their clients to plead guilty to crimes of which they were actually not guilty, and where the attorneys had not even talked to their clients to determine what happened. It was apparent to me very quickly that some public defenders went through the motions but betrayed their duty to their clients and to the judicial system. I was quickly disillusioned by the lack of commitment to the law and to justice.

One case in particular I found very troubling and more than any other case I handled it increased my growing unhappiness with the judicial system. Six illiterate migrant workers at a migrant camp near Albion were found in a room at the camp with money stolen from a gas station in town earlier in the day in a robbery in which the gas station owner had his head crushed by a tire iron and was in critical condition. All of the men found in the room with the stolen money were charged with armed robbery and felonious assault. In court an officer with the New York State Police described the robbery, detailed the description of a car in which the robbers were seen leaving the scene of the crime, talked about the search for the car and finding it at the migrant camp, breaking in the door of the room and finding the defendants dividing up the money stolen in the robbery. When asked for a plea, the attorney representing the six defendants pleaded them guilty. The judge postponed sentencing for the men pending a pre-sentencing report by the Probation Department.

I went to the jail and interviewed each of the six men separately. Each told essentially the same story. Two of the men were at the service station having a tire changed. When the owner of the station leaned over the men saw that he had a very large wad of cash in his shirt pocket. One of the men saw an opportunity for them to steal the cash, grabbed a tire iron and smashed in the head of the station owner. They grabbed the money, went back to the migrant labor camp, joined four of their friends who were in the room playing cards, took out the money and were sharing it with their friends when the police broke into the room. It was apparent

that those four men were not guilty of armed robbery, although they knowingly accepted the stolen money. I went to the judge with what I discovered.

Judge Ken Serve asked me to pick up the attorney and bring him to the judge's office in the courthouse. After asking the attorney why he had never asked his clients what had happened, and castigating him for failing in his duty to his clients, he ordered the attorney to appear for a special hearing the next morning with the District Attorney at which some complex legal procedures resulted in throwing out the guilty pleas and entering new charges and pleas for the four men. The result was 20 years in prison for the two who committed the robbery and a few months in jail for the other four, followed by probation. Justice may be blind, but it is not supposed to be negligent and stupid too.

In the spring of 1962 when I made the decision to remain in Gaines after graduation, it was no longer practical or desirable that I continue to stay in homes of church members, so I bought a used 35-ft mobile home and had it installed behind the church next to an old cemetery. I had not realized that the cemetery was there until after the mobile home had been installed because it was partly hidden by woods and overgrown with weeds and tall grass. It was not until I had moved into the trailer that I realized that I was living next to a cemetery. I have no idea why I had not noticed that before but I guess I had not spent much time behind the church so I had just not been aware that it was that close.

A septic tank had to be installed before I could use my new home. I borrowed a tractor with a front end loader/shovel attachment and dug the hole for the tank and the ditch for the drainage pipe. One of the church members had given me general instructions on how to design and install a septic system. I used a 50-gallon drum for the tank. Of course that would not work for the long term and it would

never pass inspection if there was any inspection, but this was long before the days when zoning or inspection requirements existed in rural areas. Water and electricity were run underground from the church, so there was no separate meter for either. The mobile home was heated by an oil furnace, so an oil tank was installed at the rear of the mobile home. There was no phone; I used the church office phone if I needed to make phone calls.

In the spring of 1963 the mobile home burned and was a total loss. My office during the week was in a building in downtown Albion adjoining the courthouse and the sheriff's office. That day I had stopped somewhere, probably the grocery store, on my way home. A deputy that had been looking for me spotted my car and pulled me over to tell me that my home was on fire.

I had red flashing lights mounted behind the grill of my car in the same way that they were installed in unmarked state police cars and that was one of the few times I used them, but I got home quickly to find that the mobile home was a smoldering metal hulk. Most of my books were inside in a bookcase near the door, and I was able to rescue some of them. The fire department blamed arson for the fire and suspicion fell on a juvenile that I had arrested a few days before for violation of a probation order. It is equally possible that the fire was started by a heated cable that had been installed on the water input line to keep water from freezing.

I was back to living at the home of church members, but this time I had no desire to keep moving around, so for a few months I stayed at the home of Winton and Nina Hatch, who lived about a block from the church.

In June I was to be married to Sue and we needed a place to live. A month before we were married Sue and I bought a small 2-bedroom house at Point Breeze, on the shore of Lake Ontario, about five or six miles from town. The house had not been lived in for two years; its owner had moved to Florida after her husband died. One of the attorneys that I worked with regularly on court business was also a real estate broker. One day while talking with him I mentioned that I was looking for a house near town that I could afford. He told me that he had a listing for a house located

on the lake that he had never seen and had forgotten about, but he suggested I look at it, and he gave me the key.

It was actually located quite far out from town on the shore of Lake Ontario, a cute little white bungalow, situated high up on a bank overlooking the lake, with a pebble beach and three acres of land. The owner was asking $12,000. I had no idea how I would get a down payment, but the lawyer suggested I offer a low price, see what happened, and then worry about how to pay for it. That sounded like a reasonable plan, so I offered $8000 and it was immediately accepted. The bank said they would give me a mortgage but I had to have 20% down payment. Ed Hamilton, my future father in law, offered to sell some of his Bell telephone stock and he gave me the $1600 I needed for the down payment.

Sue and I were married in June 1963 and moved into the house. The view was spectacular. The house was small but comfortable; it had an innovation in heating for that time, glass panels with integrated heat strips mounted in the walls that heated the rooms with electricity. Like other houses in the area, there was a dual water system. The house had a shallow well for drinking water but even though on the shore of a lake, well water was unreliable. Water for showers, flushing toilets and laundry was provided by a 5000 gallon cistern in the basement of the house that stored rainwater that was drained from the roof and flowed through pipes into the storage tank. Sinks had three faucets, the extra faucet for water for cooking and drinking that came from the well. The standard hot and cold water faucets provided water from the cistern.

We had a wonderful time at that house during the summer. We acquired a small boat with a 10-hp Mercury engine, which we kept on the rocky beach, and of course we had an outdoor grill for barbecues. Three acres was a lot of grass to cut with a hand-pushed lawnmower and I decided to let two of the three acres remain as a field with uncut hay. I could get a local farmer to cut the hay each fall, the value of the hay his compensation, a fair deal for all. Later I

bought a used Jacobsen two-cycle lawnmower that did a terrific job of cutting grass and was probably the best lawnmower I ever owned.

It was an interesting year with my time spent between the Probation Department office adjacent to the Courthouse and my weekends as minister of the Gaines Church but it seemed to work out pretty well for all. I worked on sermons during the weekends and on Saturdays, and used Sundays to deal with church business and the youth group, for which I was responsible but had some help with several members of the church.

I had some experiences that I would never have had without working for the Probation Department, including some that tempered my idealism with some encounters with reality that gave me a more balanced look at life than I might have had otherwise.

Three experiences in particular have remained with me through the years.

One was a common abuse of the judicial system in which I played a minor role, yet found deeply disturbing in later years. At the bottom of the judicial and court system as it worked in New York State in those years were Justices of the Peace [JP] that were elected in each township and who were typically farmers or small business people who could be available on short notice. They were responsible for informal courts usually held in their living room or office to deal with minor infractions that could involve fines or sentences in the County jail. Offenders were often given suspended sentences and put on probation and ordered to report to the Probation Department for supervision. If they failed to report as ordered they were charged with violating a court order and remanded to jail to serve the sentence that had been suspended.

A young man had stolen a neighbor's bicycle to get to work, had been caught and charged and sentenced to 60 days in jail, suspended, and given probation. He had never shown up at the Probation Department. So I prepared some forms: an arrest warrant, which the law allowed me to sign, and an order of commitment to jail on the original sentence of 60 days, which I provided to the JP. I drove to Medina, where he lived, located him with the help of Medina police, arrested him, put him in my car without handcuffs (which I did not carry and did not need because I usually took a deputy with me to make an arrest, but none was immediately available), and drove to the house of the local JP, who was on his tractor mowing when I located him. He read the paperwork while still on his tractor, signed the commitment order, and I then drove the guy to the jail. On the way he explained

that he had not shown up at the Probation Department for the same reason he had stolen the bike in the first place, he had no transportation and no one would drive him. I felt bad about it, but justified it on the basis that I was just doing my duty. The second memorable incident occurred while I was riding in the car of the Undersheriff, Don White, who was accompanying me on an arrest for violation of a court order when he got a call about a serious auto accident in which a train had hit a car at an unguarded railroad crossing. We abandoned our mission and headed to the scene of the accident. It was the worst thing I had ever seen. All four occupants of the car had been killed, two decapitated, and I had to help the deputies put the bodies in body bags that had to be brought from town because they were not routinely carried by deputies.

The third incident involved a 15 year old boy who was on probation for a minor incident that I do not remember, but in lieu of a juvenile sentence the judge ordered him on a year of probation and so he met with me monthly. At one of our meetings he casually said that there was something he wanted to talk about but it was awkward. I guessed that he was testing me to see if it was ok to talk about something not directly related to his probation, I think because he found it easy to talk to me.

I told him it was ok to tell me what was on his mind and he revealed that a minister of one of the major churches in town had been molesting him regularly over the past several months. He described in some detail what had transpired. I had never run into anything like this before and was uncertain what to do about it. I discussed options with the boy. When he realized that if charges were brought that he would have to testify, his parents and friends would find out, and it would all be public, he said he just wanted it to stop and would not sign a statement about what had happened. So I told the boy I would make the problem go away. I called the minister, told him I had something I needed to talk to him about and invited him to my office. When he arrived I told him what had been alleged and that resigning was his best option to avoid problems. He looked stunned but did not deny it, and very shortly thereafter he resigned.

However life must move on, and the stay at Gaines for that final year after graduation had been intended as an interlude between Colgate Rochester and a doctoral program. I had concluded that even with a fellowship I could not manage the costs of a doctoral program without also being minister of a church and stretching out the doctoral program. I was not willing to do that. So I put out some inquiries to prep schools through the Council on Religion in Independent Schools. I did not need a doctorate to teach religion at that level. That began the

focus of my career toward education rather than parish ministry. It was a decision I never regretted.

Cardigan Mountain School

In late August of 1963 on a Friday evening I got a phone call from Norman Wakely, who identified himself as the Assistant Headmaster at Cardigan Mountain School in Canaan, New Hampshire. He invited me to come up to New Hampshire to look at his school. Our conversation was a comedy of miscommunication errors. I was distracted by issues I was dealing with related to my office and he was not clear that he was looking for someone with my background in religion to teach religious studies and to be the school chaplain.

In reflecting on the confusion and miscommunication surrounding that first phone call from Norm Wakely from the hindsight of many years, I became acutely aware of how much context and expectation play in effective communication. I had spent that week talking to the heads of several private out of state schools as possible institutions where Orleans County could send juvenile offenders as an alternative to the state training schools in New York, which were primarily intended for hardcore delinquents and youth criminals with little chance of rehabilitation. I had the authority to make arrangements with private schools (such as George Junior Republic, a privately run delinquent facility) for placement subject to an order from the Family Court judge for the placement once arrangements were made. I had not considered institutions outside New York State. I heard Norm Wakely's conversation with me in that context, and I kept telling him that he could send me the information and I would consider it, but that I did not want to go to New Hampshire just to visit a school.

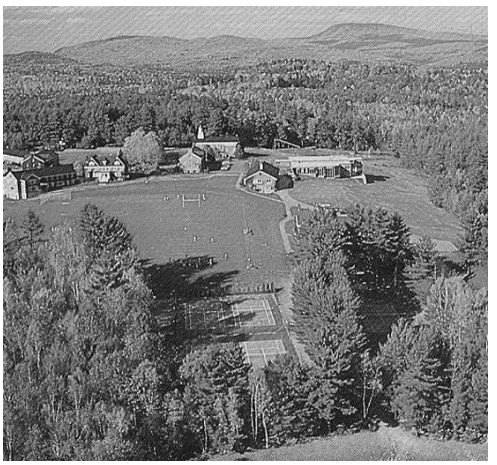
Norm Wakely was persistent, however, and called me again the following week. This time I got the message that my resume had been sent to him from the Council on Religion in Independent Schools and he was proposing to hire me as chaplain and head of the religion department at Cardigan. I had hoped for an opportunity a bit farther south but Sue thought I should look at Cardigan as an opportunity despite its location in New Hampshire, so with some reluctance I agreed to a visit to the school over Labor Day weekend. We decided that we would use that trip to justify a trip to Boston for a visit with my mother, whom I had not seen in a long time and who had not come to our wedding and had not yet met Sue.

Sue's parents lived on the Ridge Road in Gaines. Her dad worked for the telephone company as a lineman, and he had a part-time business selling *Skamper* camping trailers and displayed several models in his front yard. They were compact and lightweight. The aluminum cover over the trailer box raised up for standing room while camping and closed down for travel. When raised there were vinyl side

curtains with plastic windows and screens. It was a very nice concept. Fortunately I had a trailer hitch on my station wagon, so we decided to use one of her dad's Skampers for the trip.

We left Gaines the following Friday and drove toward Canaan, New Hampshire, stopping for the night in Vermont. I had not used a trailer like this before but it was pretty easy to set up. What I did not anticipate was that cold weather (it got down into the low 40s overnight) caused water to condense on the vinyl sides and run down the walls onto the seats, which served as the base for the sleeping bags at night. So we woke up finding ourselves cold and a bit wet from all the condensed water underneath us. Fortunately it was a bright sunny day, we dried out quickly, got the top down on the trailer and continued on our way to Canaan. We were met at the Assistant Headmaster's House by Norm Wakely.

We were delighted by our visit to Cardigan. It was a beautiful campus set on the shores of a small and charming lake. The faculty I met that day were friendly and cordial. A new and elegant chapel had been built on the campus by a renowned Boston architect, with wonderful office and classroom facilities. The "mission statement" for the religion department was compatible with my liberal theological beliefs (although we did not know at that time that the Unitarian headmaster was soon to be fired and Norman Wakely, the assistant headmaster who was trying to hire us, had a quite different and more traditional philosophy in mind). After our weekend visit, while driving away from the campus, Sue and I looked at each other and agreed that we should accept that job and start our life together in this exciting new context.



After leaving the campus we drove down Route 4 through southern New Hampshire to Boston to spend a couple days with my mother. She had a tiny second or third floor apartment in a row apartment building on Commonwealth Avenue in Boston that was reached by what appeared to be a freight elevator. Mother's bed was in a sleeping alcove in the apartment. That night Sue and I endured a largely sleepless night on a sofa bed in the living room. Mother was a constant smoker and the apartment was filled with a smoky haze and an unpleasant odor of stale cigarettes.

After we had gone to bed mother was up for several hours in the kitchen doing endless cleaning that seemed to have no point. During most of that time apparently oblivious to the fact we were attempting to sleep, she chatted on endlessly about her job, its challenges, its personnel, local gossip and the intricacies and mechanics of keeping financial records for a diaper service. Eventually she went to bed and snored and coughed loudly throughout what remained of the night. It was a necessary but stressful and uneventful few days in Boston before heading back home.

The day after arriving back in Gaines from our trip I called Norm Wakely to tell him that I would accept the position and we worked out the specifics for a contractual agreement. I would report for duty at the end of September. We were given a small two-room apartment on the second floor of Brewster Hall, the dorm closest to the chapel. The apartment had an efficiency kitchen hidden behind sliding doors, but since our meals would be in the dining room it did not matter much to us. My salary was $3600 per year, but housing, meals when school was in session, heat, electricity and telephone were provided, so we had virtually no expenses. I was feeling pretty good about our financial condition.

We remained at Cardigan for four years. They were some of the best years of our lives. My teaching duties went beyond religion, where my classes avoided theological issues and controversy, and were oriented toward the history and literature of the biblical period. I developed a course in values and ethics as a basis for decision-making (which was adopted by the Unitarian Universalist Association for a youth ethics program) and at various times when needed I taught classes in English, ancient history and algebra.

During those years all faculty had non-academic responsibilities, such as supervising dormitories, trying to create some semblance of a normal home environment for kids who were away from home much of the year, and serving as advisors and coaches for various activities during the different seasons. Since I had experience with waterfront activities, I soon was responsible for the boating activities and the sailing team, and at other times I was responsible for the rifle program.

I coached Cardigan's sailing team for several years. Cardigan owned a fleet of Tech Dinghies, apparently a low cost boat designed for youth and general recreational sailing by the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, which also sponsored an annual regatta using those boats, a regatta in which Cardigan participated and did quite well in the competition against mostly senior schools. I was able to get Cardigan to supplement the fleet by purchasing FJs (Flying Juniors, a smaller version of the Olympic competition boat the Flying Dutchman). We started boys off in the Tech Dinghies, which were easier to sail and more stable, before moving them up to the FJs.

Our Mustang at Tabor Academy 1965

The most memorable sailing trip during my years at Cardigan was a weekend trip for a sailing match at Tabor Academy, a school noted for its sailing fleet (which was huge), located at Marion, Massachusetts on Buzzard's Bay. We drove down to the Cape on a Friday to the home of Warren Morris, who hosted the whole team at his house, and on Saturday morning we boarded his family's 40-foot Concordia Yawl and sailed into the harbor at Tabor Academy in grand style. It was a great trip.

Since I was a southern boy, I had no experience with the two activities that dominated the winter months at Cardigan—skiing and hockey. Someone figured I could do little damage as assistant hockey coach, and since I had never seen a game of hockey before and had never been on skis, I guess that was the safest place for me. I learned to skate quickly since I could then move around on the frigid ice and did not have to stand still on the sideline of the hockey rink which had been constructed on the frozen lake as soon as the ice was

thick enough for skating. However I soon learned to ski well enough that the following year I was a good enough skier to teach basic skiing to those who, like me, had no previous experience with skis before arriving at Cardigan. From then on I was able to enjoy skiing on the Pinnacle, the ski area with a T-bar lift on the campus and off campus ski trips every Wednesday afternoon.

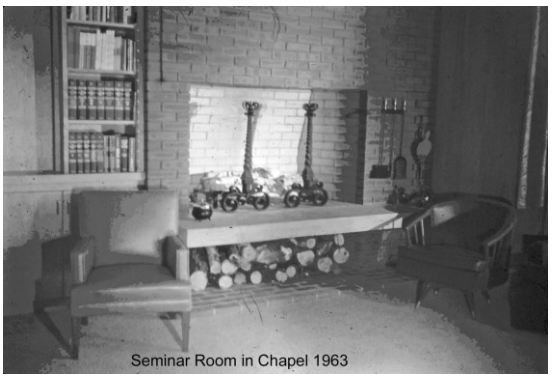
Sandy was born in November of our second year at Cardigan and immediately she became the darling of the dormitory. The boys liked babysitting because that got them into our apartment where they could (sometimes anyway) watch television. When she was old enough to walk we would find her in the dorm hallway where she visited the boys in their rooms. Sandy thought she had a dozen or so brothers and she was confused when vacation time came and the hallways were empty.

We acquired our first car that was more than minimally adequate basic transportation in April 1964, a few days after they first went on sale—a 1964 aqua Ford Mustang, with a V-8 engine, automatic transmission, leather bucket seats, center console, and a white automatic electric top. It was advertised at a sticker price of $2368, but we got ours loaded with everything and as delivered it cost $4000, but the monthly payments were quite affordable since we had virtually no other expenses.

So that we had a place to get off campus for an occasional weekend when we were off duty, during our first year at Cardigan we acquired a tiny vacation home in the mountains a 30-minute ride from school in a rather oddly-named small development called “The Artists and Writers Colony,” which so far as I could tell had no writers or artists among its residents. Later it was explained to me by its owner/developer, an older woman who lived with her partner in Merritt Island, Florida, during the winter that there was a rational basis for its name. The buyers were responsible for completing the basic cabin in some artistic and creative way and she was the “writer” of the mortgage, which we financed over 10 years.

It really was tiny! Each cabin was a 10 by 20 foot empty shell built on five acres of land reached by a dirt road up a mountain that was inaccessible in winter. But it was ours. We added a front deck and we installed a used propane gas

refrigerator purchased from a farmer who had installed electricity. The refrigerator operated on the Servel principle -- lighting a small propane flame at its base. Surprisingly it was cold enough to make ice, something that amazed all who saw it, and it became a teachable moment in physical science for curious students.


Seminar Room in Chapel 1963

Sue was the chapel organist, playing for the services on Sunday as well as accompanying the choir. The choir director was a professor of music from Plymouth State College, a short drive away. We were able to attend many cultural events including those at the Hopkins Center at Dartmouth College, and in most cases we took students with us. That entitled us to free tickets, I guess at school expense unless they were complimentary from Dartmouth College because we brought students to events. Of course there were headliners, like the very popular *Peter, Paul and Mary* and even Broadway plays brought to the Hopkins Center, so it was a really great life.

At the same time it was emotionally draining dealing with kids and their problems, being their parent, counselor and friend in times of crisis. The boys were 7th, 8th and 9th graders, and they experienced all the same pressures and problems of any kid facing the turbulent times of early adolescence, compounded by the fact that they had no parents accessible that they could talk to, and they were living with other boys with all the conflicts, meanness, bullying and other aspects of teen life that they could not get away from by going home.

Sue and I were substitute parents to many students whose own families were broken, or whose parents had jobs overseas and sent their kids away to school for any number of reasons. Some of the kids were “forgotten” at holidays by parents whose lives were so busy that they forgot that the holidays had arrived, and there were times during the spring vacation period when we took kids with nowhere to go on week long ski trips to Mount Killington, or took them with us on weekend vacations. Other times we were invited by families to their homes elsewhere in New England for a weekend holiday. Fifty years have passed since we were at Cardigan and we still hear from some of our former students occasionally.

I taught at other schools over the next more than 30 years of teaching but none of them involved the same close relationships that we had at Cardigan. Many of the

students we knew in those days became friends as well as students and have kept touch with us through the years.

We were close to the family of G. Richardson "Richie" Cook. I had encouraged Richie with his creative writing and he went on to become a film writer, director and critic. We spent a number of weekends at the Cook's house at Monument Beach on Cape Cod; we took Richie with us when we went to the World's Fair in Montreal (leaving Sandy behind with Gardner and Ellie Cook at their home in Fitchburg). I kept up a correspondence with Richie for a good many years before losing track of him a long time ago.

I am still in contact with Dave Ensley. Sue and I got to know his family pretty well. We visited them at their home in Scarsdale, New York, and at the family vacation farmhouse in Virginia. After graduating from prep school Dave went to the Culinary Institute of America to become a chef, got a job in the food services industry, then moved west to Colorado where he became a police officer, married and raised his family. He is still in Colorado.

Schuyler Rains, adopted son of Claude Rains, was my chapel assistant.[34] One of the saddest duties I ever had to perform was to get him out of class and bring him to my office in the chapel to tell him that his mother had died that morning, then to bring him to his home in Center Sandwich, N.H., where I met Claude Rains and waited with Sky until his older sister arrived, to be with him. After his 9th grade year at Cardigan Sky went to Portsmouth Priory School in Rhode Island, and just before school began Sky called me and asked me if I would take him to school, there was no one at home to take him. It is tough on a kid that age when he is entering a new boarding school not to have parents able to take him there, but I was happy that Sky had called me and asked me to take him. I maintained contact with Sky for many years, eventually lost track of him, but recently connected with him again and discovered that he is living in Fort Lauderdale, not that far from where Sue and I live now.

[34] Each year I had an official Chaplain's Assistant, officially appointed by the faculty as one of the school leadership positions, but I had a large say in who was ultimately selected. The most obvious function of the Chaplain's Assistant was to assist me in the weekly services with readings and prayers.

There were other tragic events that occurred away from the school with an impact on the school community that required a response from the Chaplain: The death of Jim Alden, who choked to death in his sleep on his own vomit. A tragic traffic accident that took the life of Colin Sanborn shortly after he graduated. That same year another traffic accident resulted in the death of Malcolm Roach, a chaplain's assistant and student leader whose funeral I conducted. These events had a much greater impact at a boarding school where students lived for most of the year, where the school becomes a part of each student's life, and where the life of that student becomes intimately connected with the school community, than such an event would have in a day school or .public school community.

One of my favorite students in those days was Jim Reswick, a boy from the east side suburbs of Cleveland whose father was a doctor and an early researcher on autism (yes, I know, teachers are not supposed to have favorites but that is not realistic; some kids are just more likeable than others. However teachers should not show favoritism, and that is a standard I tried to adhere to.). Jim was a really nice kid, intelligent, well-mannered, eager to learn, a positive influence on all around him, but unfortunately he lacked a positive self image and his lack of self image was reinforced when some of the other boys gave him a hard time because he was not much of an athlete. No matter, he was a really good human being, and he needed to understand that, so I spent some time counseling him on finding success in areas where he could be highly successful. I have kept in touch with him through the years, receiving a letter or an email once or twice a year.

One aspect of teaching that more than makes up for the long hours, the emotional stress and the low pay is the awareness of having made a difference in someone's life, so I was overwhelmed when Jim sent me a copy of a letter that he had written recently to a longtime friend to explain why he was recommending one of my books to that friend. It was a long letter, and I am just quoting a portion of it here:

> *As you know, as an adolescent I spent three years at an exclusive prep school in New Hampshire (the Cardigan Mountain School). It is an understatement to say that I didn't fit well with the Ivy League wealthy family kids who comprised most of the student body; but there was a faculty member who took an interest in me and had a life-changing impact on me. His name is Arthur Broadhurst. He was head of the English program and developed his own analysis of grammar, which he published as "Functional Linguistics."*[35] *It made grammar comprehensible for me for the first time in my life. He also took a huge amount of time working with me on my writing skills, and I was awarded the*

[35] That's a pretty good title, but the actual title was *Linguistics: An Approach to Modern Grammar.* I was not chairman of the English Department except during summer school.

school Written Expression Prize at graduation; his efforts in me on this greatly assisted my future scholastic and professional success.

Art was also the faculty coach of the sailing team, an experience that culminated in my participating in the MIT Sailing Regatta and resulted in my receiving a school Letter (you know, one of those big cloth letters that you sew onto your preppy Letter Sweater). He was also the school Chaplain and I was in the chapel choir. His wife was the organist and she used to let me play the organ sometimes when she was practicing. He was also the Dorm Master on the dorm floor in which I was residing, and I enjoyed the special attention of being able to occasionally watch TV with him in his faculty residence. And, not only was he Phi Beta Kappa with degrees in ancient history and languages and the philosophy of religion, but he had extensive personal studies in psychology and used to counsel me when the bullying and loneliness seemed more than I could bear. As you can see, Art affected just about every aspect of my life at Cardigan; and unbeknownst to me at the time, provided me with a foundation of spirituality which has enriched many aspects of my life over the last fifty years.

As I reflected on the teaching part of my career sometimes I wondered if I should have remained at Cardigan, where I had the sense that I was making a difference in the lives of young men. I left partly because I was feeling burned out and needed a different situation, but I think I also left because now that I had a young daughter I was afraid that the emotional demands of boarding school life might consume too much of my emotional energy and I would not have enough quality time for my family. There is absolutely no question that no other position I had was as rewarding emotionally as my time at Cardigan. The fact that there are still strong bonds with former students 50 years later confirms that judgment.

This short book of “Grandpa Stories” ends with my years at Cardigan. I said in the introduction that the purpose of this collection of stories was to set out in chronological order some of the stories that I told my grandchildren and to put them into a cultural framework and chronological timeline so they might make sense to them when they go back and read them, but also so that those beyond my immediate family with an interest in a childhood lived long ago might read these stories in the context of their own growing up and might see in them a reflection of their own early years. My grandchildren, Nico and Zach, have reached the age of the students at Cardigan that I lived with, counseled and taught so many years ago. It seems an appropriate time to stop writing.

List and Description of Photos

9 Lt. Joseph J C Broadhurst, father of the author, taken in 1919

10 Newsroom of the Norwich Bulletin, 1930, the author's father standing at right

15 Rocknook Children's Home, photo c2005, exterior unchanged from 1940.

16 Arthur and Joe Broadhurst, Rocknook Children's Home, 1940

18 Arthur Broadhurst at Rocknook, 1940

29 Photo taken July 27, 1940 at home of Henry T Fowler in Berlin CT, subsequently the author's stepfather, on the occasion of Ginger Fowlers 18th birthday. Shown in picture (left to right), Dorothy Broadhurst (author's mother), Ginger Fowler, Al Pulito, Dick Fowler, Joe and Arthur Broadhurst

30 Postcard July 12, 1941 from the author to his grandmother Elizabeth M Broadhurst. Joe and Arthur had been taken from Rocknook Children's Home for a visit to Dorothy Broadhurst's family in Vermont

32 House rented by Henry Fowler in Haddam CT during spring of 1941, where he moved with Dorothy, Ginger and Dick, and where Art and Joe were brought from Rocknook in the fall of 1941.

33 Model A Ford with rumble seat like the one owned by Al Pulito

34 1936 Packard like the one used for the move to Washington in the fall of 1942

36 (top) Visit by the Broadhurst family to Maplewood Cemetery to visit the grave of the author's father Joseph Broadhurst, July 17, 1940.
(middle) Arthur Broadhurst, 1939
(bottom) Arthur and Joe Broadhurst, fall 1941

37 Art and Joe Broadhurst, fall 1942, Haddam CT

38 Arthur Broadhurst, 1943, Washington D.C.

39 D. C. Transit street car (trolley) on the Georgia and Alaska Line, 1943

40 D. C. Transit bus bus 1943

42 Art and Joe in park at top of Buchanan Street

43 (top) View up Wayne Place hill, at intersection of Mississippi Avenue, from front of apartment
(bottom) Rear of 119 Wayne Place

44 Rear view from back apartment door of 119 Wayne Place

46 Joe with neighbor boy

47 Support frame of bunk bed showing US Army markings

49 Birthday party for Dorothy with two of her friends in basement of apartment building

51 U.S. Postal stamp for war savings

53 War Ration Book belonging to author's grandmother Elizabeth Broadhurst

58 Horse drawn produce cart that visited neighborhoods weekly

59 (top) 1946 Ford coupe like the one Henry Fowler's company provided to him
(bottom) Picnic at Fort Foote (MD) Park 1947. Joe, Arthur and Dorothy

63 Arthur Broadhurst on the way to church

66 Dorothy and Henry (Chick) Fowler c. 1950 at Casino Royale, a nightclub in DC.

68 (top) Joe, Dorothy and Art c1947
(bottom) Cox .049 aircraft engine for model airplane

83 Class Picture February 1949 Congress Heights School – Art is at left of third row wearing suspenders. His “girl friend” Betsy Cox is far right on second row.

84 Maypole Dance

92 Monark bicycle

93 Mossberg .22 cal. Target rifle

95 (top) Steam train, the Montrealer
(bottom) Pullman bunks like those on the Montrealer

96 (top) Roundhouse railroad switch
(bottom) Kerosene heater as used by Grandma Pierce

97 (top) Montpelier, VT c. 1950 main street
(bottom) Annette Gregoire Kilbourn, cousin of Art

98 (top) Pecor house at 20 Pleasant Street, Montpelier VT
(bottom) Pecor Camp Ridgefield, Fayston VT

99 Jungle hammock at Pecor Camp

102 Manassas Battlefield Park, VA

105 Donald “Kirk” Kirkpatrick, 7th grade

109 Entrance to Fort Foote Park

110 Civil War heavy cannon at Fort Foote Park

111 Shore of Potomac River near where we camped

113 Park Congregational Church, Norwich CT, the church attended by the Broadhursts

114 Art, July 1950, age 14, taken on docks in front of Aunt Evon's house in New London CT

115 Downtown Norwich CT in 1950

117 Kramer Junior High School in 1950

121 Kangaroo leather track shoes as worn by Art in 1950
Kirkpatrick summer cottage located a street off this beach where I spent time summers

125 Art, taken in 1950 by cousin Patty's boyfriend Gil in New London CT 1950

132 Bunk beds like those Joe and Art used in their bedroom on Wayne Place.

135 Upper, Joe (left) and Art at Camp Letts 1949
Lower, Art (left) and unknown counselor at Camp Letts 1949

136 Art (left), Dorothy and Joe at Camp Letts 1949

137 (top) Art at Camp Letts (1949)
(bottom) Chesapeake Bay Skipjack

138 Cabin at Camp Sankanac, Pottstown PA

139 (top) Joe (left), Dorothy and Art at Camp Sankanac 1949
(bottom) Art on horseback, Camp Sandy Cove, Northeast MD

140 Chick Fowler with company car (Chevrolet)
Camp Sandy Cove, tents

141 Art with sharpshooter award at camp

143 Pecor's Camp Ridgewood at Fayston VT

144 (top) back row: Sherry, Randy, Sandy. Front row: Kathy, Steve, Brenda. My Pecor cousins c1956 at Camp Ridgewood. The two oldest, Joan and Carolyn missing from photo.
(bottom) Joan Pecor, c1956, with muzzleloader at Camp Ridgewood

145 (top) Panther
(bottom) Porcupine

146 WW2 jungle hammock

151 USS Sperry, a submarine tender. Dick Fowler was assigned to this ship during WW2 in the Pacific.

155 Anacostia High School

156 Argus C3, camera used during high school

158 Art and Joe on bank of Potomac off George Washington Parkway with string of fish

159 Art in ROTC uniform, Spring 1952, 10th Grade

160 BAR (Browning Automatic Rifle), carried by team in rifle squad in ROTC; most carried Springfield 1903A3 standard issue rifle.

161 Marine attack plane during Korean War as seen in exhibition at Quantico

163 6-person platform tent, surplus military, used at Camp Wampanoag

164 Sailboats at Camp Wampanoag, 1952

165 1941 Chevrolet convertible owned by a camp counselor

166 (top) Railroad lift bridge over canal at Cape Cod
(bottom) Plymouth "woodie" station wagon like one owned by camp director

169 (top) Our house in Falls Church at 216 Lawrence Drive
(bottom) Falls Church High School, fall 1953

177 Art with the O'Neal family, spring 1955

178 (top) Charles Reynolds, 1955
(bottom) Steve Reynolds, 1954

179 Soda fountain like the one at Jefferson Village Pharmacy

181 (top) Reynolds house at 218 Strathmeade Street (later 2954) in Falls Church
(bottom) 1950 Dodge Meadowbrook sedan

186 Kangaroo leather spiked track shoes

187 Art as "most likely to succeed" from 1955 Falls Church *Jaguar* yearbook

189 Dorm at University of Richmond

191 Jeter Hall at University of Richmond

194 Buddy Collins, Charles Reynolds and Art on Skyline Drive VA

195 (top) Sanctuary, Tabernacle Baptist Church, Richmond VA
(middle) Flxible Bus with Buick Roadmaster engine, owned by church
(bottom) Ginter Park Baptist Church, Richmond

196 (top) Dick Wood, 1957
(bottom) Dick Wood, 1959

197 Farmall "cub" tractor at Wood's cottage at Bertram VA

198 Carol Thornhill, my girlfriend at the time

200 (top) My .22 cal. Ruger automatic pistol
(bottom) 1956 Plymouth sedan

201 Colgate Rochester Divinity School

202 First Presbyterian Church, Plymouth Avenue, Rochester NY

203 Gaines Congregational Church, Ridge Road, Albion NY

204 Sue and Art cut the wedding cake, Albion NY

208 Rifle Range, Manatoc Scout Reservation, Peninsula OH

209 Art's Jeep, Camp Manatoc

210 (upper) Order of the Arrow, Boy Scouts, Camp Manatoc
(bottom) Chevrolet truck purchased from Camp Manatoc

213 Sanctuary, Gaines Congregational Church, Albion NY

215 My mobile home installed behind Gaines Congregational Church

216 Our house at Point Breeze NY

217 Boat at our house at Point Breeze with boys from youth fellowship

222 Cardigan Mountain School, Canaan NY, air view

223 The Chapel at Cardigan Mountain School

224 (top) Chapel, interior
(middle) My 1964 Ford Mustang at sailing regatta Tabor Academy, Marion MA
(bottom) Sailing team on the *Tabor Boy* in Buzzard's Bay MA 1965

225 Sue, Art and daughter Sandra at Cardigan Mountain School 1965

226 The Seminar Room (my classroom) in Chapel at Cardigan Mountain School

227 Daughter Sandra with Richie Cook and our Airstream before departing for World's Fair in Montreal.